Feb. 16, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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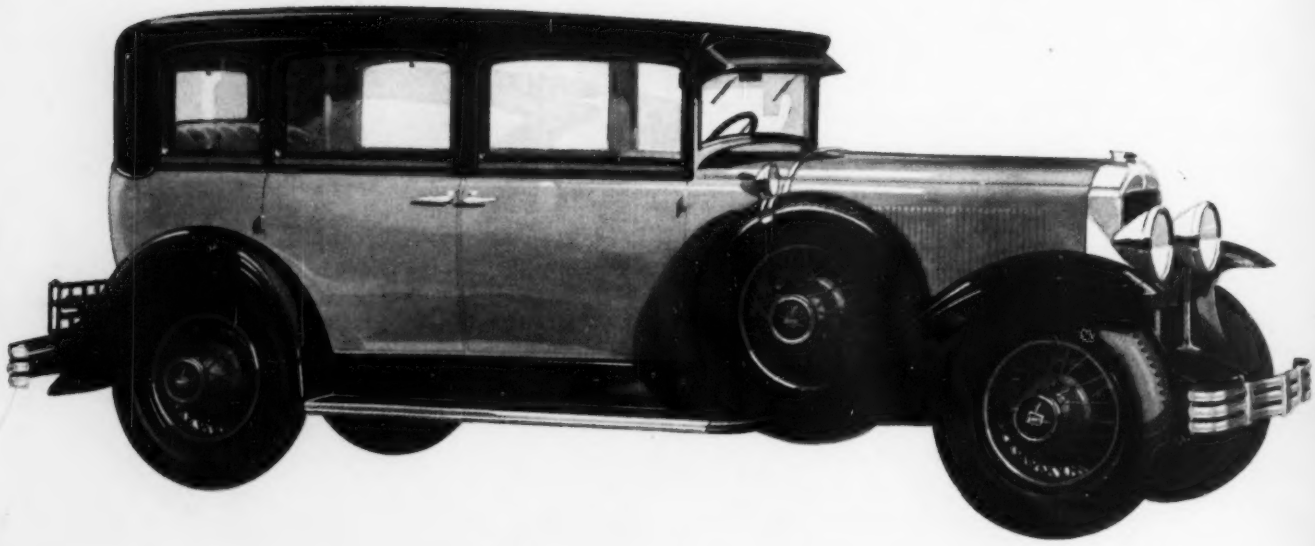

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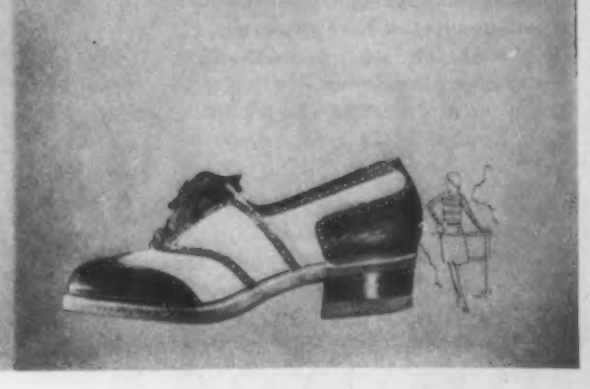

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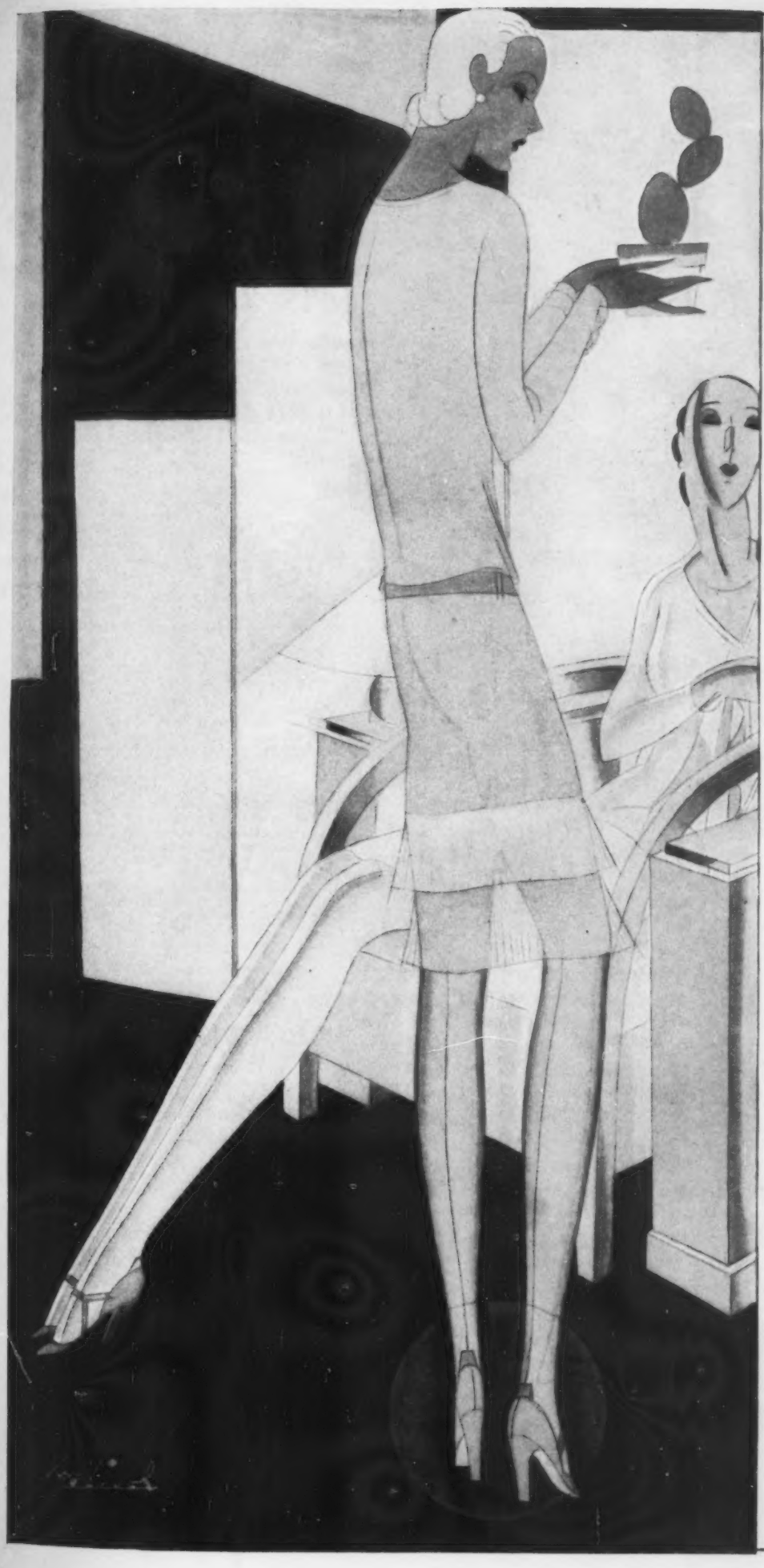

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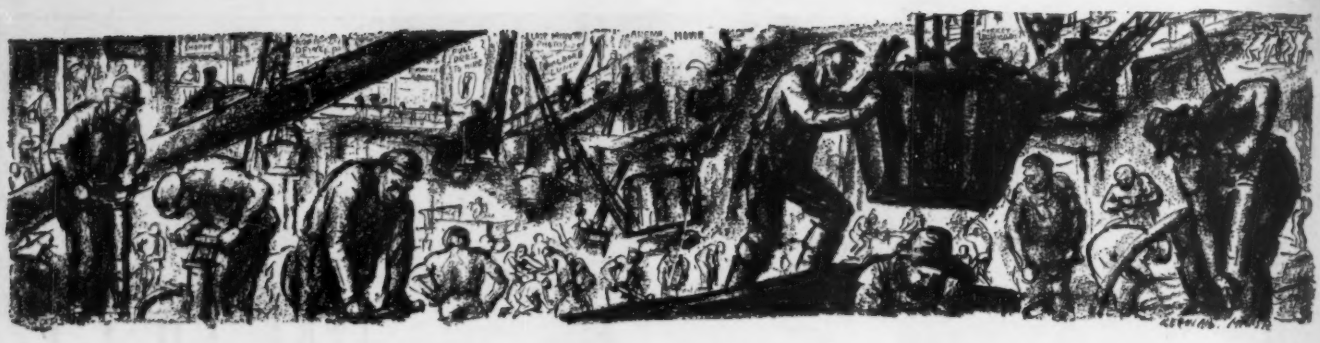

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Thwarted love in the day of the bustle played in waltz time. With Katharine Cornell. (Empire, B'way at 40. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

CAPRICE—A not too good Viennese comedy made irresistible by the performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish, preceded by Tchekov's one-act "On the High Road." (Fri. Eve., Feb. 15; Tues. Eve., Feb. 19.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Mat., Feb. 16.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. Eve., Feb. 16; Wed. Eve., Feb. 20.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," good production of Tchekov's play, with Nazimova. (Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Feb. 18 and 21; Sat. Mat., Feb. 23.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Wed. Mat., Feb. 20.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 22.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch sea tragedy. (Sat. Eve., Feb. 23.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again reviving his successful production of the Rostand play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE FRONT PAGE—A better newspaper show than you've ever seen. (Times Square 42, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

GYPSY—The tragedy of a girl who despises her passions, but can't resist them. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HEDDA GABLER—Ibsen's play revived competently if without inspiration. With Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's delightful comedy about the daughters of a stuffy plutocrat and a young man who feels the joy of life. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Thurs. and Washington's Birthday. 2:35 P.M.)

JEALOUSY—Only two people and one emotion, but exciting nevertheless; expertly played by Fay Bainter and John Halliday. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Closes Sat., Feb. 16.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—Sierra's study of a woman's love for humanity, graced by Miss Barrymore's beautiful performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—A charming comedy proving that fathers have their feelings, too, even if they're not married. (Ambassador, 49, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—In and out of fidelity with a suburban family. Well cast and acted. (Booth, 45, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady lends some importance to a mild play. (Cort, 48, E. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

PARIS—Irene Bordoni in an inoffensive opus, with superb songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—The heroine solves a murder mystery, and you'd know how she was going to do it if you were bright enough. By A. A. Milne, and well worth seeing. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Washington's Birthday.)

POPPA—A tender Jewish comedy that turns into a very funny farce. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Mon. Mats. Thurs. and Washington's Birthday. 2:50 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Revival of O'Neill's cycle of four one-act plays of the sea. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve. except Mon. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The fabulous comedy of a strange, romantic-minded girl and her adventures in a *beau monde* drawn in terms of fantastic satire. With Ruth Gordon. (Morosco, 45, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—The amazing O'Neill marathon long since become permanent. A Guild production. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—A Shelleyan scientist masters the atom to the dismay of the British Cabinet. A fine play, produced by the Guild. (Alvin, 52, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

ZEPPELIN—Highly improbable, but occasionally hair-raising melodrama that takes place in mid-air. (National, 41, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

NOTE—A delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," portraying events leading to the great railroad rescue, can be seen at the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken. (Hoboken 8088.) Every Eve. at 8:30, and Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The frenzied humor of the mad Marxes. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

BLACKBIRDS—Maybe you don't like colored revues, but have you ever seen Bill Robinson's tap dance? (Eltinge, 42, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

CHAUVE SOURIS—Last two days of Balieff's new album of pretty pictures. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Fri. Closes Sat., Feb. 16.)

FIORETTA—Earl Carroll's version of an eighteenth-century Venice, plethoric with romance, Leon Errol, and Fannie Brice. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. (46th Street, 46, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

GOOD BOY—A bagful of scenic tricks with no more than enough music and comedy to see it through. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HELLO DADDY!—Lew Fields and a charming cast do what they can with second-rate material. (Cohan, B'way at 43. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

LADY FINGERS—A good crook farce with undistinguished music. Based on Owen Davis' "Easy Come, Easy Go." (Vanderbilt, 48, E. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf and complicated romantic goings-on in seventeenth-century France. Good fun, if not taken seriously. (Shubert, 44, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

SHOW BOAT—Last season's happy contribution, with Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and a beautiful Kern score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—A not-so-lavish but much wittier revue than the native variety. With Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THREE CHEERS—A typical Fred and Dorothy Stone musical show gloriously obscured by Will Rogers substituting for Fred. (Globe, B'way at 46. Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. Try and get in! (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—James Barton will be at the Palace for the week starting Sun., Feb. 17. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

LET US BE GAY—A comedy by Rachel Crothers, with Francine Larrimore. Opens Mon., Feb. 18. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

DYNAMO—A new play by Eugene O'Neill, pro-

(Continued on page 6)

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The red leaves of November
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23]

(Continued from page 4)

duced by the Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 2:40 and 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs., and Washington's Birthday.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, and Larry Siry's orchestra.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—As agreeably informal as ever.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana, appearing before a smart after-theatre crowd.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Top-notch as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Johnson and Murphy dancing.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Dancing to the former Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Irene Bordoni and Aaronson's Commanders. Isn't that enough?*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Don Dickerman decorations and excellent food, accompanied by Eddie Davis' orchestra. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—A Ziegfeld show, with Helen Morgan, the Duncan Sisters, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

NEW VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Rudy Vallee's band and pleasant surroundings. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Dancing to Vincent Lopez music in a startling setting. Must dress.

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Smart, Russian, and with an infinitesimal dance floor.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, enlivened considerably by Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White is amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, which has a good show; Texas Guinan's Club Intime, 203 W. 54, with Texas Guinan in person.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The best places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is one of the most amusing, particularly on Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—Ruth Chatterton's acting makes this movie of Barrie's play, "Half an Hour," somewhat better than the average. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Fri., Feb. 15; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE RIVER—A story of primitive love and passion, with some stirring moments. Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell are in it. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in a love story of some distinction. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 21 and 22; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the Al Jolson public, with the Vitaphone at its best. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

SINS OF THE FATHERS—The rise and fall of a hotel waiter in this era of prohibition, with Emil Jannings. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

TWO DAYS—A gruesome but interesting picture of the Russian Revolution which, unlike most of the pictures of this class, centres about a single individual. (Film Guild Cinema, 52 W. 8; performances continuous from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Alias Jimmy Valentine," a highly entertaining film, with good performances by Lionel Barrymore and William Haines; "The Barker," a fair movie of the circus play, with Milton Sills; "My Man," Fannie Brice making good use of the Vitaphone; "The Rescue," Conrad's novel of the Malay Archipelago excellently done.

ART

BILLINGS—First one-man show of a newcomer: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

CALDER—Excellent wood sculpture: also, woodcuts and drawings by Howard Cook: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

CUBISM—Examples of pre-war work, Derain, Miro, etc.: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MUNNINGS—Recent work by the English painter of sporting events, including several equestrian portraits of Americans: Howard Young, 634 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Annual exhibit of an unusual painter: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

SOVIET—Hundreds of paintings, and handicraft, from the new republic; 12th floor, Grand Central Palace. Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. noon to 10 P.M.

WATER COLORS—Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and other modern French; last two days: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 16.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

SERGE RACHMANINOFF—You have your tickets? Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 16.

FELIX SALMOND—A most diverting and musical 'cellist. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 16.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Modern music, rendered by Walter Gieseking, pianist; Ruth Rodgers, soprano; and the Pro Arte Quartet. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 16.

FEODOR CHALIAPIN—One of the greatest of all singers, in recital. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 17.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Chamber music by eminent performers who are not announced in advance. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 18.

MAIER AND PATTISON—The famous piano twins. Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Excellent ensemble intime and refreshments later. Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17, at 9.

YELLY D'ARANYI—One of the finest of women violinists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 23.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45. . . . Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 17. . . . Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:45.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 17, at 4.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY INSTRUMENTAL CLUBS—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 23.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Jonny Spielt Auf," Fri. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:15; "The King's Henchman," Sat. Aft., Feb. 16, at 2; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

The second opera in the Wagner Matinée Cycle, "Rheingold," will be given Thurs. Aft., Feb. 21, at 2:15.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"Djamileh," by Bizet, and "Phoebus and Pan," by Bach: Mon. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 18-23, at 8:15; Sat. Aft., Feb. 23, at 2:15. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

OPERA—"Rigoletto," Fri., Feb. 15, at 10 P.M., over WOR. . . . "La Gioconda," Mon., Feb. 18, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Molinari conducting: Sun., Feb. 17, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

FANNIE BRICE—Broadcasting her songs, assisted by Arnold Johnson and his orchestra: Sun., Feb. 17, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SOPHIE BRASLAU—Contralto; and Nikolai Orloff, pianist; Sun., Feb. 17, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Feb. 19, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.): Jackie Fields vs. Baby Joe Gans, Fri. Eve., Feb. 15. . . . K. O. Christner vs. Paulino, Fri. Eve., Feb. 22.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Montreal, Tues. Eve., Feb. 19. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 21.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Allenhurst vs. Squadron A (Class A), and Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A (Class B), Sat. Eve., Feb. 16. . . . N. Y. A. C. vs. Squadron A (Class A), The Riding Club vs. Squadron A (Class B), and Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A (Class C), Sat. Eve., Feb. 23.

INDOOR TRACK—New York Athletic Association Meet, Madison Square Garden, Mon., Feb. 18, at 8:15 P.M. . . . A. A. U. National Track and Field Meet, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Feb. 23, at 8:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

MUSICALE—Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, will sing at the Roosevelt Recital, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Feb. 15, at 11:30.

DANCE RECITALS—Agnes de Mille, assisted by Charles Weidman: Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:45. . . . Carlos de Vega, in a recital of Spanish dances: Forrest Theatre, 49, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:45. . . . New World Dances: Gallo Theatre, 54, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17, at 8:30.

ALBERT CARROLL—In his slants on prominent personalities; and Carola Goya, in Spanish dances: Theatre Masque, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 17, at 9.

AUCTIONS—At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—Early American furniture and glass, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 15 and 16, at 2. . . . The library of the late S. N. Levy, Mon. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:15 P.M. . . . At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Etchings, drypoints, and lithographs, by Bone, Forain, Pennell, and others, Mon. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:15. . . . Book collections of Clara Tice and W. S. Hall, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Feb. 19 and 20, at 2:15, and Tues. Eve., Feb. 19, at 8:15. . . . Art objects, rugs, and antique furniture, from the estate of Edward P. Mitchell, Wed. through Sat., Feb. 20-23.

NOTE—Washington's Birthday (Feb. 22) falls on Friday.

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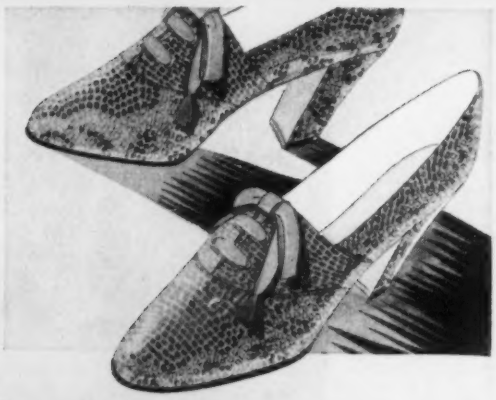

Tailored footwear calls for tailored details such as Diamond Brand Visible Eyelets . . .

FASHION WELTS derive their name from the Goodyear Welt process of attaching upper to sole. Shoes made by this process, whether walking shoes for country wear or featherweight kid and suede for more formal daytime occasions, retain their original shapeliness for the life of the shoe. Next time you are fitted to a pair of shoes, ask,

"Is this a genuine Fashion Welt?"

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

With sunlight changing the entire complexion of Fashion, returning devotees of smart winter beaches are finding Stehli's Flat Crepes in the new Fresco Tints simply enthralling. The smooth dull texture and color of these lovely fabrics make still more beguiling the coppery sheen of an out-of-doors skin. You can buy them by the yard or in smart ready-to-wear dresses at your favorite shop.

Stehli Silks

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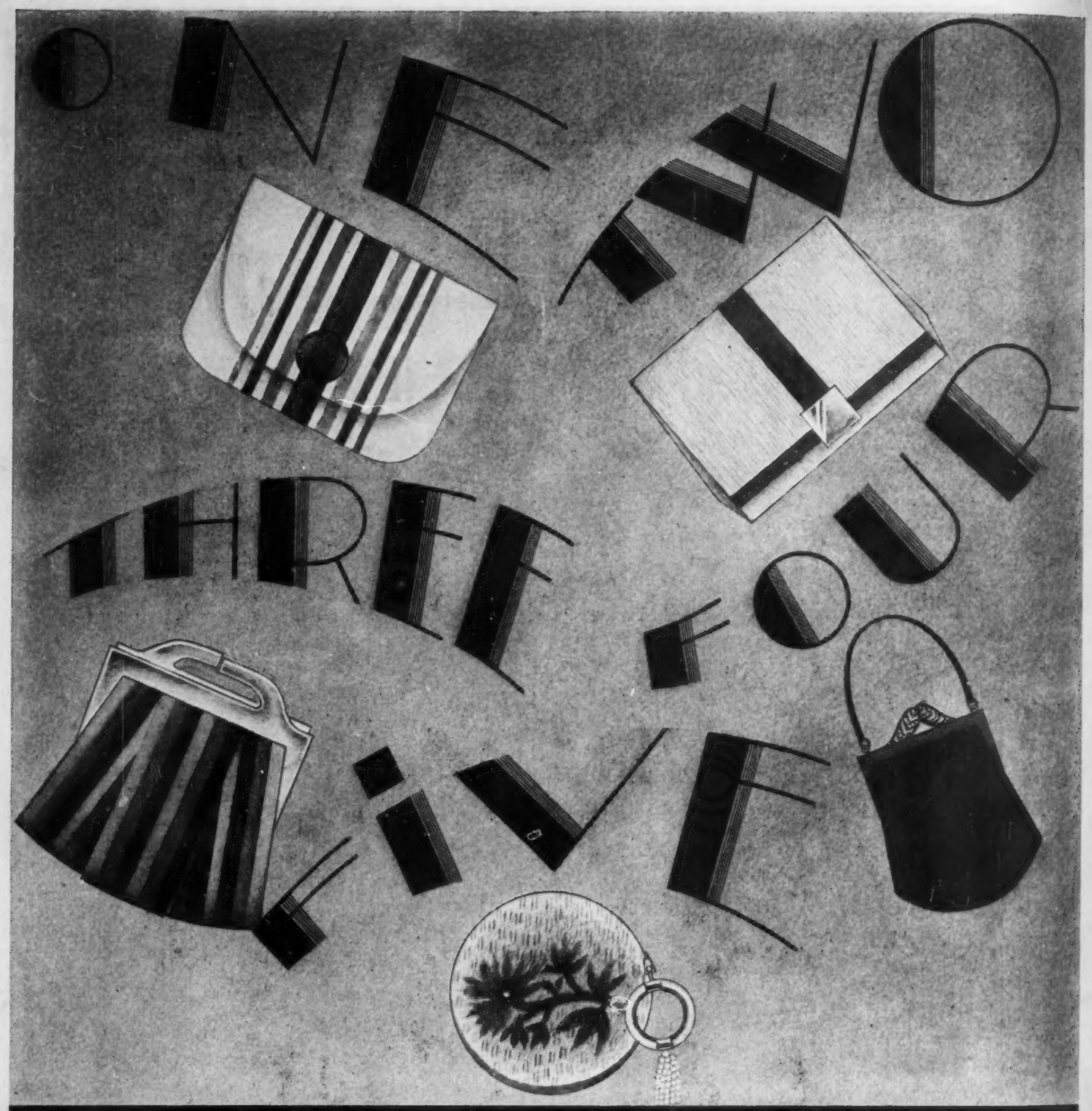


february's famous handbags are of fabric

one--- awning stripe linen with the "button and buttonhole" fastening . . 10.50

two--- *rodier's* gold thread tweed in pastel and town colours 15.00

three--- tweed to match one's coat on an entirely new frame of simulated shell . 18.50

four--- black satin for the "formal" handbag---with marcasite clasp 25.00

five--- the "circular zipper" may be of modern or antique brocade or velvet. 18.50 *to* 75.00

saks-fifth avenue

new york

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE high lighted peaks of the city's towers are places where wonderful people live. We have known for years that a lady named Elaine lived in the golden turret of the American Radiator Building; we have always thought of her as Elaine the

fair, Elaine the suitable. The brilliant dome of the New York Life, at Madison Square, is the lair of the giant Policy, who slew Diana. The other day, when we first glimpsed the marvellous jewelled crown of the New York Central Building, we knew instantly that someone must be living up there, too, but for the moment we couldn't think who. Then it came to us: that's where Little Nemo lives.

AS we grow older, we find ourself groping toward things that give us a sense of security. Grimly we hang to anything firm, immutable. For that reason we've always set great store by clocks in telegraph offices—other clocks could say what they pleased; to us a clock in a telegraph office was in

tune with the planets, was Time Itself. So when we happened to pass a Postal Telegraph office the other morning and saw a great palpable lie written across the face of its clock, life seemed to slip away treacherously from under our feet, and the Naval Observatory (to us a vast marble hall set in concrete on a mountain) slowly crumbled before our eyes, a wet and dripping ruin in a bog of quicksand.

THE one trait common to all human animals is, of course, the desire to have a play produced. Apparently this dream is not nearly as remote as it used to be. The movie people, always hungering for new film scripts, have discovered a way of capitalizing the universal urge to write plays and are offering to produce your play in return for the movie rights to it. There's something almost tender in this curious twist which Hollywood has taken. Hardly a bureau drawer in America is without a rejected play manuscript at the bottom of it. Every desk in every newspaper office in the

country harbors one. They clutter up closets in otherwise orderly suburban homes. And when we were a lad, there were two marvellous plays in our closet in the hall. Now, it appears, these plays (many of them) are going to be dusted off and put on the boards. To the film companies this will be a perfunctory and easy gesture. But to the repressed playwright the prospect of seeing his brainchild on the stage, even if it only runs a week in a Los Angeles stock theatre, is dazzling beyond all belief. In our opinion the movies have at last done something tangible for the cause of humanity.

IN the year 1904, our most carefully guarded possession was a cardboard cut-out model of a Borden's milk wagon and horse. Something—we don't know what—made it blessed above all other objects. In those days, milk came at dawn, and in the dark-

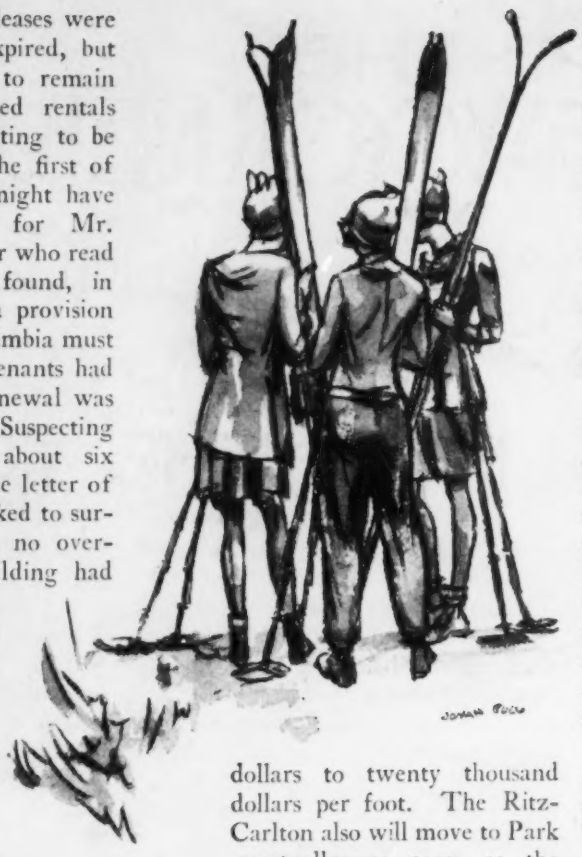
ness of bed and half-sleep the tinkle of a bottle, the creak of wagon wheels, the lazy scupping of the horse's hoofs, were the mysterious matins celebrating the break of day, the beginning of life. Milk, since those days, seems to have lost a good deal of its interest and romance—and even some of its creaminess. On our block, it doesn't arrive till about seven, and we never know of its coming. The horse, the creaky wagon, are passing, and now even the milk bottle is on its last legs. Paper containers, unclinkable, will soon be sitting at our door. Life is falling off, day by day.

Rockefeller City

IT appears there are hitches and halts in the colossal plans for the new Rockefeller opera-house district, caused by tangles over the leases granted on the land by Columbia in the past. A number of chuckling fellows still have their leases and are holding out for large prices, and their attitude may cost Mr. Rockefeller a couple of millions.

The story is that Columbia originally leased the property in plots, mostly

for twenty years. These leases were not renewed when they expired, but the tenants were allowed to remain and the university collected rentals monthly from them, expecting to be able to take possession at the first of any given month. This might have worked very nicely but for Mr. Solomon Kalvin, an operator who read his leases carefully. He found, in perusing several he held, a provision that at their expiration Columbia must offer to buy the buildings tenants had erected or a twenty-year renewal was optional with the lessees. Suspecting something, Mr. Kalvin, about six months ago, held out for the letter of his contract when he was asked to surrender possession, asserting no overtures about buying his building had ever been made. He sued, won his case, and won it again on appeal. It has gone still higher but he—and other leaseholders—are confident. At the moment there is a boom trading in the leases; they are changing hands back and forth on telephonic deals. Before it is over some tailors, hairdressers, speakeasy owners, and others will retire for life. At best it will probably take two years to do anything concrete, what with lawyers having got into it.



One interesting new development is the proposal to build the new Waldorf-Astoria in Fifth Avenue from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth. Mr. Boomer is negotiating for this site, which would extend back to the plaza laid out in front of the opera.

MR. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has been fairly active in real estate for several years but almost always with philanthropic intent. He bought the block between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets and Second and Third Avenues, planning to build model tenements. He decided against this and now is considering a hospital centre. He owns other property in the Fifties, west of Fifth Avenue, near the opera development.

A real-estate man, discussing things in his line, tells us other interesting news. Park Avenue, if the vision doesn't perish, will blossom forth as a shopping centre, challenging Fifth. The plan is to rezone the thoroughfare from Forty-sixth to Fifty-ninth. Many property owners are supporting the proposal, believing that frontage values will increase from fifteen thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars per foot. The Ritz-Carlton also will move to Park eventually—as soon as the pressure of mid-town business makes it wise to turn its present home into an office building. The new site will probably be the block on the west side of the avenue, between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth, now occupied by four-story brick buildings, incongruous in the midst of apartment elegance.

Unrequited

OUR ten-year-old niece, Frances, recently wrote a letter to Walter Damrosch, with whom she is secretly in love. She had heard him over the radio, and asked if he would please write her a note and if possible enclose a snapshot of himself. This week she got back the following reply:

"Dear Madam: This will acknowledge and thank you for your recent request for literature regarding the R. C. A. Educational Hour. The literature desired will be mailed to you immediately. May we again thank you for your interest in these programs. (Signed) EASTERN DISTRICT, R. H. McClure, Sales Department."

So early does the heart break!

Decline of the Mug

OUR narration a few weeks ago of the facts about the last remaining man in town to stick to music-box repairing as a profession led a reader to advise us of another industry which has, as you might say, gone pretty much to the bad: i. e., the shaving-mug-painting business. This once so proud national art has dwindled to one shop at 24 Greenwich Avenue, in which the Messrs. Robert Guenther and Anthony Gorgoglione, and their employees, meet the entire demand of the United States, Canada, Central America, and Mexico, and have little trouble doing it.

Not long ago every barber shop in the city and the country had its shelves of monogrammed and decorated mugs, each the property of some substantial citizen; but King C. Gillette and his contemporaries did for all that. In sophisticated spots the shelves have disappeared. There remains something of a traffic in mugs, however, for the continent of North America still absorbs fourteen or fifteen thousand mugs a year.

Mr. Guenther, on a visit we dutifully made upon him, lamented not only the decline in volume of business but a concomitant falling off in inventiveness, or *esprit de fantaisie*, on the part of clients ordering specially decorated mugs. In the old days, fond wives, ordering a mug for their husbands, would commission Mr. Guenther to paint a rustic bridge or a twining vine thereon, or even their own portraits. Young men would specify a likeness of their sweethearts and quibble if the colors were not fair. Nowadays, about all most people want is a plain gold band, with perhaps the name or an initial in Old English characters.

Occasionally, however, the shop still gets orders showing that fancy is not completely dead. Thus a week or so ago a music teacher in Ohio cracked his mug and commanded a new one, and Mr. Guenther spent a pleasant afternoon with the palette and brushes, composing a little genre picture of teacher and pupils seated before the piano. Sporting gentlemen still think up a design of a horse's head peering through a horseshoe, which they vary occasionally by a demand for a refined nude. There is also a steady call for Old Glory.

Once in a while Messrs. Guenther and Gorgoglione receive a really noteworthy commission, as when, just before Christmas, a gentleman in Providence, Rhode Island, ordered mugs for all the members of the state government, including the governor.

The mug, however, of which Mr. Guenther is proudest, and which he regards as rather a masterpiece, is the one commanded by a grateful husband on the event of his wife's recovery from a serious operation. It was presented to the operating surgeon, and on it, as specified, was a picture of the operation, with nurses, surgeon, scalpel, and all.

Subsidy

THE latest anecdote about the Prince of Wales and a wealthy American lady sounds reasonably plausible. The latter, ambitious to make her social position secure, thought to have the Prince appear as her guest and, bagging an impecunious friend of H.R.H., offered him a thousand pounds cash if he could help her. The friend said he would try. Accordingly, casting about town late one evening with his royal acquaintance, he remarked that he knew of a quiet party that was on and suggested that they drop in. They did so, and the Prince appeared to be enjoying himself until the hostess appeared and, amid general consternation, presented him with a watch. It bore his initials and hers, set in diamonds, and gave the whole thing away. "Madame," the Prince is said to have said, "I do not accept tips."

The Red Ball

SKATING is a pastime which can be enjoyed about as simply as any other in town. Just take your skates to one of the lakes in Central Park and skim out on the ice. No charge, no red tape. The red ball will tell you when skating is good, the red ball on the white field of the flag which waves over the old Arsenal Building at Sixty-fourth Street. It means that the ice on all the lakes is safe; i.e., four and one-half inches thick. This depth is held to be trustworthy for any number of skaters—there is no limit. Thus no record is kept of those who use the lake, but one of the foremen of the Park Department, who measures the ice's thickness, made a count of his own on the Fifty-ninth Street "rink" one Saturday and announced that twenty-five hundred people had skated or fallen down there.

The history of the red ball is worth recalling, perhaps. In the year 1852 (present employees of Annin's flag store had the tale from their predecessors) a Mr. Walker, who liked to skate, complained because he had to go all the way to the Park to find out whether the ice was strong enough. Brooding over this during a sleepless night, he worked out a scheme to save himself these often wasted steps. He prevailed upon the stage line which plied along Broadway to have its drivers display a red ball from their vehicles when the lakes were frozen over. The drivers could determine this as they rode by. The plan was tried out but

"You're an artist, Mr. Plinnes, and Mrs. Tompkin is the mother of a very artistic little girl—you should have a great deal to talk about."

the stage people reported that nobody noticed the little red ball. Mr. Walker then suggested a flag; this was tried, and it worked. The symbol has since been adopted all over the country.

For a long time it was the only notification the public here had, but all that has been changed now. WNYC broadcasts the conditions every day, signs are posted in the Interborough subway stations, and newspapers print the information. Besides, one can also phone the Park Department—Rhinelander 9830. On the ordinance books of the city no fine is imposed for skating when the ice is too thin, but in Westchester County it is illegal.

A PARK lake on skating days is one of the merriest of sights. Youths, bent low and with intent faces, flash past in single file, their long-bladed speed skates whining derisively as they swoop by the slower skaters. Older men, in a zone of safety near the bank, practice rink-turns and figure-eights; in the centre of the circle, young girls in red berets are towed about, laughing and protesting, by boy friends who keep urging, "Come on, it's easy. Just strike out now!" Professionals come there for practice: we saw one, a tall blond Scandinavian in tight knee-breeches, gravely waltzing and whirling in a corner, while a circle of people squatted on their ankles around him, watching. We even saw a cop skating. He was wearing "hockeys" but he was none too sure of himself. He was one of those who take a few quick wobbly strokes and then regain their composure by coasting for a while in a straight line. He was followed by quite a small crowd, all, doubtless, eagerly waiting for him to fall down.

On the bank, the pavilion is crowded and clamorous. People are sitting around everywhere, resting, smoking, wrestling with wet laces, leaning on the railings, watching the skaters, black against the powdery background of the ice. Below the veranda, piled in rows along the shore, dozens of rowboats wait in melancholy silence for summer to put an end to all this folly.

Fact of Life

SIX is the age when one's horizons begin to widen, as Mr. Cass Canfield recently discovered. Two little boys who live in New Jersey had come in to spend the day with Mr. Canfield's small son, who is apparently a citified fellow. With many a genial nod he packed them all off to the playroom and returned to the library to read the morning's news. What passed in the nursery he has not yet been able to discover, but the climax came half an hour later when his son appeared, grimly accusing, at his side. "Father," he demanded, "would you mind telling me why I have never been told about New Jersey?"

Phenomenon

FOR some weeks past people have been more gingerly than usual this time of year in touching door-handles, and yelping louder at the electric shock which so frequently ensues when they do. We have heard many remark that there must be more electricity in the air than usual, and the radio is frequently blamed. Everybody is convinced that these shocks are much sharper than in the days when you had to scuffle about for an hour before you could frighten little girls by aiming a forefinger at their ears.

One of our personal physicists advises that it isn't a matter of electricity in the air; it's the humidity. The phenomenon is known as "friction-charging"—any act of friction as, most commonly, shuffling the feet upon a thick carpet—produces electricity in the body. Ladies do it combing their hair, or rubbing the cat. "Electro-static" it is called. In damp weather this charge is dissipated as soon as it is produced, going off into the moisture in the air. When the air is dry, however, the electricity is stored in the body, to be released when, in the form of a spark, it jumps the gap between the flesh and some conductor of electricity. The reason we notice it more now than formerly is that we

"Wazzat? A'right—a coupla 'Kingdom of Gods'."

have thicker carpets and more metal fittings around. While the radio is blameless, it is true that broadcasting studios are bad places for those with jumpy nerves. This is because the air is ozonated and kept especially dry. In such a place the body stores a great deal of electricity and the person who lays hand on a metal doorknob is likely to get a shock of hair-raising intensity.

One way to avoid the shock is to take it "on the handkerchief"—that is, by using a handkerchief as a muffler for the hand. Other methods are: to wear gloves, to rub the clothing against a metal object before touching it, or, for those who really worry about the matter, to wear rubbers.

"A little more cheerful, Ed—remember this is the new model."

Guardian

IN the free and easy days before the Whalen régime, a certain patrolman stationed in the Forties was wont to pass many pleasant off-duty hours at the bar of a cosy little speakeasy on his beat as the guest of the proprietor. Of nights he often had to be assisted to the street.

In the week of the great smash-up this bar was raided and taken apart, and chance ruled that this particular policeman should be chosen to stand guard over the ruins. To complete the ironic tableau, a newspaper published a flashlight picture of the wrecked barroom with the grim guardian of the law, resplendent in brass buttons, standing in the foreground. His well-schooled countenance seemed to betray no particular emotion.

The Hippodrome Again

ABOVE the other glamorous attractions at the old Hippodrome, the diving girls, of course, will be most remembered. Their act was made possible by an engineer who appeared one afternoon at the offices of the theatre bearing under his arm plans for a tank into which people could dive or march, and disappear. He had designed a diving bell big enough to supply air to a whole chorus. The divers simply remained beneath it until it was time for them to reappear. His plans and rights were bought by the management, with some, but not wild, enthusiasm, for one hundred and fifty dollars, and the young inventor disappeared into the obscurity from whence he sprang. Neither the enthusiasm nor the price was as great as it should have been, for diving girls and their new kind of tank became one of the greatest variety acts ever and made millions for show producers in subsequent years.

The ordinary diving girls used to be paid thirty-five dollars a week, whereas the high divers, who jumped from a platform ninety feet up, got one hundred and fifty dollars a week. One time in the old days the featured high diver, practicing while the house was empty one afternoon, plunged from her high platform into but two feet of water. She did not know that the bottom of the tank, which was adjustable, had been raised up from its normal position. She was injured, but, oddly, not permanently. Another girl, one who had been doing ordinary low diving, at once applied for her job, saying that she had often done dives of ninety feet. She offered to demonstrate her ability and the management was assembled to watch. She climbed confidently up the ladder and, without hesitation made a successful and graceful plunge. She was given the job, did it successfully, and it didn't come out for two weeks that the high dive she made for the managers that afternoon really was her first. Her mother was sick and she needed one hundred and fifty dollars a week to meet hospital bills. Mr. C. B. Dillingham told us of this incident, and he also told us why the high-diving feature of the act came eventually to be generally abandoned. The pressure of hitting the water from a great height injured the girls' eyes. The sight of most of the young ladies who made fame at the Hippodrome, and elsewhere in the country, was seriously affected. Some of them now are blind.

Triumph

AMONG the members of an oratorio society in town is a clerkish little fellow with proud dreams. He was telling a friend one night that he was affiliated with the singing society. "But," exclaimed the latter, "you have no voice!" The other smiled happily. "I know," he said, "but as long as I pay a hundred dollars a year they let me sing."

—THE NEW YORKERS

GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN SO

NG MAD SOUTH!

WHALEN'S FOLLY, OR THE DEAR, DEAD DAYS

NATURALLY, most thinking men will admit that Commissioner Whalen was right when he closed the speakeasies in town and stopped drinking. We fathers and mothers of families are, in the larger sense, glad the speakeasy is gone. New York is well rid of liquor. Our young men and women will be better off without it. You will see what I mean if you will glance at Figure I. It portrays a very young lad, who has come home after a drinking bout, being put to bed by his father, who seems somewhat irascible. We shall have less of that sort of thing now, I hope.

Yet we cannot deny that the speakeasy had a glamour. It was attractive. (What questionable pleasure is not, pray tell?) It was warm and cozy, and fifteen minutes after you had your first shot your troubles began to recede. There was a friendliness about the speakeasy that you could not get anywhere else except in another speakeasy. We shall have less of what Carlyle called "divine pal-ship" without the speakeasy, but our eye will be brighter, our head will be clearer; we shall be more fitted to grapple with the big things of life and we shall cease being a nation of clockwatchers.

PERHAPS a description of speakeasy life, illustrated by special etchings, would not be amiss for that great mass of readers of THE NEW YORKER who never saw the inside of one.

The speakeasy was generally located in a basement. You gained entrance by ringing the basement bell of almost any brownstone-front house in New York and telling the swarthy (or blonde) person who answered that you were a friend of someone.

"I am a friend of Mr. Stravinsky—Mr. Igor Stravinsky."

"But I do not know Meester Stravinsky."

"Well, I am also a friend of Mr. Poe—Mr. Edgar Allan Poe."

"Oh, come right in. Any friend of Mr. Poe. . ."

You see?

It was necessary to descend two or three steps to reach the speakeasy door, but on coming out you generally found that these two or three steps had become five or six, and in some cases as many as eighteen. This peculiar phenomenon was called erosion.

PLEASE look at Figure II, which portrays a typical Manhattan speakeasy of about November (possibly December) 1928. Note the ladies in the foreground trying to get in. Later I shall discuss more fully the question of men and women drinking at the same bar, or, as it was sometimes called, miscegenation. Note the inconspicuousness of the legend "Saloon" above the door. In pre-Volstead days that sign would have been five times as large and done in electric lights, but the speakeasy proprietor could not afford to advertise his illicit business too blatantly. The proprietor could never tell when one of those *rarae aves*, a Prohibition agent able to read, would come along.

The two gentlemen in the window on the right are detectives. A great bond of affection existed between the speakeasy proprietors and the police. Each paid the other the supreme compliment of wanting his sons to grow up into the other's profession. The proprietors would never allow the police to pay for a drink and often forced them to accept cash gifts. This practise was called protection, because the money given to the cops was used to protect them and their families from want and penury.

That man with the cheery visage standing in the doorway is Mr. Glass, the proprietor. He has his hand in his pocket, so we may safely assume that the two men in the window on the left are Prohibition agents.

It is obvious from their prayerful posture that the four girls are anxious to gain admittance to the speakeasy but they are unescorted and Jerry (Mr. Glass) knows that unescorted women often cause trouble and give a place a bad name. The lady (standing) who is looking in her address book is in favor of trying another speakeasy whose address she is sure she wrote down somewhere in the book.

FIGURE I

FIGURE II

FIGURE V

"The hell with this place," she is saying. "Let's go to Martin's; I can get in there all right."

The gentleman sitting on the doorstep is a man about town. It is plain that he is in favor of letting the girls in. The object lying near him is not a hat, but a large pretzel on which he has been nibbling as he sipped his apéritif.

WOMEN were either strictly excluded from the oldtime saloon or they were confined to a small, cabinet-like room in the rear, reached through a door labelled "Family Entrance." Thus the saying, "See what the girls in the back room will have." In the speakeasy the sex line was not drawn so puritanically. Women were admitted freely and life in the speakeasy had that added charm, that stimulus, that the presence of the gentler sex gives to any social gathering. Many innocent, untrammeled friendships were formed between the sexes. In Figure III we see a young man and woman enjoying a nice chat on the floor beneath a speakeasy bar. He of the tam o' shanter and pea-jacket has walked up to her of the bustle and remarked, "Haven't we met somewhere before, hic?" She replies that she doesn't remember his face but his manners are familiar. They both laugh at this sally and she hastily says she will have a Bacardi cocktail.

"Oh, pardon me," he says, "I forgot, hic. What will you, hic, have?"

"A Bacardi," she says, not having changed her mind.

So they just sit right down for a good heart-to-heart talk. It is a frank, harmless *camaraderie*, but her boy friend, who is outside trying to make the cigarette girl give him back his change, will probably be wild when he comes in. He may sock poor Mr. Tam O' Shanter.

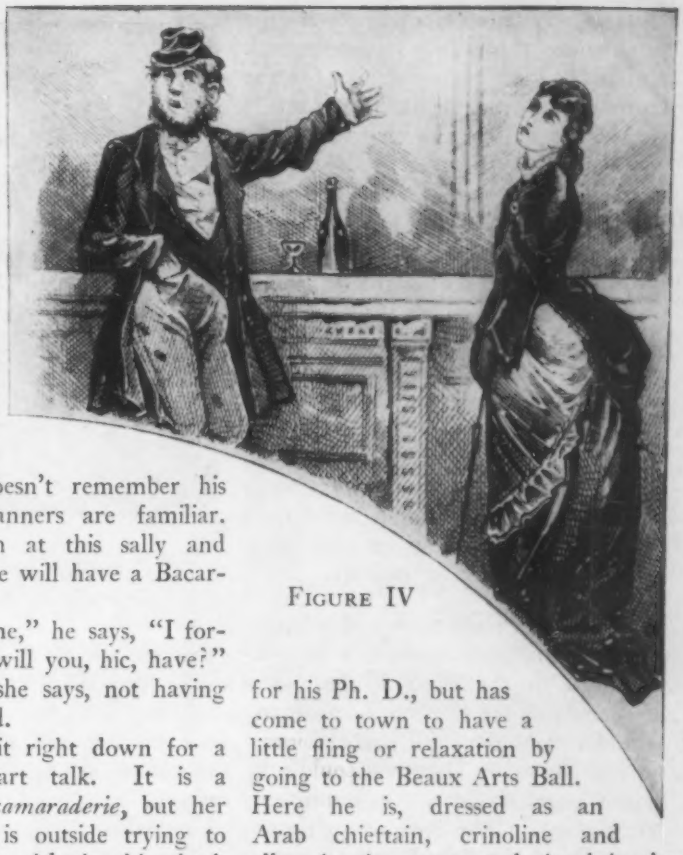


FIGURE IV

FIGURE IV is an etching of a scene in a speakeasy in West Forty-ninth Street. The gentleman waving his hand toward the back room is a well-known actor with a reputation for rarely buying a drink. The person at his side is a graduate student at a prominent university. He is studying for his Ph. D., but has come to town to have a little fling or relaxation by going to the Beaux Arts Ball. Here he is, dressed as an Arab chieftain, crinoline and all. At the moment depicted in the etching, the fumes of alcohol have so suffused the actor's brain that he has lost complete control of himself and is saying, "See what the folks in the back room will have." Everybody is astounded. Such is the effect of overindulgence in alcohol on that delicate mechanism, the human brain. Let no one deceive himself into thinking these fumes are not powerful. Why, I have known the fumes in speakeasies to be so strong

FIGURE VI

that merely from sniffing them the proprietors themselves went berserk and insisted on buying drinks for the customers. Buying drinks for strangers is always a telltale sign that the fumes are working. Weeping is also significant and asking people why they don't like you any more, and inviting everybody in the speakeasy up to your house for dinner Thursday night.

PNEUMONIA goes very hard with heavy drinkers. Empyema generally sets in and the surgeon has to remove a rib and insert a drainage tube. In Figure V we see such an operation. Notice the two internes lying unconscious on the floor behind the female patient. They have given each other the patient's ether by mistake.

IN Figure VI we have a characteristic cocktail-time scene in a swagger speakeasy in the West Fifties. The gentlemen at the extreme left are two latitudinarians who are congratulating an altitudinarian (left center) on his recent purchase of a silk hat (upper left center). The despondent gentleman behind the "alty" had a date at

A typical speakeasy during the Whalen régime

five o'clock (it is now six forty-five) with that lady who is standing next to him, with her back towards him, but he has not turned around and therefore thinks she has given him the go-by (stood him up). Therefore, in great dejection, he is about to plunge his mustache into his ninth gin rickey. The lady has also been there since five o'clock, but she also has failed to turn around and discover her "date" who, she now concludes, has fallen for another dame. Piqued, she is about to finish her drink and then try to strike up an acquaintance with the barkeep. But beware, lovely lass! You are so befuddled by rum swizzles that you will probably forget your umbrella, which hangs near you on the bar. It is to this lapse on your part that the three predatory females at the right end of the bar are eagerly looking forward. They are professional umbrella stealers. Be on your guard, swizzled little girl, or that trio of harpies will make off with your bumbershoot and divide it into three parts for themselves.

THE reader will note the absence of a brass rail in Figure VI. There were no brass rails in any of the speakeasies. They were eaten away by hooch inadvertently dropped upon them by careless customers. It not infrequently happened that a customer was eaten away, too.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

• •

LOADS OF FUN ON SNOW AND SKI

"THE skiers' paradise," the rear flap of the Canadian National timetable dubbed it, "with its steep dazzling hills for the expert, and its gentle easy slopes for the timid tyro." (I didn't like that "timid tyro" attitude. It sounded a little patronizing.) "Shawbridge," it continued to gloat, "with its cold bracing air, mysterious blue shadows and infinite hills that seem to touch the very sky." (I suppose you *do* get that impression when you look down from one.) "Return at night," the timetable fairly chortled, "with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and a feeling of fitness and exuberance with which to tackle the task on the morrow."

It was that last line that got us. We wanted to face the task on the morrow with a feeling of fitness and exuberance. We wanted a couple of sparkling eyes, and some rosy cheeks. We wanted cold bracing air, mysterious blue shadows and infinite hills; and so we decided to go to Canada for a weekend skiing trip. That was where we made our big mistake. It would have been cheaper just to have stayed home and fallen downstairs.

The clerk in the sporting-goods store said we needed heavy socks. Anybody who was going skiing in Canada needed heavy socks; and heavy gloves; and heavy pants; and a couple of heavy shirts. And heavy underclothes, of course. Plenty of heavy stuff, that was the secret of a good skiing trip. We finally staggered over to Grand Central that night with four suitcases filled with our skiing costume, in addition to a couple of heavy shirts which we had to wear because they wouldn't fit in the bags, our ski-boots knotted around our necks by the laces, a pair of thirteen-foot skis under one arm and a pair of ski-poles under the other, all of which caused considerable good-natured chaffing in Forty-second Street before we finally disappeared into the sanctuary of the sleeper. Well, let them snigger. Sour grapes, that was all. Sheer envy. Tomorrow they would still be bending over their desks in stuffy offices, while we were speeding down a couple of these infinite hills that seem to touch the very sky . . .

JUST enough time in Montreal to buy us each a skiing cap (a blue affair with a long vizor, like a coal miner gone collegiate) and a couple of bottles of Scotch and a little cognac, just as a precaution to tide us over Sunday in case it got cold skiing. And just enough time left to stop in Krausman's for one glass of ale before the train left. Wouldn't be Montreal without a glass of ale at old Krausman's, ha, ha. Some different from Danny's, huh? Have we got time for another?

"Boy!" I said, setting down the glass. "I can hardly wait to get out in that cold bracing air, and strap on the old skis—"

"Right up to the top of the mountain with us," said Percy. (As a matter of fact, his name is really Percy Crosby and I see no reason for calling him Bill or Ed just for this article.) "None of those sissie slopes for mine."

"I bet those chaps back home are envying us now," I laughed. "Have we got time for just one more?"

Chrys Douglas, our host, looked at his watch anxiously. Train left in ten minutes. So we grabbed time for just one or two more; and arrived breathless at Tunnel Station with our skis under our arms, just in time to see the rear platform disappearing up the track, and no train till the following noon.

A whole day to wait till we could get on skis! We weathered the blow like men, and with a sigh of resignation we went back to Krausman's for just one more.

THAT was Thursday; and Saturday afternoon, sure enough, we arrived in Shawbridge, skis and baggage and a slight throbbing headache behind the left temple. Pile out, everybody! Get a lungful of this cold bracing air. I bet the bunch in New Yo . . . haugh . . . haugh . . . Into the sleigh, up the hill to the clubhouse, pile your bags in the room, and on with your duds. Out on the porch, Chrys rubbed his hands gleefully. Just time for an hour's skiing before supper!

I looked at Perc. He looked at me. To think of being on skis at last! To think of climbing the mountain this very evening! It was almost too much. In fact, on second thought, it *was* too much.

"Chrys," I explained as tactfully as possible, "thinking it over, we've decided it might be best if we spent the rest of today just more or less getting acquainted . . ."

Chrys looked at us suspiciously. ". . . you know, watching how it's done," I rushed, "getting used to this cold bracing air . . ."

He kneeled and buckled on his skis in silence.

". . . when we learn to ski," I continued, "we want to embark with the proper spirit upon what is without doubt the greatest sport in the . . ."

Chrys shoved forward and coasted down the hill from the clubhouse alone.

". . . because it *is* the greatest sport in the world," I maintained to Perc later, as we sprawled before the fire. "Just think of those saps bending over their desks in stuffy offices, instead of breathing this cold bracing air . . ."

" 'Solutely," nodded Perc, and filled another glass.

"It certainly will be good to get on those skis tomorrow," I added heartily.

" 'Lutely," nodded Perc. "Shall we open this second brandy?"

IT turned cold that night. We didn't notice it at first, because we spent most of the evening before the fire with some fellow-skiers from McGill University, arguing about Anglo-American relations. It was a very pleasant argument, and it ended with a handsome parade through the clubhouse, an impromptu speech by Perc on international amity, patriotic songs of both nations, and a rather ugly fist-fight in the front hall; and when we finally turned in about four o'clock, Chrys was asleep. So we threw all the windows wide open and crawled under the blankets, and as a result the thermometer dropped to thirty-six degrees below by morning, and Chrystie froze his ear in bed. He was very nice about it, however; and when he returned after a morning's skiing and woke us up for lunch, he was as full of enthusiasm as ever.

"What's the thermometer now?" Perc inquired.

"Seventeen below," Chrys said. "In the sun," he added cheerfully.

So that afternoon, while Chrys was out skiing again, Perc and I sat around

"Cheese! You gave him cheese! Don't you know anything about bird life?"

the fire and looked forward to the splendid skiing we would have tomorrow. Tomorrow we would show them some *real* skiing around here. Say, a cross-country trip to St. Sauveur, around by the lakes, and home again for supper. Or perhaps a few thrilling descents of the big mountain opposite, and the rest of the day brushing up on our telemarks and christies. It would be easy enough to learn.

"Just keep one foot a little in front of the other," I said. "That's the whole secret about skiing. And a little more soda in mine, if you please."

"You should keep the skis parallel, of course," Perc agreed. "It's funny they don't serve you ice here. I think it tastes flat without ice."

"And balance on your toes," I added. "Lean forward and rest your weight on your toes."

"By the way," said Perc, "you don't happen to have a little ice in your pocket, by any chance?"

"Bend your knees," I said, "and balance with your shoulders . . ."

"I wonder what they'd say," Perc mused, "if I went out and got some snow."

A slight disturbance in the outside hall roused our attention.

"Sorry to trouble you." A face appeared in the doorway, smiling through a large patch of adhesive tape. "But do either of you chaps happen to have some arnica handy?"

"Hurt yourself?" we asked weakly.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I did *this* last week—ran into a pine-tree, that was all—no, this is for my friend here. He just ran a ski-pole through his cheek."

"I s-saw some arnica in the bathroom," said Perc.

"Oh, *that* was all used up this morning," smiled the face. "Some chap got tangled up with the barbed wire on the big hill . . ."

Perc poured himself another glass of brandy.

THE next morning Chrys stuck his head in the doorway of the bedroom for a moment. "Bill and I are going cross-country to St. Sauveur," he explained briefly, "and we won't be back before supper. You'll find your skis right out in the hall, as usual," pointedly, "in case you want to put them on for a moment to take some pictures of each other."

He reappeared a second later in the window. "I've ordered you another case of ale," he added coldly.

THEY put us on the New York train Tuesday night; and we both vowed to Chrys as we left that it was the best weekend we had ever enjoyed. There is no sport like skiing, Perc and I agreed. There's no sport that gives you such rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and a feeling of fitness and exuberance with which to face the task on the morrow.

—COREY FORD

ANTI-FEMINIST SONG, FOR MY SISTER

Each of us, born every minute,
  Still wears fern-seed in her shoes;
Love of man, we always win it;
  Peace of mind, we always lose.

Drawing cheques is still our pastime;
  Paying checks our private hell;
No good swearing it's the last time
  While we know ourselves so well!

I am I, and you, my darling,
  Someone very like myself;
Hear the back-door wolf a-snarling
  For bread and cheese upon the shelf!

Well, and let him lick our platters!
  Let him drain our loving-cups!
Do we really think it matters
  Save as Cerberus his sops?

Ah, from such the rats have scampered
  Who give all, but not a damn!
How the wind remains ill-tempered
  To the thoroughly-shorn lamb!

Yes, we've had our fairly thick times
  Paying for the cakes and beers:
It's more fun to be the victims
  Than the bloody conquerors.

—ELINOR WYLIE

"Oh, I'm so thrilled—Milton's going to treat me to having my walls glazed."

Millard Miller is feeling pretty well this fall in Denver.
—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

It's a knack.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt

PROFILES

MRS. FIREBRAND

SINCE the election in which she played so lively a part, Mabel Willebrandt has not faded as much as might have been expected from public consciousness. She is still the personification of militant reform, such small setbacks as the collapse of her recent conspiracy charges against the New York night clubs having only served to increase her determination to bring about nationwide prohibition—prohibition that works. Her present minor eclipse, which may be attributed largely to post-election political apathy, is undoubtedly a temporary state. It is more than likely that, in March, when Mr. Hoover is faced with the task of rewarding those who supported him during his campaign, she will again play an important part in the news. At any rate she will unquestionably be one of the administration's major problems. In the meantime she continues to occupy, actively, the position of assistant attorney-general, the highest political post now held by a woman under our government, and as such she merits some brief study.

THE urge to uplift is in the genius of flatlands. Mabel Elizabeth Walker was born in a sod hut on a Kansas prairie. She was a covered-wagon girl, barefoot, riding a cayuse, tending cattle, picking prairie flowers. She still remembers the feel and smell of the Kansas earth, of mudholes in Oklahoma, of broad slow rivers between banks of tan clay. The Walkers lived a roving, mail-order life. Until Mabel was thirteen her school was the voluminous reading aloud and conversation of her parents. Her mother was a trim, practical little person, descended from farmer-pioneers in New York State. Her father belonged to a Pennsylvania family that migrated down into Tennessee. David William Walker was a sage-brush sage who could not be content with school-teaching. He moved about the midlands doctoring small newspapers. He always wanted to practice law. His daughter says he was, and is, an idealist.

In 1906, when she was sixteen, Mabel went to Park College, near Kansas City. She and another girl served breakfast for sixty students, as part payment of their tuition. The Walkers moved on again, this time to Michigan. The father started a branch bank in a lumber town called Buckley, while Mabel went to Ferris Institute in Big Rapids. She discovered debating. She was eighteen now, warm-tempered and sassy. Buckley was a wicked little place with four saloons on its four corners and lumberjacks reeling through the snow. She took charge of the grammar school and the lumberjacks' children. She sang in the Congregational choir and taught Sunday school—until she got into an argument with the pastor about the Virgin Birth, which she doubted.

Arthur F. Willebrandt was the high-school principal. She married him when she was twenty-one. He became tubercular, and they moved to Phoenix, Arizona. She nursed him, did their cooking and washing, and went to the normal school at Tempe.

"It is reasonable to assume," says Mrs. Willebrandt, "that five years must be taken out of almost every woman's life, those five years which she gives over to her marriage and her children."

As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. Willebrandt had no children. After almost six years she left him. He was well again, and she wanted her career. Mr. Willebrandt waited a long while, at her request, and then obtained a divorce on grounds of desertion. Their separation had been amicable and she was familiar with divorce for others, yet her own divorce seemed shameful to her.

AFTER she had risen to be a school principal in California, she was impelled to rewrite the school textbook on civics. To do that she found she needed to know law, so she studied at the University of Southern California and was admitted to the bar. She became a public defender of women in Los Angeles, a civic appointment which made her the advocate of beaten wives and fallen women. Hers was the first legal voice in America to rail at the double standard of morality, which allowed men to go free in moral-turpitude cases. She was attorney in more than two thousand such cases in the California courts and made a reputation as a savior almost as great as Aimee Semple McPherson was later to enjoy.

Her private practice grew and broadened with her reputation as the leading feminist and women's-club lecturer in Los Angeles; fathers of her former pupils brought her their legal difficulties. She became a general practitioner, especially fond of tax cases. Divorce cases she shunned, except where feminism was at stake.

In 1921, President Harding entered office and looked around for a woman to take into his sub-cabinet. Mrs. Willebrandt was vehemently recommended by California's best legal and political minds, with Senator Hiram Johnson loudest in the chorus. Harding knew she was thirty-one but he was taken aback when he saw

"Well, I would say that Sir Joseph Duveen knows what he's talking about."

O. SOGLOW

"If I had the running of this thing I'd make everybody wear costume. It spoils the effect otherwise."

her. She looked a precocious twenty-one. He took refuge in fatherly flattery and tried to send her away. "You are splendid," he said, "but I'm afraid you are too young." Just the same, she stayed.

Mr. Daugherty, her immediate superior, was sympathetic. When he was forced out of office she loyally refused to believe that he had erred and wrote him an admiring letter of farewell. She also thinks that President Harding was "reborn" before his trip west and that, had he lived, he would have gone down in history as one of the great presidents.

THERE was a time when she did not believe, intellectually, in prohibition. She was used to California's good red claret, which people bought with their groceries at the store. The underlying theory of prohibition did such violence to her conception of personal liberty that soon after taking office she said: "I feel like a bug with a pin stuck through me."

What "thrilled" her was taking cases to the Supreme Court. Half her office force was (and still is) kept busy by tax cases alone. She is said to have appeared more often before the Supreme Court than any living lawyer except Frederick W. Lehman, James M. Beck, John W. Davis, and William D. Guthrie.

Another of her Federal preoccupations was prison conditions. She made trips to the penitentiaries to see how society's lost sheep were getting on. It was characteristic of her to investigate the shepherds at the same time.

DANCE RECORDS

Costume Ball in Greenwich Village

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MRS. WILLEBRANDT believes that Washington is a "dangerous" place to live. She had heard of bribery in high places before she went there, and declined to believe it. She never knew the real quality of things sinister until she herself was offered a hundred and forty thousand dollars to ease up on a big case. It dawned on her then that prohibition entailed all sorts of crookery. She concluded, with rising fury, that United States enforcement was "feeble," "crooked," "comical," "a burning disgrace." She was repelled by the "fanatics" with whom she had to work, but she realized that she must do something besides sit and wait for evidence to be brought to her by agents of the Treasury Department. After Roy Asa Haynes was got rid of, she found in the present prohibition commissioner, Dr. Doran, a man who would let her set up her cases in advance and tell the agents just how to proceed to insure convictions. She even found it practical to listen with official attention to tales brought in by the wives, mothers, and clergymen who flock to her office. Through one New Jersey parson who goes to Washington periodically at his own expense, she has discovered several flagrant streams of Eastern booze.

"'Do be discreet,' it said on the announcement—ain't that rich? How could you be anything else in a place like this?"

"Old Girl, I says, it takes more than crust to go out on the floor in this costume; it takes a figure."

In short, the bug became quite comfortable on the pin. The cold joy of legal battle replaced Mrs. Willebrandt's earlier misgivings about infringing personal liberty. She pitched gladly into her big cases—George Remus of Cin-

cinnati, Congressman Langley of Kentucky, the Grossberg Brewery case, et al. She fell to talking at length over the long-distance telephone with her district attorneys, hurried hither and yon on Pullmans to suggest, supervise, execute, often to work all night preparing briefs, warrants, and raids—and then to hurry back to Washington in time for a Supreme Court argument.

Mrs. Willebrandt felt that the machinery she was perfecting was directly threatened by the presence of a Wet candidate in the presidential campaign. It seemed to her that it was her moral if not her official duty to become active in politics—a field from which the Department of Justice, of all departments, is supposed to be far removed. Also, she had a political ambition of her own, a certain California judgeship.

She would have favored Hoover's nomination anyway—a fellow Californian, a great figure in the same administration, an economic reformer whose social theories tend toward her own vision of mass uplift. Before the convention and at Kansas City she slaved for Hoover, and during the nominating "demonstration" stood at the front of the milling, howling hall transfigured, electric, with an orchid quivering on her shoulder, one of the few genuinely uplifted souls in the whole spectacular anticlimax.

THOUGH she dislikes to think so, Mrs. Willebrandt is essentially feminine. At her office she wears tailored suits, at home filmy things, and she is sensitive to inaccurate public reports on her costumes. When speechmaking, she wears an opal pendant "for luck." Her mind, which she calls "scientific rather than legal," is changeable, so that she dictates long repetitious letters, often of surprising vehemence, but does not always mail them. She is constantly losing her personal belongings, and forgetting engagements, or arriving to keep them too soon. (Once she surprised the wife of an important official by appearing for a reception a week too early.) She rides horseback and drives an automobile, the latter with such headlong impetuosity that the Washington police have had to stop her for speeding. Her gestures in public are slow, smashing; her voice is warm, low, rousing. In private conversation she speaks haltingly, as though to select the right word, fixing on her listener a gaze so steady that it goes through and gets lost on the other side.

As an executive she takes a personal interest in her subordinates and sees that they get their deserts. They call her "The Queen." She often works in her office until midnight and always reappears early in the morning. The dark hollows around her eyes suggest an exhaustion which her unceasing vigor and magnetism belie.

Mrs. Willebrandt lives in a big house with two other professional women, one a doctor, short and sandy-haired; the other a graying, regal person, another lady lawyer. The three concentrate seriously upon the upbringing of Mrs. Willebrandt's small adopted daughter. Discipline is the watchword of the household. For a few minutes before each bedtime Mrs. Willebrandt frolics with the child, who has been taught to wait on herself and not to fear going into a dark room alone. Last autumn the press was told that Dorothy Willebrandt, as she was previously called, had chosen to be known as Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Jr. Mabel, Jr., is not yet six years old.

The Chautauqua lecturing that Mrs. Willebrandt does in summertime is to lay by for Mabel, Jr.'s, education. Mrs. Willebrandt wants to adopt another child, a boy. She will take every precaution that the parents never find out where their child is, so that there will never be legal or emotional complications.

WHAT will happen to Mrs. Willebrandt after March 4 is something of a problem for Mr. Hoover. He can leave her in her present office. If he appoints her to the California judgeship she wants, she must be confirmed by the Senate. The Senate—even the new-elected Hoover Senate, with Watson of Indiana in command—does not greatly care for Mrs. Willebrandt—she has never sympathized with the easy give-and-take of politics, and even cultivates a certain pride in the aversion that most politicians have for entering her office.

The personification of a national phenomenon is hardly to be expected to return to the obscurity of private law practice. She could, of course, emerge at intervals to address women's conventions and Methodist revivals, but her aegis of office would be dimmed. Gone would be the symbolism of that high moment in October when she stood before an altar in St. Paul as matron of honor for Andrew Volstead's daughter. Perhaps she ought to succeed the late Wayne B. Wheeler as general counsel and legislative super-

"Now put the lil' right *foot down, now the lil'* left *foot!"*

"I would say that we made a very favorable impression on the Whitneys tonight."

• •

intendent of the Anti-Saloon League. In any case there must be a niche somewhere for the conscience of a country which, as its votes and biological statistics show, wants not only liquor but also a law against liquor.

—JOHN S. MARTIN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE press boys are making boom boom for Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford for the Interior portfolio. As long as there is one Secretary Wilbur in the cabinet, this department is going to have trouble making its face behave.

•

Another thing we shall love, in a nice platonic way, will be President Hoover carrying out the Calvinian economy program while buying a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of navy.

•

It is indicated that the prohibition enforcement job may be shifted from the Treasury to the Department of Justice. Our own view is that this is properly the work of the Secretary of the Interior.

•

We have it on good authority that everybody has gone to Florida. It is now possible to cross any New York street in comfort and safety by digging a tunnel.

•

One's admiration goes to Chief Magistrate McAdoo for his happy and tactful solution of the problem of tardy judges. He has changed the court opening hour from nine to ten.

•

Our revised idea of a delightful and whimsical world would be one in which a jury would be called upon to decide whether or not a Leonardo da Vinci is genuine.

•

If we were doing it, we would settle that unfortunate quarrel in the Booth family by making the old General Secretary of the Salvation Navy.

•

Evelyn Nesbit says she is engaged to marry a man who says he is a Russian prince. As we understand it, this gives her the title of Barely Possibly Princess Evelyn.

•

It is good news that the revised and improved Sing Sing is nearly ready for its nonpaying guests. We always welcome better pens for prisoners and post offices.

•

Leon Trotsky was killed last week. We are sorry to see him backsliding into this old bad habit.

•

According to the agreement with Italy, the Pope is to rule his own little state. We wish to be the first, and last, to suggest as minister to the new country Tom Heflin, author of the week's wittiest wisecrack, "I am opposed to intolerance."

•

The clean books bill is introduced at Albany and the Yankee squad is ordered south. Cad sprig be far behide?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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RIVIERA BOAT SONG

The sun streams bright; by two and three
The Very Smart walk by the sea,
Tripping on light fantastic toe,
The Dolly Sisters come and go;
The Maharajah of Rumpore,
Lord Ghoul, Sir George and Lady Bloor,
The Comte de Machin, Baron Krunch,
Wilbur P. Spoonts, and all the bunch,
Fulfill their best and highest needs,
So please, Sir, can I go to Leeds?
Oh, please, kind Sir,
Oh, generous Sir,
Most lovely Sir,
Sweet, noble Sir,
For God's sake, may *I go to Leeds?* *

—D. B. W. L.

*Leeds (England); pop. 458,232; favorably situated in the coal and iron districts. Industries; coal, iron, leather, wholesale clothing, metal casting, machinery, railway supplies.

THE THEATRE

LOW FERVOR

AT the Earl Carroll Theatre, "Fioretta" (or Max Reinhardt in Woolworth's), by Earl Carroll, with music and lyrics by George Bagby and G. Romilli, is a rococo romance of Venice. In it are Leon Errol, with that old leg trouble of his which, incidentally, has attacked a bridge table of mine, Fannie Brice (this department's favorite low comedienne), and Lionel Atwill, whose hitherto legitimate talents somehow don't overpower one in this galaxy.

It's all about an eighteenth-century Venetian girl of the people, who gets elected Miss Venice for a carnival, and wins the love of the reigning duke. He wants her to marry a title so that they can have an intrigue more gracefully, and she submits to being married to the Count di Rovani, not knowing whom she is marrying. She does this to save the life of her lover (really the Count di Rovani), and finally, through the jealousy of the duchess, is allowed the pardon and possession of her husband.

Dorothy Knapp is the girl who makes all the whoopdedoo at least thinkable. George Houston is Rovani, which makes parts of the performance pretty hard to watch, for in them Mr. Houston is the operetta variety of ham, and that is ham supreme.

The funniness of Leon Errol is one of my blind spots, so I won't comment on him. Fannie Brice, without very much to do, or good lines, or really bright songs, is just elegant.

There are rumors that a fond aunt's money had a great deal to do with the lavish production of "Fioretta;" whether it was the aunt of Mr. Bagby or Mr. Romilli I don't know. I would know could I ascertain the authorship of a certain prose poem about Love which Mr. Atwill recites before a gauze curtain, behind which a horde of nymphs dance a eurythmic accompaniment. Most of us wrote that prose poem and had it turned down by our college literary magazine. Only an aunt could have brought it to Broadway, unless, dread thought!, Mr. Carroll wrote it himself.

To summarize: "Fioretta" is a preposterous, gigantic, blowzy show which fills an evening to overflowing and is good entertainment, as entertainment runs.

"FOLLOW THRU"

Lively goings-on about golf and love plus this funny pair have established the musical comedy at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre as one of the season's successes. The gentleman in the whimsical suit, Jack Haley; the ectoplasmic lady, Zelma O'Neal

"LADY FINGERS," at the Vanderbilt, differs from the majority of musical shows in having a book better than its score. It was taken from the Owen Davis farce "Easy Come, Easy Go." One song in it, the one called "Sing Boom" which they plug so mercilessly, was salvaged from

the wreck of "Betsy." The rest of the music, while supposedly new, struck even my insensitive ears as dull and reminiscent. (Reminiscent! Most of those tunes have been living in the past for the last decade.)

Eddie Buzzell finds an opportunity for self-expression in the rôle of Jim Bailey, the crook called Lady Fingers. Louise Brown, whose charming speaking voice always appeals to me, plays the heroine. Gertrude MacDonald dances well, the McCarthy twins try to work up a little enthusiasm for each song after the other players have sung it—but even the McCarthy twins couldn't succeed in doing so with me. There is also a small, brisk young woman named Marjorie White who is nice.

OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN
De Pinna's

•

IN its revival of "Hedda Gabler," at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, with Blanche Yurka, The Actors' Theatre has the honor of presenting probably the largest Hedda ever seen on any stage, and the smallest Mrs. Elvsted. That comment would be as unfair as it seems tasteless were not a certain degree of fragility inseparable from my conception of Hedda. I can't believe those tortured nerves of hers were ever encased in a Gertrude Ederle body. Miss Yurka's Hedda is, almost of necessity, a supremely competent woman. George Tesman could never have married her, Judge Brack could never have cornered her. If she'd felt as irritated with her husband as Ibsen's speeches indicate, she'd often have silenced him with a swift right hook, or at least worked off her nervousness by moving the grand piano.

Moreover, into Hedda's joylessly malicious intrigues Miss Yurka has put a gusto which robs their outcome of credibility. I might have accepted her if I hadn't seen the Hedda of Emily Stevens, but now I can never be satisfied with a less good performance.

The supporting cast is all adequate and better, and to see a merely adequate production of Hedda Gabler is preferable to most experiences in the theatre. I think the fact that this production is costumed in the period of the day when the play was written instantly sets it ahead of the unfortunately modernized version they do at the Civic Repertory.

"ALL THE KING'S MEN," by Fulton Oursler, at the Fulton Theatre, finds Mr. Oursler, whose last comedy sought for its whimsicalities in an insane asylum, writing one about the distaste of a second wife for a deceased first wife, and her essential jealousy of the first wife's child.

In addition to the handicap of this rather macabre subject, the play lurches between reality and theatricalism, and has as its heroine a woman so detestable that I am tempted to allow my disapproval of her character to dominate entirely my judgment of the play.

Walter Fairchild is an advertising man and a widower. He lives in Riverside Drive with his son, Junior, and an old housekeeper. He marries a young woman with whom he has resolved to "make life an art and fill it with beautiful memories." To that end they move to a modernistic apartment on the East Side and send Junior to a boarding-school in Switzerland.

The young wife is "expecting" at the time of the second act. She may go to the hospital at any moment. When, however, Walter gets a cable that Junior has typhoid fever, is not expected to live, and is calling for him, Walter doesn't think of his wee wife, but goes to the telephone instantly and makes arrangements to get the midnight boat that night. This, I grant, would make excellent and legitimate material for later conjugal accusations, but does the young woman wait? She does not. She has an immediate brainstorm and tells Walter to go to his brat, but that she will never forgive him his thoughtlessness of her. The instant she speaks, all the offence is on her side. They part on that note, and if you ask me, I think she was lucky he didn't give her a sock in the jaw just before leaving.

She, however, is able to nurse her injured feelings caused by this monstrous neglect for a year. She is then meditating an elopement when her prospective lover's suggestion that she leave her baby makes her understand how Walter felt, and restores her to him.

As you see, it's a terrible play.

Grant Mitchell makes the husband very likable if you like Grant Mitchell, as almost everybody does. Mrs. Jacques Martin, as the housekeeper, provides a great deal of apple-cheeked charm. I can't tell about poor Mayo Methot, who had to play Florence.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

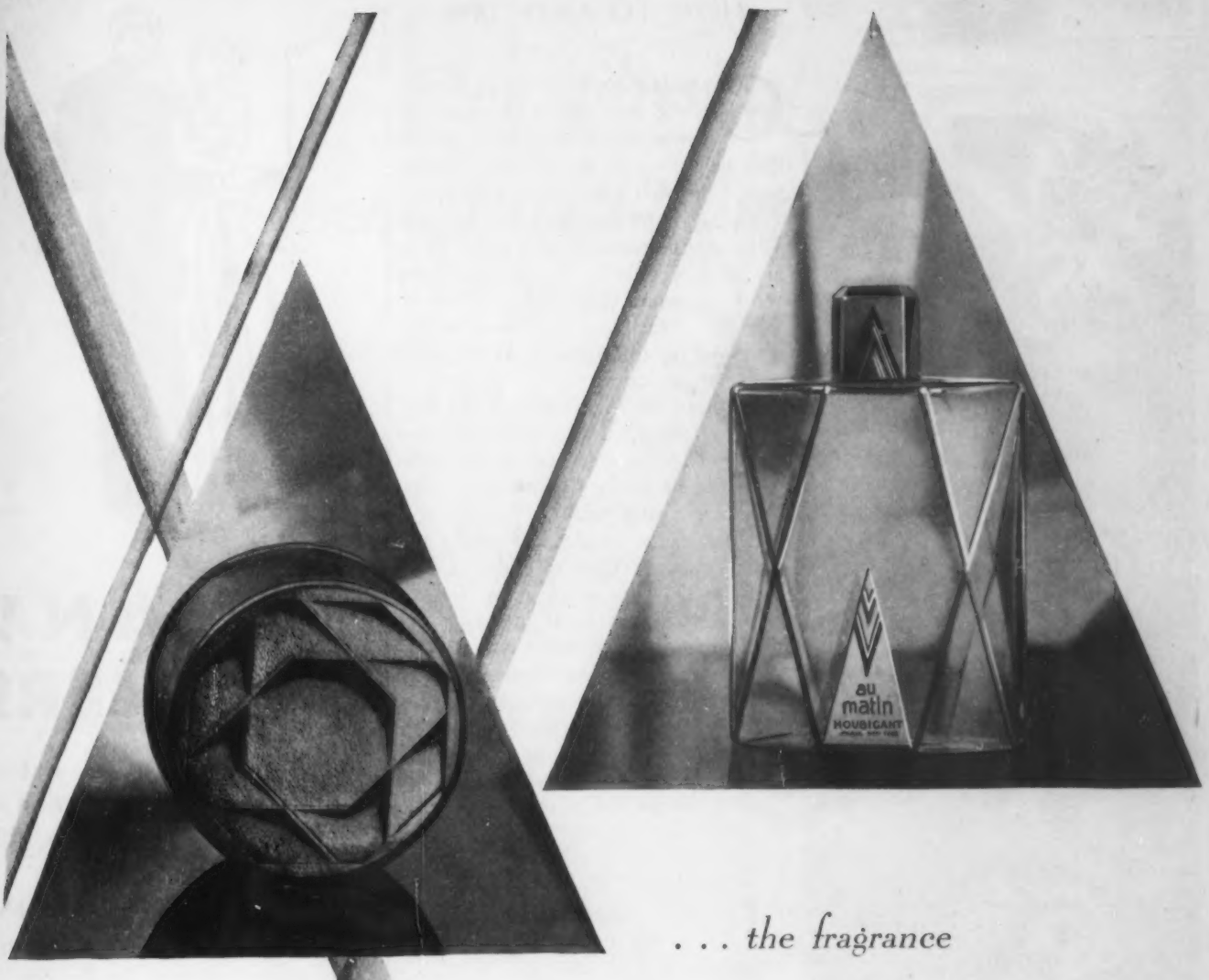
LET US GO TOWARD HOME

Let us go toward home,
For what is there is ours;
In the lingering gloom
Your face flowers

When you are there.
Let us go back, I say,
Lest strangers tread the stair,
And we are long away,

Too long for returning.
Love wandering the world grows thin,
Too wan for impulse and for burning,
Too strange for taking in.

—CHARLES NORMAN



. . . the fragrance

of a new day . . . keeps dual tryst

in a parfum and poudre that

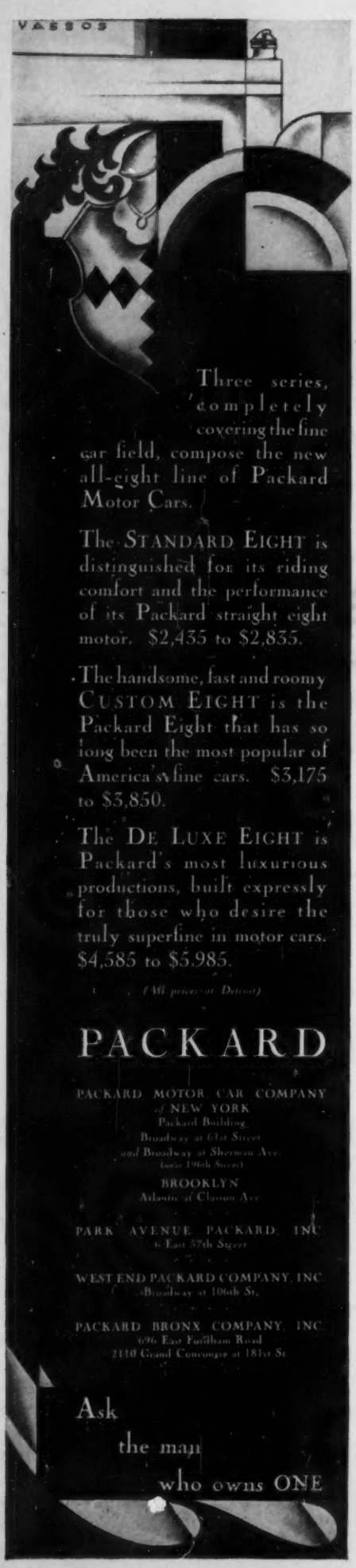
are the triumphs of modernity,

and Houbigant's most favoured

creations in critical Paris.

au
matin

HOUBIGANT
PARIS


VASSOS
Three series, completely covering the fine car field, compose the new all-eight line of Packard Motor Cars.
The STANDARD EIGHT is distinguished for its riding comfort and the performance of its Packard straight eight motor. $2,435 to $2,835.
The handsome, fast and roomy CUSTOM EIGHT is the Packard Eight that has so long been the most popular of America's fine cars. $3,175 to $3,850.
The DE LUXE EIGHT is Packard's most luxurious productions, built expressly for those who desire the truly superfine in motor cars. $4,585 to $5,985.
(All prices at Detroit)
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PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 63rd Street
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(near 196th Street)
BROOKLYN
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PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC
6 East 57th Street
WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC
Broadway at 106th St.
PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.
Ask the man who owns ONE

HOW TO PASS TIME

At The Dance

CONSIDER the evening dresses. Could they be cut any more revealingly? If they were, would they be burned by the censors? What would the girls have left to wear then?

Consider the couples. Do they fit? Who are the most popular girls? Why are they popular? Is it what they wear or what they do? What do they do? Does how they do what they do make any difference? Where does your partner class?

Pick out the man who became popular overnight. What happened that night? Do you remember the time when he could not dance a step? Can he dance a step today?

How many couples are sitting out their dances? Can you always find them? Do they enjoy being found? Would you like to cut in on any of the couples that are sitting out? Would you do it by tapping the gentleman on the shoulder with the palm of your hand or on the chin with your knuckles? Would it do you any good?

How many different dances are the couples on the floor executing? Do they call it dancing? Do you call it dancing? Is it dancing?

Ask a lady to dance. Is your partner trying to reduce? Does she need it? Does she really believe that it is possible to lose weight? Why is a woman never satisfied with her weight? Is it because she is always changing her mind? Why is she always changing her mind? Does she smoke cigarettes because they stunt her growth? Has your partner been vaccinated? Does the mark show when she is in an evening dress? Would it show if she wore a bathing suit?

How does dancing as a social enterprise compare with teaching a girl how to swim? How does it compare with a park bench? With a taxicab? What ten other social games do you know? Which is your favorite?

Is your partner a good follower? Would she follow you anywhere? Would you want her to? To what ten places would you not want her to follow you? Would your partner like to sit out a dance with you? Is *sit out* the proper name for it?

—José Schorr

•

FURNISHED—Bachelor's flat. 2 exits. 122 boulevard Haussmann.—*Paris Herald.*

Ah, Paris!

TRUANT WHISKERS

THOSE sly little batches of hair that always seem to play truant to the razor — get after them with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

A *real* shave needs Squibb's. It's so thorough—so satisfactory. The razor almost smiles as it coasts through. Such easy work. No tug nor tussle. And, at the end, a fresh, smooth comfort.

Don't play truant yourself from the shaving satisfaction of Squibb's. Lather up with it tomorrow. Squibb's Shaving Cream is sold at all drug stores. The price, too, is quite reasonable. 40c a generous tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

For physical and mental well-being . . . Yeast

recommends

DR. ADOLF CLUSS

noted Vienna Scientist

"Today we know yeast is a container par excellence of the vitamins which form, if we may say so, the link between food and medicaments. Yeast can be called a foodstuff, a medicament, a means of strengthening and building up the body. It not only helps nutrition but also promotes health and physical and mental well-being."

Dr. Ad. Cluss

AN outstanding scientist in Vienna—home of science and medicine for over a century—is Dr. Adolf Cluss, recognized international authority on nutrition problems.

Dr. Cluss, with many other scientists and physicians in Europe and America, points to yeast as the natural "food-medicament" for a healthy body and a happy mind.

The Food Canal

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread through the system, attacking you in your weakest spot. 90% of common ills start here, but here yeast does its purifying work. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

The verdict of doctors is: 90% of our ailments start in the intestinal tract. Frequent colds, sore throat, headaches, bad skin, bad breath, "nerves," indigestion and many other complaints are sure signs of constipation and all the physical and mental misery that follows.

In a recent survey covering the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills. Fleischmann's Yeast, the fresh food, is convenient, easy, sure protection.

Unlike dried or killed yeast, Fleischmann's Yeast contains millions of living, active yeast plants, which pass through your intestinal tract daily, combating harmful poisons, purifying the whole system. Sluggish muscles again perform their function of elimination. Your skin clears, digestion improves, your whole being responds with renewed health and joy of living.

* * *

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Start today on the road to better health and spirits!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-91, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

HOFRAT PROFESSOR DR. ADOLF CLUSS

International authority on problems of nutrition; Professor, Hochschule für Bodenkultur, Vienna; member International Institute of Agriculture, Rome; honorary member, American and German scientific bodies.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR built the Waldorf and John Jacob Astor the Astoria, and, although the two cousins were incompatible to the point of scarcely speaking to each other, the two hotels have clung together through more than a quarter of a century of New York's gayer years. In death, too, they will fulfill the best traditions of Siamese twins, for it has been duly chronicled in the public prints that wreckers will raze them both in the not so distant future so that a new office building may climb fifty stories.

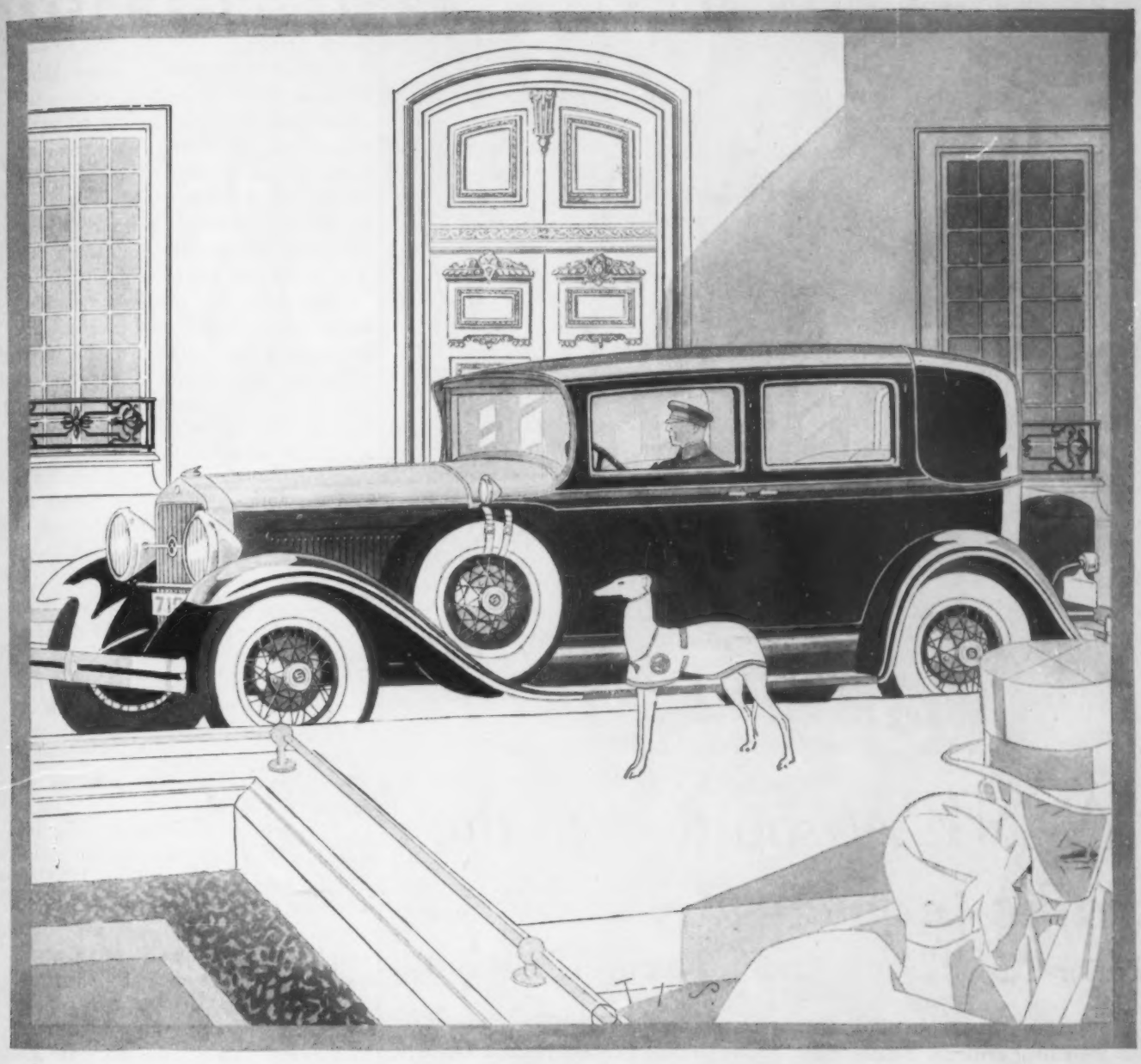
It was William Waldorf Astor's idea to begin with, and one born neither of civic nor personal pride. This Mr. Astor was a resentful, quarrelsome fellow. In 1890, when New York was just beginning to lead the nation out of its age of innocence, he lived in his red-brick house at the northwest corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. New York then had its "four hundred," the socially elect being limited to that number because Mrs. William Astor's ballroom held no more.

She was William Waldorf Astor's aunt, but, what was more important, she was the social empress of her day. It was only natural, then, that when her nephew's wife had engraved upon her cards nothing more than "Mrs. Astor" she should object. Eventually the quarrel reached the newspapers, which treated it in a spirit of levity very aggravating to the petulant Mr. Astor. He had been annoyed by the newspapers before. This was the last straw. Announcing publicly that America was no place for the civilized, he made his plans to move to England. This he eventually did, became a subject of the king, subsequently a baron, then a viscount.

IN departing America Mr. Astor determined he would not leave the family house to fall away to ruin. It was decided that a hotel should be built upon its site, and, because he did not do things half measure, it would be a great hotel. So rose the Waldorf, thirteen stories, casting glum shadows upon the home of John Jacob Astor

• •

Irrepressible* YOUTH plays *BASEBALL* on the ICE at the *WASHINGTON Park* BASE BALL *grounds.
(1884)



The Commander Brougham for Five—with six-cylinder motor, $1525; with straight-eight motor, $1675. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra

NOTHING short of championship fleetness—nothing less than stamina unmatched in all motordom—could have inspired the appealing beauty of these great new Studebaker eights and sixes. In every virile line and contour, you will sense at once the remarkable ability which has won for Studebaker *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. Balanced motor cars! Style that beautifully interprets flashing performance—performance that brilliantly fulfills the promise expressed in youthful, sophisticated style. Champion motor cars every one—at One-Profit prices which are quite as remarkable as these great cars themselves!

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

A NEW *solution to the traffic problem*... *Woodstock Tower,*

Tudor City's Seventh Unit... Occupancy May 1st

A 32 story fire-proof building, running true to Tudor City form in the matter of beautiful design and skilful construction, and signifying that here in the very heart of New York some 500 more traffic-maddened souls may find homes, and solve forever the problem of transportation by eliminating it completely from their lives!

1, 2 and 3 room hotel apartments with unobstructed views of the city and the river—sunshine, fresh air and, of course, as much of the famous Tudor City Service as is desired. Special attention has been given to the 1 room apartments. All are spacious—some have 5 windows—some have terraces. All have man-size bath rooms, business-like serving pantries with frigidaire, disappearing double or twin beds.

Rentals from $850 to $3,500

Many apartments have already been leased. Why not walk over—today? Just a 4 minute walk from Grand Central.

Tudor City renting offices at the east end of 42nd Street are open evenings until 9 o'clock.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT, INC.
25 Prospect Place New York City Vanderbilt 8860

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

on the adjoining corner at Thirty-fourth Street.

But for all his blustery leave-taking William Astor did make a single sentimental gesture. In this new hotel he reconstructed the dining-room from his mansion, putting into it the old panels, doors, and mantels of black walnut, furniture, draperies, hammered-brass sidelights, fitted now for electricity. This room still stands in the Waldorf.

That done, Mr. Astor had nothing more to do with this new tavern. He came back to America many times (the visits were almost all for the purpose of resisting attempts to tax him) but he entered his hotel only twice. Each time he called to see a friend and each time he walked through the lobby and the halls with his eyes riveted on the floor as though he were afraid of this, his creature.

IT was, literally this time, two other fellows who carried the Waldorf to success. One was George C. Boldt, a dynamic little German who had worked his way from the kitchen of an obscure New York restaurant to the management of the Bellevue Hotel in Philadelphia. He was selected to operate the hotel.

The other was Oscar. His last name is Tschirky, but he has never had to use it. When the Waldorf was still a hole in the ground Oscar passed it and decided it would be an excellent place to work. He was a headwaiter at Delmonico's then and he presented to Mr. Boldt a petition signed by scores of influential citizens, his patrons. He got the job. He was maître d'hôtel from the start and will be to the finish.

The Waldorf threw open its doors to an amazing flow of adjectives on March 14, 1893. Up to that time New York's hotels had sought to create a "homey" atmosphere. It was Boldt's idea to provide luxury for the masses. He almost overdid it. The Waldorf was so "elegant," with its marble and carved wood, its tapestries and frescoes, that frugal folk were frightened. It almost crashed under its own weight. There was a day when it had only forty guests—and nine hundred and seventy servants.

However, Boldt was something of a genius, and, in his way, a psychologist. He made his play for names, and soon dukes and counts, princes and, eventually, kings, were stopping at the Waldorf, and crowds were standing on the sidewalks to get a look at them.

It was he who employed a chef at

DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

It must be SEC'S appeal!

Clicquot Club SEC

GINGER ALE SUPREME

Aged 6 months

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office: 2 Park Avenue *Phone Lexington 4053*

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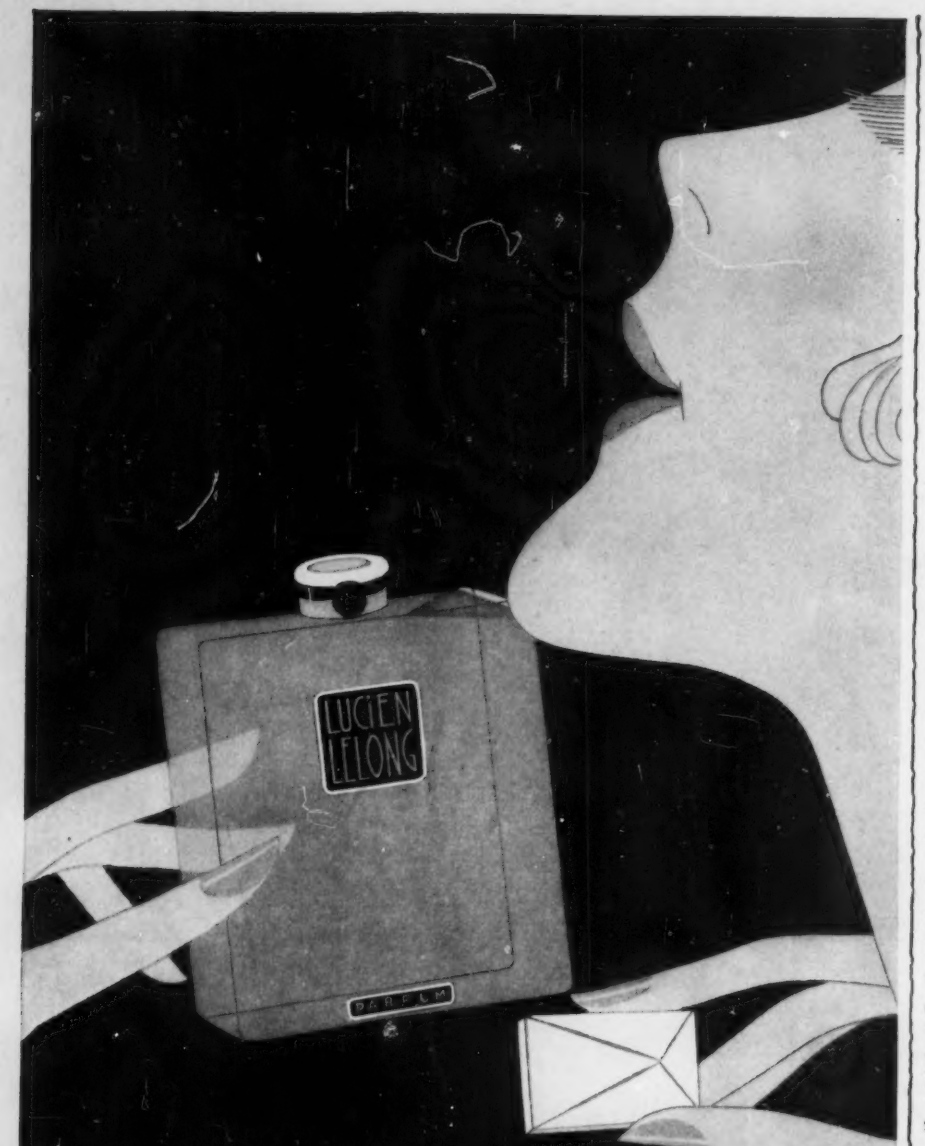

"C'est la mode"

LELONG

... Finality ... one understands, coming from Lelong. Lelong Parfums are the result of his art, his subtle understanding of the harmonizing touches that intensify beauty of wearer and costume. For her who is mindful of the mode, there is nothing more to ask.

Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions at the smarter shops and department stores.

LUCIEN LELONG PARIS

ten thousand dollars a year—an unheard-of salary—and announced that the old one had left because the brilliant electric light in the hotel kitchen was affecting his eyes. It was he, too, who brought upon himself insurrection, and no little publicity, when he decreed that no employee of the hotel should wear whiskers.

Boldt was the first hotel man to place a telephone in each room, eliminating the rather cumbersome system of ringing twice for ice-water and that sort of thing. Too, he established a room clerk on each floor, and he won many friendships by unquestioningly cashing checks for his guests, whether they happened to be total strangers or not. He was also one of the first to capitalize New York's growing desire for "night life." He made a special trip to Europe to stock his cellars with vintage wines. These soon attracted the gay from the theatrical district—then in the Herald Square sector—to whom in addition he frequently served several hundred partridges and a thousand lobsters in an evening.

Finally, too, society capitulated. The Waldorf had been built in a day when hotels were for "transients." Few New Yorkers knew anything about their taverns, except for their bars, of course. Hotel functions were few. Boldt lured social leaders first with the Musical Mornings of Albert Morris Bagby which have since become institutional, and then, in February, 1897, brought them over full force for the Bradley-Martin ball, a bal masque of such magnificence that it caused bolshevist rumbles among the masses.

IT was later in that year that the Astoria joined the Waldorf. John Jacob Astor had basked long enough in the shadows of the Waldorf. He announced that he, too, would build a hotel. The fear of competition had long haunted Boldt, and when the news became known he busied himself. Fortunately he had made a good friend of Astor, having served his wedding breakfast and done it well.

Thus the Astoria was part of the Waldorf before it was begun, for Boldt was its lessee. But it was built as an entirely separate structure, so arranged that today a wall could be constructed in a few days to cut it off from its hyphen mate. The new hotel joined the old on November 1, 1897, adding even more glory, for it was sixteen stories, towering over the Waldorf's thirteen.

It brought into the picture that long

Maybe it's a vulgar display of wealth

but I like it!

WHEN I go to a party I like to feel free to take a good grip on a glass without having a guilty feeling that maybe I am hastening the melting of my host's last ice cube.

A few years ago a man might have been accused of showing off if he put out too many ice cubes at one time. But now that the dear people have Frigidaires you can go as far as you like in that direction without being criticized.

There is a very simple way to have plenty of ice cubes.

Frigidaire manufactures a little cabinet called the Ice Maker that freezes 144 cubes at a time and has a large storage drawer that holds a couple of hundred more.

Since it stays below freezing you can use it to keep ducks or chickens or steaks in perfect condition almost indefinitely.

Winston Paul, the Frigidaire distributor, has the Ice Maker on display in his showroom at 39 West Forty-Fifth, or if you will telephone, Bryant 8700, or mail the coupon, he will send you a circular with full information.

WINSTON PAUL,
39 West 45th St., New York.

Please send the circular about the ice maker.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOD TASTE

Cloth Coats Distinguished by Jaeckel Furs

Unusual fabrics in modes created by our own designers establish the individuality of our cloth coats.

JAECKEL & SONS
Fifth Ave. at 45th Street, N. Y.
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS SINCE 1863

corridor running the length of the building on its Thirty-fourth Street side, which someone, in no particularly great burst of imagination, called "Peacock Alley."

It added also the famous four-sided bar which, upon the closing of Wall Street each day, became the financial centre of the nation, with financial wizards making great deals while their feet rested on the brass rail. The Waldorf had had no bar. Instead there had been the Oak Room, where men could have their drinks at tables, with hot, well-buttered baked potatoes served free.

THUS, for a quarter of a century, the two hotels have had a part in New York's history. Every president the nation has had since they were built has stopped there. The Waldorf had hardly thrown open its doors before the Spanish royalty, the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, trailed in with a great retinue. In 1896 Li Hung Chang came, bringing his own cooks to prepare his food, and his own chopsticks.

Then in 1902 there was the furore over Prince Henry of Prussia. Elaborate were the preparations. Boldt rehearsed every detail of the reception until his employees were ready to drop. The Prince was ushered in with no little pomp and escorted to his suite. Boldt rubbed his hands in satisfaction and relief. Then there came a telephone call from the royal apartment. The royal bathtub, it developed, would produce no hot water. So in the end a great army of porters and bell-boys had to go trudging through the halls carrying pails of steaming water. Nothing so humiliating marred the later visits of the Prince of Wales and the King and Queen of the Belgians, however.

Boldt died in 1916 and the management fell to his son. But the young man was frank enough to admit after a year or so that he was not born an innkeeper, and he resigned. Later the hotel was sold to the du Pont interests, who have retained the rights to the hyphenated name in the sale recently negotiated. There may be another Waldorf-Astoria some day.

—RUSSEL CROUSE

•

The Rangers were in front within two minutes of the first faceoff when Bill Cook worked in between Clancy and Boucher for a neat girl.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Even hockey players are human.

SHE IS LIKE A FLOWER

Delicately she charms the very air with the attar of her loveliness... For her charm is born of many flowers which have received an ethereal immortality from the perfumer's hand... The creations of Lenthéric achieve her ensemble of fragrance! The silvery compact tooled to the semblance of a smart French watch... the silver misted powder boxes upon her dressing table... the bath powder like fragrant thistledown... all reflect truly the Lenthéric odeur which she has chosen as her very own. Thus her entire aura is in fragrant harmony—whether it be the gardenia-sorcery of *Asphodèle*—the luxuriant beauty of *Miracle*, or the vivacity of *Le Pirate*... She moves in a vibrant radiance which transfigures her beauty into that of a living flower

Lenthéric perfumes in their fascinating modern bottles, $7 to $45... face powder, five subtle shades and white, in a silver-starred box which holds *its own matching puff*, $1... lipstick, in three flattering tones, as smartly cased as a trinket of pearl-and-gold, $1.50... the silvery double compact is slim and opens as precisely as the French watch which served as its model. $2.50

Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET · NEW YORK

243 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS, FRANCE

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

PARADISE LOST

THIS page marks the somewhat sheepish return to these parts of one who fled from them nine months ago to get away from what is technically known as "it all." After a dozen years of attending first nights on behalf of one or another local newspaper (practically all of them, if memory serves, with the possible exception of the *Brooklyn Eagle*) your correspondent felt himself entitled to at least a sabbatical year and therefore handed in his resignation, attracting rather more attention by quietly ceasing to write than he had ever managed to attract by writing.

Now since nearly every one in New York is either a dramatic critic or plans to become one at his earliest convenience, there may be some faint shreds of general interest in the reasons which can prompt such a retirement and even some curiosity about the unforeseen consequences. Indeed, on those rare occasions when I do stray back to a first night and my eyes once more come to rest on the soothing picture of Percy Hammond dozing crossly in his seat on the aisle, I suspect that even the dean of them all may be dreaming of flight, if to no further bourne than East Hampton, Long Island. Then I feel called upon to warn him of what he must expect.

IN the first place he will hear often, and always with mild surprise, that he was tired of going to the theatre. It has ever been part of the New York credo that the dramatic critic drags himself weary and reluctant to each première, whereas in all probability he bounds to each one with the spreading nostrils of a fire horse. Curiously enough, however, it is only the dramatic critic who is suspected of this chronic ennui. No one ever grows solicitous at the thought of a bookworm being ruthlessly subjected to another page of print.

Far from being tired of the theatre, I have been hovering around it continuously, vastly enjoying such plays along Broadway as "The Front Page," "Street Scene," "The Perfect Alibi," "The Kingdom of God," and "Holiday," and such mad harlequinades as "This Year of Grace" and those Marx fools in "Animal Crackers." Then I have been going with a special delight to the performances of "The Cherry Orchard" and "Peter Pan" at the Civic Repertory and to "After Dark" as they are doing it in Mr. Morley's larky old Rialto in Hoboken. I think that these performances had an extra savor for me because, in Hoboken and in Fourteenth Street, everyone, including, mind you, the people on the stage, seems to be having a good time. Somehow in Fourteenth Street and Hoboken there has been recaptured a little of the lost joy of the theatre.

But perhaps they merely shone with the reflection of my own content at having found at last some theatres which one could attend without going through the howling horror of traffic in which most of this town's playhouses are miserably involved. Indeed, it was the monstrous congestion of Times Square which, clogging the footways and postponing the curtains, finally forced me to forswear such agreeable chores as admonishing Eugene O'Neill and teasing Walter Hampden for the breakfast tables of Manhattan. Toward the end I was rising from my seat long before the final curtain, trampling over women and children in my anxious rush to the nearest exit, then running (not walking) through several blocks of streets as crowded as Coney Island at Mardi Gras. Once arrived at the office in the Hotel Continental, I would spring, damp and harassed, to a waiting typewriter, and with two telegraph operators crouched at my side, begin to write. As each paragraph was finished it would be seized and wired to the composing room of the *World*, so that even as I typed on the faltering sentences of Page 3, Page 1, with all its crimes broad blown, as fresh as May, was hopelessly committed to the linotypes downtown. Any newspaperman worth his salt would respond to such emergency measures with the enthusiasm of a retriever if it were a question of spreading across the world, let us say, the tidings that President Coolidge had been done to death, but it seemed a trifle strenuous for the transmission of nonchalant essays of doubtful news value. It was a little too like engaging Balto to rush a relief supply of macaroons to Nome.

IF a kindred desperation ever seizes Mr. Hammond he may have a hundred and one things he wants to do with his new freedom. He may want to have his teeth fixed. He may want to retreat to Muldoon's to take off that extra five pounds. He may want to go out to Chillicothe and see about that legacy of Aunt Matilda's. He may merely be craving (a reasonable desire, I think) a little leisure to reread "The Moonstone" and "Wuthering Heights." It doesn't matter. He will find it mercilessly assumed, even by his nearest neighbors, that his real plan is to add one more to the already ample list of plays and novels in the world, that, indeed, he would scarcely have forsaken his post for any less formidable reason, and that presumably he will withdraw to a villa in Italy for the purpose, the theory being, I believe, that there is nothing so likely to induce a fine play or novel to spring from some previously barren source as a good, bracing change of longitude.

I grieve for Mr. Hammond. He cannot hope to escape this depressing expectation by merely retiring to the Riviera for his usual summer's swim. In vain will he stretch himself upon the purposeless, opalescent rocks. Otis Skinner will look across the hedge benevolently and ask him how he is getting on with his writing. He will reply tartly that he is doing none and that only a fool would expect to work in Antibes. Why, in Antibes it is so *dolce* to do nothing at all that it takes you two days of mental preparation to write a postcard, and when once it has been actually stamped you sink back upon the cushions with the glow of having displayed exceptional executive ability. Yet, when, in the natural course of events, Mr. Hammond heads for home, Mr. Skinner will have his own kindly explanation of the departure. "Poor Hammond," he will say, "inspiration just didn't seem to come."

Under such pressure, plus an ignoble weakness for bread and butter, is one driven back from Eden.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Now Youth *on thirty Seconds a day*

Like a dream come true . . . like a magic tale out of one's childhood . . . yet . . . in your own mirror you can see it, after thirty seconds spent with Pinaud's extraordinary Cream! . . . *see* a new gay, beguiling freshness waken in your face! Under your own delighted fingertips, *feel* a new velvety bloom! For here is not just another cream, but an astounding scientific development. A preparation, perfected after fifteen years of research by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud, that *keeps* all the vital, underlying structure of your skin—pores, blood cells, skin glands, tiny nerves and muscles—*in the vigorous health on which the precious surface loveliness depends!* "Floats" up each clogging particle of dust, dirt, powder from the pores. Supples dried out tissues to youthful pliancy again. Tones tired muscles. Then WASHES away in clear, cool water! *And all in half-a-minute!* . . . In jars and tubes at leading stores. PINAUD, Paris and New York. Makers of French toilet preparations for more than one hundred and fifty years.

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Cleanses ●

more perfectly than ever before, "floating" the dirt from the pores, never leaving them choked anew with waxy, fatty particles of itself—as do ordinary creams!

Tones ●

till the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands is stirred to normal activity. Awakened. Alive. Young again!

Supples ●

exquisitely, its delicate oils resembling the fine oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever used in a cream before.

☐ Please send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for three treatments.

☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply (Check offer you prefer and mail to Pinaud, N-2, 220 East 21st Street, N. Y.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

JANET BEECHER *has delighted theater goers in such widely varying types of plays as* These Charming People, Fair and Warmer *and* The Steam Roller. *This season she brings her versatile talent, with its fine emotional soundness, to the rôle of the young mother in that charming play* Courage.

Janet Beecher is another of the host of famous actresses who keep their skin wonderfully soft and smooth by using Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Being on the stage, I am particularly careful of my skin—and I find Lux Toilet Soap a boon. It leaves my skin with the most delightful smoothness, and keeps it so clear and fine."

You'll overhear on Broadway . .

"Seen Janet Beecher in *Courage*?"

"Wouldn't have missed it! Great show."

"Just as you think the lady at your elbow may be making ready to enjoy a good cry, Janet Beecher says something so humanly amusing that everybody laughs."

"She's corking. Makes you understand perfectly how *your* mother must have felt when *you* were a silly kid."

"She knows human nature—Janet Beecher. Never gets out of her part."

"And there's nothing artificial about her looks. She's *naturally* lovely to look at"...

Why do so many of the loveliest stage stars—and 9 out of 10 screen stars—use Lux Toilet Soap? Why is it that this white, daintily fragrant soap has been chosen by leading theaters throughout the country for their dressing rooms? Why has Lux Toilet Soap been selected for use in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters in New York alone? Why have all the great film studios in Hollywood made it the official soap in their dressing rooms? Why—in other words—is Lux Toilet Soap so inevitably used among people whose skin must be kept always smooth and beautiful?

Because Lux Toilet Soap—although only 10¢—is made by the famous French method, and keeps the skin always at its loveliest: velvety smooth and soft. Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Mass.

HOCKEY

Full House—Mid-Season — Bantam Bailey and Big-boy Conacher

I HAD often wondered how hockey drew in comparison with other sports at the Garden. Last week Jack Fillman gave me some figures. He said that in the first week of this month twenty-seven thousand people saw amateur and professional boxing, while the total attendance at the four hockey games played the same week was fifty thousand. There were, it's true, only two boxing cards, but against that fact you must remember that the extra floor seats put into the Garden on a fight night make its capacity four or five thousand more than for hockey. A full house on a hockey night is fifteen thousand, with an additional thousand squeezed into the corners of the end arena, behind the back row of the side arena, and along the rail of the top gallery.

Boxing audiences pay higher prices, but not much higher than hockey fans will be paying if the Stanley Cup series is played here. Somehow, no matter how much foresight one has about buying tickets, speculators manage to have more.

THE crowd that watched the Americans beat Chicago was more interested in the out-of-town results coming to them over the loudspeaker than in the sluggish exchanges of the players on the ice. Except for brief flashes of speed by McVeigh, Arbour, and McKinnon, both teams seemed tired. That is the way it is at this time of year; either strain sets the players on edge so that they put up performances that would not have been possible earlier in the season, or else they can't get going at all.

This is the time of year when charlie-horses and championship aspirations seem more serious than before; when ambitious schoolboys have programs printed and peddle them for a nickel in Eighth Avenue to undersell the fifteen-cent vendors inside the arena; when a certain stout vendor of hot-dogs, watching the game from the back row of the mezzanine, sleeps through the last period; when officials of the National Hockey League try to think up ways to improve the game. Team

Where the New is First

A jewelry style is often but a shadowy suggestion in a watercolor drawing when it comes to the attention of UDALL & BALLOU.

You always see novelities in jewelry at the UDALL & BALLOU Salon first.

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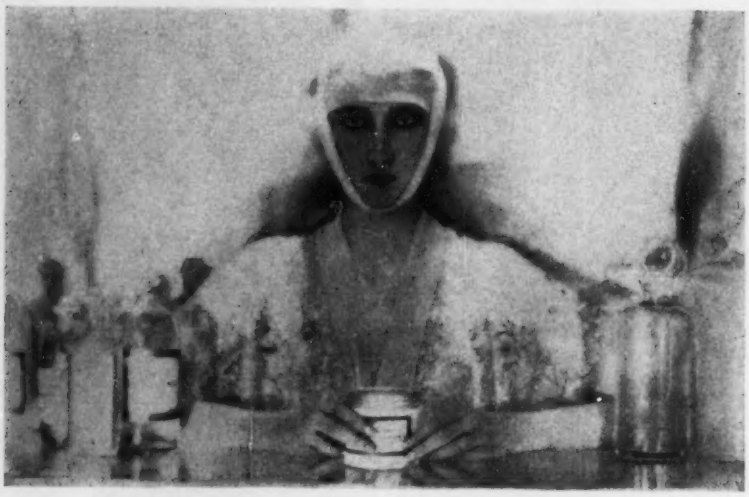
NEW YORK

PARIS OFFICE
48 RUE LAFAYETTE

NEWPORT, R. I. PALM BEACH, FLA.

SHE LOOKS A GIRL . . .
SHE SPEAKS A WOMAN



YOU wonder a little about her, do you not? The distinguished visitor whom you see so much this winter at the Opera, the Embassy Club, and the smart openings. A charming, sparkling person, coolly claiming both youth and mature sophistication. Fresh and lovely as a debutante's orchids. Poised as a line from Molnar.

Like other women with a position to maintain in the fashionable world, she must at all times look and feel her best. The damage of those tell-tale signs of physical and mental sagging must be immediately dispelled before they settle into unwelcome lines, unwanted contours.

Therefore it is that the distinguished visitor renews youth in every smart city she visits . . . . in an Elizabeth Arden Salon.

In the New York establishment at 673 Fifth Avenue she finds a luxurious replica of the salons abroad. A deliciously feminine, entrancingly French atmosphere, wherein the revivifying Arden ministrations subtly endow one with new, young loveliness.

Here are found all the incomparable Arden Treatments, the tried and proven Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning — the very new and so successful Firming Treatment. Here the famous Vienna Youth Mask is given and here Miss Arden has enriched her beloved Exercise Department with her new joy-giving and beauty-bringing Plastic Exercises. Clean-cut profiles are restored. Warm, natural color returns. Years slip away . . . while to the figure is given a dancer's lithe grace. Thus, in the most approved fashion of two continents, youth is kept.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

Telephone: Plaza 5847

LONDON PARIS BERLIN MADRID ROME

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doctors write many prescriptions at this time of year; players who have kept training since October look sallow and drawn, and complain of the heat in the rinks. Above all, this is the time of year for penalties.

LESTER PATRICK showed no sympathy for Bun Cook when Bun joined the team in the dressing-room after getting a match-penalty for socking Siebert over the head with his stick. Siebert, a tough and famous scrapper, started the trouble, but Patrick has never excused a player for losing his temper. Coach Gorman of the Americans takes much the same attitude. Lionel Conacher, perpetuating his grudge against Bailey of Toronto, used strategy to keep Gorman happy. After being fined twenty-five dollars for fighting Bailey in the penalty box, Conacher went back to his position and played with effectiveness and control until the end of the game. The minute the gong rang he started for Bailey, and the two met in front of the little gate leading to the teams' benches. Bailey rolled with Conacher's punch and got one in himself; a Toronto player who was just going through the gate came in on Bailey's side, and a moment of hesitation followed in which the other members of the teams seemed to be making up their minds whether to join in or break it up. The referees' authority had stopped with the gong and there was nothing they could do except recommend that Conacher be disciplined by the owners of his club.

The feud between Bailey and Conacher started in a lacrosse game. Conacher was playing for the Irish Canadians and Bailey for Newmarket. I don't know what happened in that particular game, but since then the two have never been what you could call pals. Much smaller than Conacher, Bailey is not scared of him, although he knows he is up against one of the greatest all-around athletes ever developed on this continent. As a lacrosse player, Conacher is famous all over Canada. In Rugby football he was the star of the Toronto Argonauts. For several years he held the amateur heavyweight boxing and wrestling championship of the Canadian Dominions and he ran the hundred-yard dash and the 220-hurdles for a Toronto track club. He can probably lick any hockey player in the league, and has proved it with plenty of them.

—N. B., JR.

BRING ON YOUR BURIED TREASURE!

Dig up your lovely jewels and precious wares—hidden away in dark showrooms on unfrequented streets—and give them a worthy setting at

21 WEST 46TH STREET

A new 15-story building—itself a gem of unusual beauty and dignity. Just off Fifth Avenue, adjacent to wholesale and retail markets, right in the heart of the uptown shopping area and the new Jewelry center.

Designed with special care for the peculiar requirements of Jewelers, and offering unobstructed view of entire floor space, windows on all four sides, absolutely fireproof construction, 100% sprinkler system (exceptionally low insurance rates), facilities for light manufacturing . . . stores, high-ceilinged (20 feet) and light — most desirable — for silversmiths, jewelers, dealers in fine furniture, lighting fixtures or other choice wares. Ready for occupancy in April . . . but better choose your windows now!

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DINING *de rigueur* at the Ritz-Carlton or in your home ❖ on

WHAT epicurean treats await the guests of that fashionable New York hostelry! Under the critical eyes of Theodore Szarvas, le maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, le chef de cuisine, only the choicest viands are served. Of 40-FATHOM* fish, these noted cuisine authorities say, "As delicious and delicate a fish as we have ever served or tasted."

❖

40-FATHOM fish is caught many miles from shore, deep down in the Atlantic. Just the white fillets, cleaned of bones and waste, are shipped swiftly in iced containers to your dealer. Each 40-FATHOM fillet comes wrapped in parchment paper—the newer way to buy fish, which means no waste. As easy and quick to cook as bacon.

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When you ask your meat or fish market for 40-FATHOM fish, see that you get it in the wrapper shown below. For fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

❖

Messieurs Szarvas and Diat have generously consented to show the readers of *The New Yorker* how to prepare 40-FATHOM fish in the way they serve it at the Ritz-Carlton. The coupon below will bring their 40-FATHOM Recipe Booklet to you without charge.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

N.Y. 2-16

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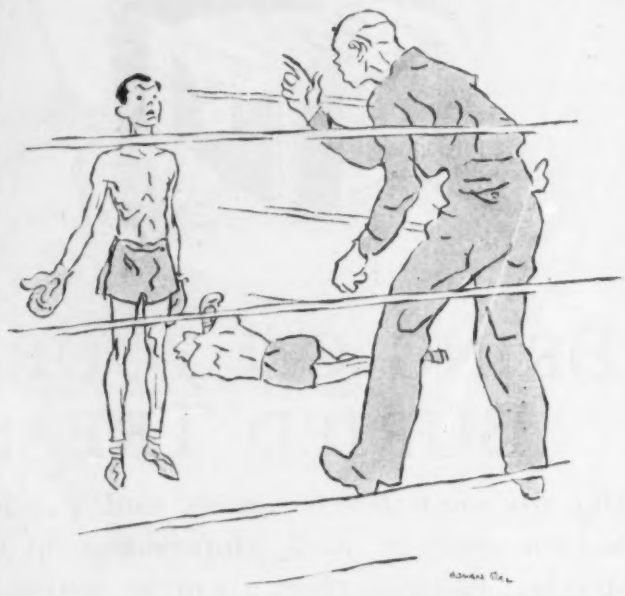
*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BOXING

The Colonel Comes Through—Mutters from Miami—Concerning Schmeling

EVEN two little fellows as active as Al Singer and Buddy Taylor could not divert attention from the heavyweight situation which, three weeks ago merely a jumble of tedious mediocrities, became in a single evening as tense and premonitory of excitement as anything in modern sport. I mean, of course, the night Max Schmeling knocked out Johnny Risko.



Colonel Hammond had a carnation in his buttonhole that evening. I watched him as he sat at the ringside, and it was the first time I had ever seen the Colonel looking happy at a prizefight. Usually he seems bored and vaguely uneasy, as though he felt that the performance going on was a mistake somehow, that it ought to be a hockey match; he leaves his seat and moves around, goes out to the lobby, comes back again. That evening he sat still. During the early rounds, his face, made clear in the reflection of the cones above the ring, was sober and attentive, as though he were reading an interesting book; it wasn't until the seventh round, when Schmeling came out of his slump and hammered Risko, that the acting head of the Garden Corporation abruptly dropped his reserve and slapped someone on the back. And as Humphreys pushed up the German's hand and Risko, almost unconscious, was helped over to the microphone to utter the cheerful message that is expected of defeated fighters, the Colonel stood up smiling. He had found at last what Tex Rickard searched for during the last two years of his life—a heavyweight comparable to Dempsey.

JOE JACOBS, Schmeling's manager, was happy too, but differently. Before the Risko bout Jacobs was managing a promising fighter; now he

Max Schmeling

had on his hands a potential champion, an investment worth two or three million dollars. It made Joe Jacobs cautious. Were there any policemen in the house? Yes, there must be a police-line for his boy's dressing-room. Reporters, photographers argued; few got in that night. Next day Schmeling put off lunch till four o'clock to talk to everybody, let everybody take his picture, but after that if you called up a number reported to have some connection with Schmeling, wary and speculative voices answered you in monosyllables. Mr. Schmeling did no business directly. First names might be all right for the training camp out in Summit, but Mr. Schmeling—what Max did you mean?

Meanwhile, silly stories about various fighters continued to be circulated by the press. One was that the winner of the Sharkey-Stribling bout on February 27 would meet Schmeling here at the beginning of the outdoor

DOBBS

THE KNITTED JERSEY SPORTS SUIT

Excellent, imported jersey is used effectively in this three-piece suit with pleated skirt—attractively striped sweater and jaunty cardigan. New—smart—sportive—and one of Dobbs featured knitted suits. In every lovely pastel and tropical hue.

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And now - THE TRIUMPHANT

Step by step the genius of American

ROBES BY CHASE

Exquisite Creations of Master Designers Woven from the Finest, Virgin Angora Mohair!

FINISHING TOUCH of STYLE!

Automotive Engineers and Designers has advanced the Motor Car to the Point of Perfection ~ Today great car Manufacturers are Adopting ~ ~

ROBES BY CHASE

AS SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

As the purchaser of a smart, new car, you can now enjoy the beauty and comfort of a specially designed Chase Motor Robe... the finishing touch of luxury.

Robes by Chase are now designed expressly for the new models of leading makes. Robes for your sports or touring model, that reflect in color and pattern the youth and play spirit of our times. Creations, for your closed car, of rich, colorful design.

The foremost fashion artists have created designs more exquisite than have ever before been seen in robes. They have so arranged their color palettes that Robes By Chase, reproduced in several combinations, create a color ensemble for your new car outside and in. Plain interiors now are animated with the deft touch of the mode in pattern and color.

Incomparable Robe Fabric

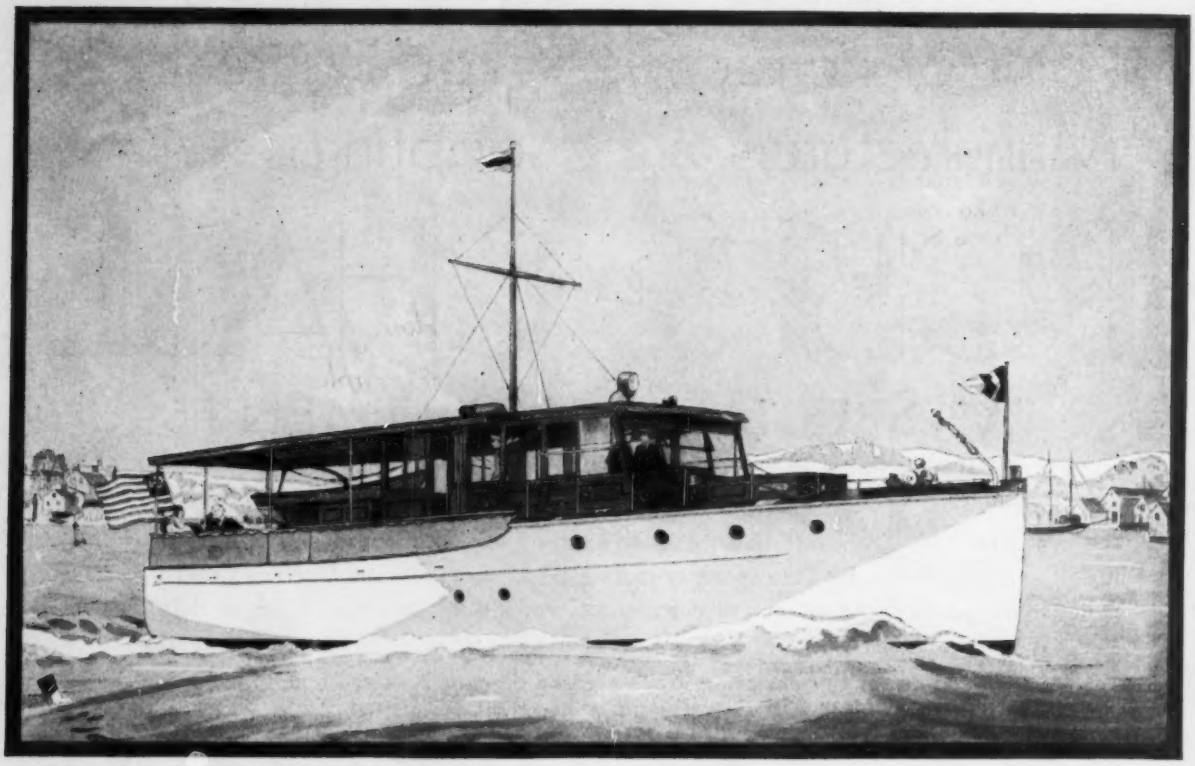
No robe material in the world compares with the virgin Mohair used in Robes By Chase. The deep, soft pile feels welcome, indeed, to silk stockings. The lustrous sheen of pure Mohair is a delight to the eye. Truly, the modern fabric ... for comfort, warmth and fashion. Robes By Chase are a luxury and *an absolute* necessity in motoring.

In the selection of your next car, ask your dealer for the Robe By Chase—in the height of fashion.

Made by Sanford Mills of Sanford, Maine—Foremost Manufacturers of Travel Fabrics in America. Makers of Fine Chase Velmo—The Interior Upholstery of the Smartest Cars

L. C. CHASE & COMPANY OF BOSTON—SELLING AGENTS

When the Wanderlust's aboard



Dr. Charles Roberts makes a hobby of cruising, and his handsome Elco Fifty has to its credit many a good sea mile.*

BRILLIANT white and rich mahogany, brass and copper agleam, the *Wenamomen** lies at anchor with a gracefully expectant air. For its owner is an indefatigable seaman, and during the boating season five o'clock of almost any day finds him stepping briskly aboard, crowded city streets and professional duties left far behind . . .

A short run along the South Shore and then a swim—in the Bay or in the surf off Fire Island. An hour's rest in the cool comfort of a breeze-fanned deck . . . dinner against a background of setting sun and green glass water, with music captured by a turning knob . . . Then lazily home again, through the quiet dark . . .

Dr. Roberts is a skilful navigator, who thoroughly understands the management of his boat, from handling a sextant to running the engine. And as his enthusiasm is shared by Mrs. Roberts and their young son, they usually cruise without a crew. Putting out from Bayport, they make frequent trips along the South Shore, or around to the North Shore—to Shelter Island, to Block Island. And as often as time permits the family baggage is stowed away and the *Wenamomen's* galley stocked for extended cruising . . .

One summer a beautiful trip around Cape Cod and on to Marblehead—day after day the exhilarating joy of sea air and wide sky. Another year all the way to Montreal—up the Hudson, a short overland haul to Lake George, into Lake Champlain—then the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence. Then home again through Oswego, the New York Barge Canal, down the Hudson. Truly a delightful way to travel, Mrs. Roberts says—no timetables, no dust, no extravagance, but all the way the independent comfort and seclusion of a well-equipped home on the water.

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

• • •

The history of every Elco boat is as thrillingly individual as the man who owns it. For each owner finds in the opportunity for independent voyaging a constant stimulation and a challenge, and each responds in a characteristic way.

At Port Elco, where we will be glad to receive you any at time, you can get right aboard a Fifty (or any other model on display) and make your own tour of inspection. Or we will send you Catalog NY on request.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami.

Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Veedette, $4,875; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $16,500; Fifty, $25,500.

**Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.*

fight season. That won't happen; the German's trip home is made necessary by a vaudeville contract. In Miami, W. F. Carey, who is building a railroad over the Andes and whose money is, with Dempsey's, promoting the southern bout, stated that he had sold enough tickets to cover his latter investment; other people took the liberty of doubting this. Two hit-and-hold fighters like Sharkey and Stribling are interesting only on the radio, whereas Carey is not allowing any radio.

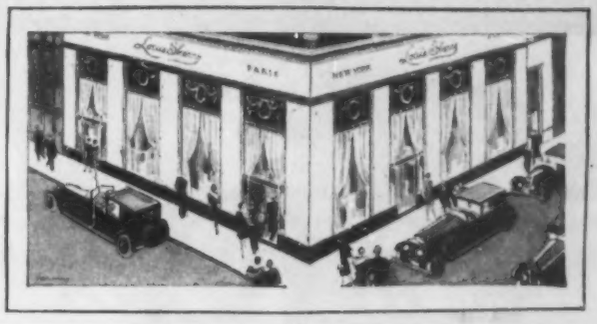
THE first punch that Schmeling hit Risko was a left hook. Later in the fight he forgot about his left; it was a new punch, and Risko's plunging, dangerous attack, which carried four of the ten rounds and stopped only when Risko could not stand up any more, drove Schmeling back to the punch that is instinctive with him, the short right to the jaw. The punch moves downward in a curve of about eighteen inches, quick and fierce; few who saw it will forget how oddly Risko, whom I have always thought the toughest heavyweight in the ring and the one who should have fought Tunney instead of Heeney, sagged when he was hit. With that right hand alone Schmeling can probably beat Sharkey. If he perfects his left he can go home and stay home for two years and still be my bet for the next heavyweight champion.

Schmeling looks more like Dempsey in profile than in full face. The expression of his eyes is different from Dempsey's—quieter. He talks English very badly and good-humoredly, with an air of inviting you to tell him words he doesn't know. He is bright, with the brightness found in people who started to observe life young, and he has the simple and accurate sense of values found in tramps, peasants, gamblers, and others who have at times been deprived by fate of the inalienable privilege of eating. He couldn't easily become a poseur, even a sincere poseur like Tunney. He has, however, read a book by George Bernard Shaw. —N. B., Jr.

•

I found at the old Rialto Theater in Hoboken Saturday night that Christopher Morley is more an orator even than a writer. He had invited a crowd of us literary people for an evening's revelry and we started, naturally, to take the whole show in hand.—*Mary Rennels in the Telegram.*

You mean a crowd of *we* literary people, Mary.



CONDIMENTS AND COMPLEMENTS

Mushroom Catsup . . . Olive Oil Vierge . . . Pickled Watermelon, Confetti Style . . . these and every other complement to the smart private cuisine . . . approved and imported by the Sherry kitchens . . . are now obtainable through this new Sherry service. Sweet Butter . . . French Vegetables in Glass . . . rarities from Jellydom and Jamdom . . . are sold over the counters of this charming new Sherry establishment.

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Also, in the same exclusively-Sherry building . . . Sherry Confections, Fountain Products . . . Informal Restaurant for Luncheon, Tea and Dinner.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AND INFORMAL RESTAURANT

MADISON AVENUE AND
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Established 90 Years

NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND THE PERFECT MAN

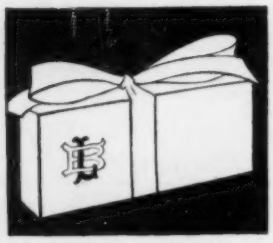
THE next thing is to plan a perfect wedding. About the quickest and easiest way of doing that is to drop in at Dean's.

Here Wedding Cakes are taken very seriously indeed. Yet they emerge shimmering in their own happiness. Table decorations and Favors are taken almost as seriously. Yet they, too, emerge gay, dainty, ravishing.

And as for the Catering, the preparation of your wedding breakfast, or luncheon or dinner—well, we've been taking that seriously for ninety years!

May we make your wedding day the perfectly happy affair that it should be, by taking it very seriously indeed?

Just telephone us—or drop in—soon, if you are already making plans for an Easter Wedding.



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Fancy Groceries
Catering

Dean's
22 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN FIFTH AND MADISON AVENUES

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THE ART

Reds Without Bombs—

CONTEMPORARY art of Soviet Russia, now on view in the Grand Central Palace as a part of the Russian Art and Handicraft Exposition, is nothing to frighten little children or editorial writers. You will be surprised, doubtless, to find an acre or so of canvases that might just as well have come out of one of those countries regularly recognized by us. There is no propaganda about, or insidious appeal to the proletariat, unless of course good art is insidious.

Christian Brinton has chosen the paintings with a good deal of skill and judgment. Contemporary Russian art, naturally, is not the art of the past, and it would be foolish to assume that the politics of the country have not had their effect on those who paint. The modern school there is the natural offshoot of the revolutionary art movements in France, which had begun to turn over the old forms before the war. During Russia's upheaval the painters were not much about, and so they have come to the French variants a little later than their contemporaries in some of the other lands. Since, however, so many of them are young, their work has a fresh viewpoint and is never a stale copying.

THE exhibit as a whole indicates that the present tendency is toward the graphic. The picture making has been done mainly by design and arrangement of color, much of it suggesting Dufy and the earlier Braque. Its effect, though, is much gayer than Braque's was, for their subject matter indicates that they are all having a good time at it. David Sterenberg easily leads the modern school. His "Portrait in Blue" and several of his still lifes are as exciting and fresh as anything we have seen in a long time. We would imagine that next in approximating a real portrayal of the Russian mood are Labas, with his airplane series, and Luchishkin, with his "Heaven and a Cigarette," which has more in it than you first think.

A feature of the show is the great number of women represented. One of the lovely things about is the "Machine Gunners" of Ekaterina Zernova, a young miss of twenty-two who lives somewhere out in Siberia and has never

ALLERIES

gments for Historians

seen a school. She has a technique much like Foujita's, something we suppose she picked up at the border. The "Washerwomen" of Elena Bebutova is also a good piece of painting.

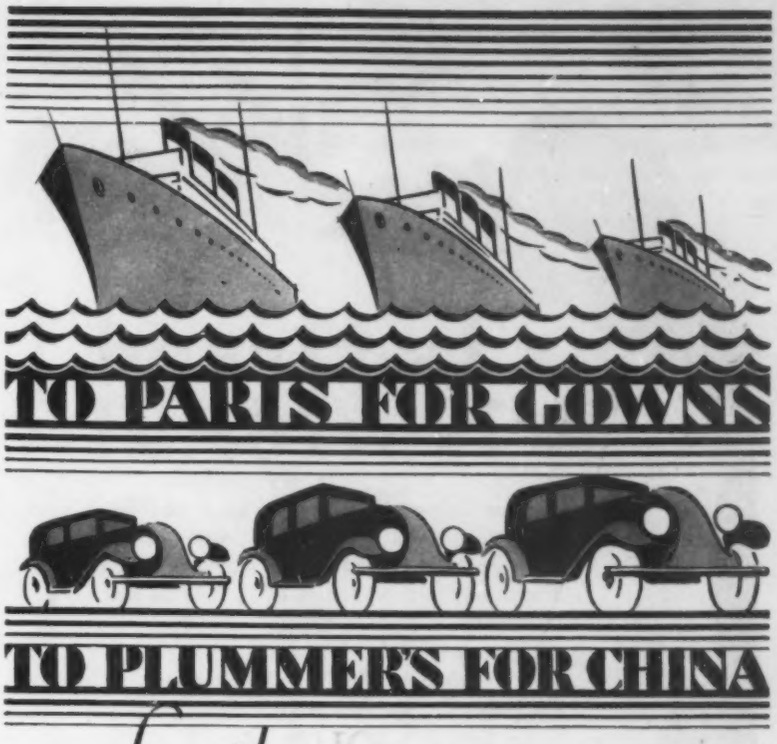
Here and there in the exhibit have been hung some of the old school; but even these do not seem to have the curse of the Academy upon them, the young men being so intent on shaping everything to their own mold. Arkhipov's work is on the order of Zorn's—big splashy stuff. Grabar and Krimov are both naturalistic but nice.

If you are interested, the booths have some things that are as much art as the pictures. The little snuff-boxes, decorated by the ikon makers, the modern pottery, designed by the new painters, and above all the toys, are worth your time.

VALENTINE is having a show of the men who started the Cubist movement before the war. Most of the examples, while not of prime importance, are of that early period and are fine case notes on one of the dynamic forces of modern painting. Braque, Matisse, Derain, Picasso, Rivera, of the original group, have all passed on to something else. So has the world of painting. It will take another generation, we suppose, for a just appraisal of exactly what this movement did. Nothing short of their kind of dynamite would have sufficed to move art from its lethargy at that time. The Cubists added a new dimension and there are few now who care to paint without using it, although they may not care to recognize the fact.

We always like to see the Matisse bowl of apples, though it is not to be compared to his gigantic still life of the same period. The Derain is interesting in its indication of the painter's present sureness and poise. In addition to these there are examples by Chirico, Gromaire, Lurcat, Marcoussis, Metzinger, Miro. It is an artists' show and interesting to collectors. Laymen will need a word of explanation.

THE Reinhardt Galleries, which has been biding its time between large benefits, has a small show of water colors and drawings by the great and near-great. These include some early Laurencins, some Dufy, Guys,



for the same reason

EXCLUSIVENESS

There are no surging seas to cross when Madame is thinking in terms of exclusive china and glass. Right here in Little old New York—at Plummer's—is a shop that has corralled the world's most eminent creations in china and glass of far-famed quality. Many of the patterns so delightfully displayed were made for Plummer's *exclusively!* Patrons are therefore spared the fear of duplication in the gifts they make or table service placed before their guests. Those who have never visited Plummer's have yet to experience the acquaintance of the only shop of its kind anywhere. Five radiant floors are devoted *entirely* to china, glass, earthenware and pottery, the one exception being a vastly interesting antique collection on the third floor. If you are harried with a problem concerning gifts or an individual service for your own festive board, Plummer's is ready with a happy solution.

Wm. H. PLUMMER *& Co. Ltd.*

IMPORTERS OF

Modern and Antique China and Glass

7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York

Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 CHAPEL STREET

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 PRATT STREET

The Grand National
If you belong to the sporting fraternity you wouldn't miss the Grand National for your own wedding. -:- If you were of the Royal Family you'd as soon stay in bed on the King's birthday .-:- But...just in case you're a busy millionaire with your nose to the ticker or a sun worshipper dozing at Palm Beach, here's the last call for the great thrill.
Ile De France...Mar. 2nd
if time is more precious at this end of "the longest gangplank in the world" you'll do a bit of steeplechasing yourself . . . catch the
Paris...Mar. 15th
landing at Plymouth, with still a leisurely day before the twenty-second... here's luck.
• French Line •
Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State St., New York City

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Degas, Segonzac, Redon, Zak, Vlaminck, Matisse, Modigliani, and great quantities of Maurice Sterne. The show is very pleasant and sells readily, as have all of the fragment shows of the season.

THE Newhouse Galleries is showing the monotypes of Henry Wight through the rest of February. He is a Sunday painter who has his fun in this manner. The product is a rather pretty, rich thing, poetic sometimes to a dangerous degree. Wight has evidently worked a long time at the technique and achieves a satisfactory medium for his fantasies. The compositions are soft and blurred, the color good. We imagine they would go well as decorations.

NOW and then we get a book on art. The latest to come along is "George O. 'Pop' Hart," by Holger Cahill. Twenty-four plates accompany the text and the volume is nicely prepared for collectors. The story of this picturesque artist is worth your time.

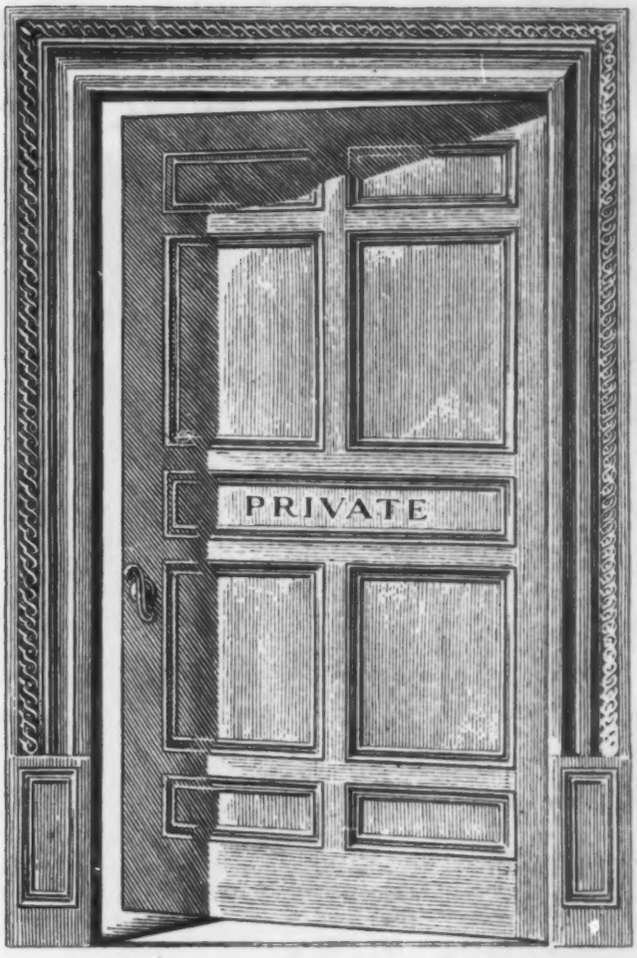
THE annual exhibit of the Independents will be held on the roof of the Waldorf, as usual, from March 8 to the end of the month. . . . The Arden Galleries is having a show of Raoul Dufy. . . . Le Roy Daniel MacMorris is exhibiting some painted screens at Durand-Ruel. . . . At the Morton Galleries, the Carlsons, Charles and Harry, are having a show. . . . Lee Hersch will be on at Montross until February 23. . . . John E. Costigan shows at Babcock beginning February 18. . . . Laura Trevitte Horne has a showing of pastels at the Pascal M. Gatterdam Galleries. . . . The Opportunity Shop has another exhibit. . . . Norbert Heermann has his first one-man show at the Anderson Galleries. . . . Alexander Calder, with his unusual wood sculpture, and Howard Cook, a new genius, are on at Weyhe. . . . Princess Alexandra Victoria has an exhibition of water colors and drawings at the Grand Central Art Galleries. —M. P.

•

RHETORICAL QUESTION DEPARTMENT

"Here comes the bride!" Was there ever any one who did not get a thrill when the soft strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march was played for this solemn but intensely sweet occasion?—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent.*

Yes. A scattered few.



The Sign on the Door that meant . . . *Nothing*

A corps of secretaries guard him from interruption. His office is high above the rumble and roar of the streets. And his office door is formidably lettered . . . Private.

P-R-I-V-A-T-E . . . seven sentinels to guard him from intrusion.

But one intruder scorns the sign. Strides clatteringly into the sanctum. Clamoring. Banging. Fraying nerves. Changing concentration to irritation. Striking straight at the business in one of its most vital points . . . its thinking head. Noise! The clamor and clatter of noisy old-fashioned typewriters. The anvil chorus of business. The endless deadly din of metal keys banging upon hard-rubber rollers . . . and executive eardrums.

Which explains why sales of REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriters have jumped so remarkably. Why executives have installed them in their own private offices . . . and in the outer offices where junior executives work. For a NOISELESS can operate at full speed beside you without disturbing your subtlest thought. A roomful can be running at once . . . result . . . quiet. The NOISELESS outlaws noise.

Standard 4-row keyboard. Silky-smooth operation. *Faster.* Less wear and tear on the stenographers' nerves. The *modern* typewriter!

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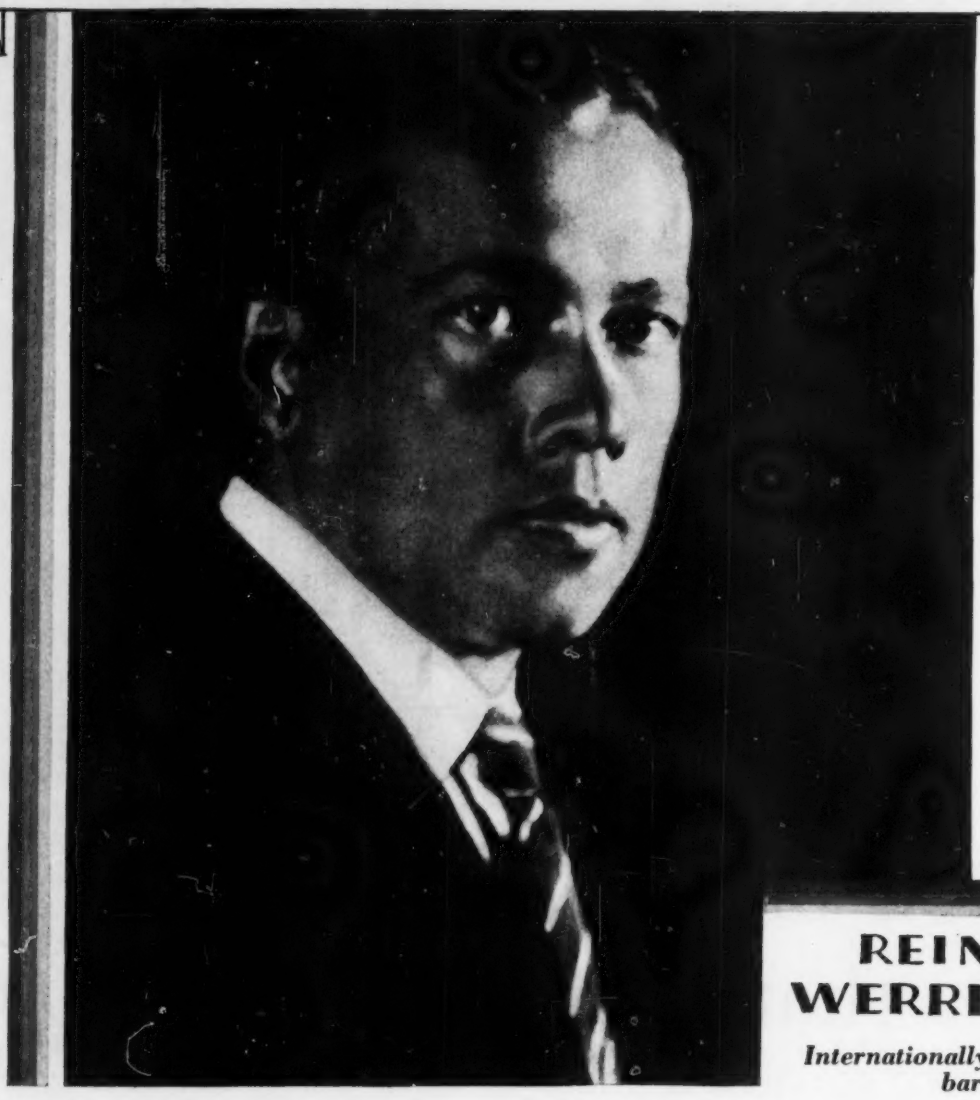
JERSEY CITY, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phone: Montgomery 3870 NEWARK, 1070 Broad St., Phone: Mitchell 0888 TRENTON, 48 W. State St., Phone: Trenton 5355

FAMOUS THROATS



REINALD WERRENRATH

Internationally famous concert baritone

"NOTHING is more exacting in its demands on the human throat than concert singing. Traveling by day and singing by night in all sorts of weather has its throat dangers, but not for me.

I use Glyco Thymoline regularly and find it helps to keep my throat in perfect singing condition."

Reinald Werrenrath

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THE GREAT THROAT NORMALIZER

Keep your throat and nose in normal healthy condition and ward off winter sicknesses. Colds, influenza and grippe usually start with a sore throat. Gargle or spray frequently with Glyco Thymoline. You can identify it by the salmon colored carton and the deep cherry red liquid. At all drug stores.

MUSICAL EVENTS

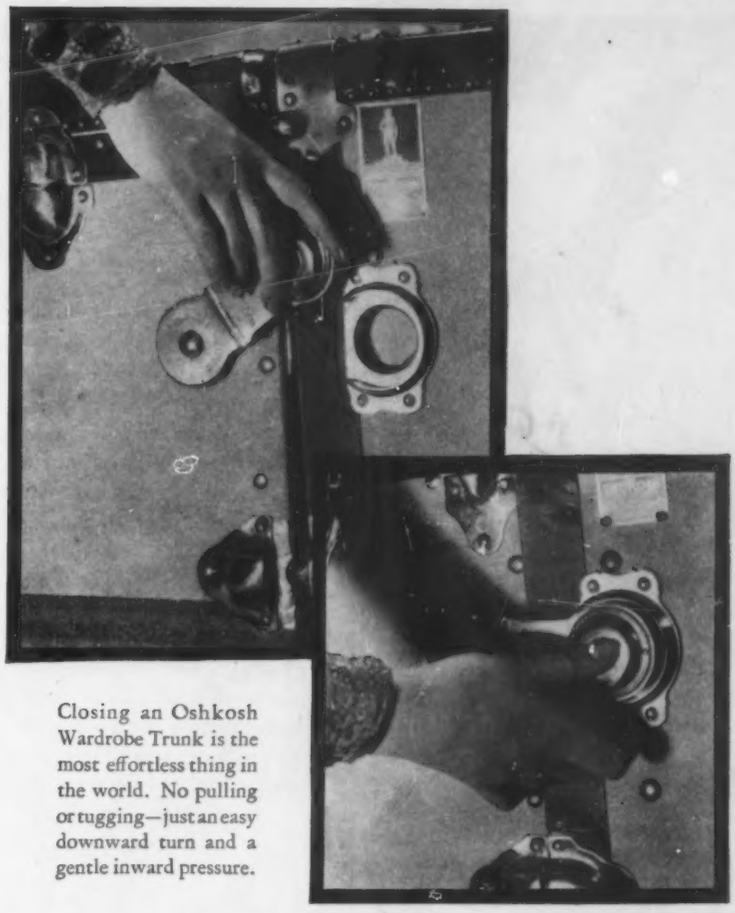
Three Recitalists Come To the Rescue — "Pelléas" Once More

AFTER several months which were strikingly devoid of anything resembling a notable song recital, there was a sudden renaissance within a week. The renaissance was effected by three vocalists of German antecedents—the Mmes. Sigrid Onegin and Elisabeth Rethberg, and Mr. Heinrich Schlusnus. Mme. Onegin, who appeared twice within a relatively brief space, was the most brilliant of the three, but all deserve hosannas for lifting a singularly dull concert season out of its routine.

Mme. Rethberg, whose singing in Respighi's "Campana Sommersa" was one of the peaks of the early Metropolitan doings, is as distinguished on the concert platform as she is in opera. Her lovely voice, her genuine musicianship, and her obvious sincerity were devoted to a program of songs by Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf. Late in the evening, the assembly in Carnegie Hall was treated to operatic encores which suggested being a challenge to another Metropolitan soprano (Mme. Rethberg sang as delightful a "Vissi d'Arte" as you will hear in the opera house), but the formal part of her entertainment was modelled after Continental notions of a song recital. At first, her voice sounded a trifle reedy, and her Schubert group was at times academic, but throughout the Brahms and Wolf songs she was singing as few of her contemporaries can sing.

It is my sacrilegious notion that Mme. Rethberg's adventures with Schubert were her least felicitous efforts, because Schubert was not so effective a composer as Wolf or even Brahms; but this is a Schubert memorial year, as you may have heard, and perhaps I ought to join in the business of praising Schubert unreservedly, not burying him.

MME. ONEGIN, who, in other years, seemed to suffer from that diffidence before a New York audience which has taken the sheen from many a beautiful voice, returned to us with scarcely a trace of this curious mental handicap. This sensational contralto—and the



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Only a safe could be safer

PRESS DOWN gently on the lock of your Oshkosh Wardrobe, and as if by magic the two halves of the trunk glide noiselessly together.

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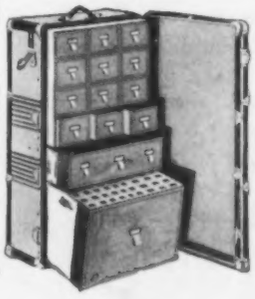
Oshkosh Trunks are designed and built in the belief that the best possible trunk is none too good for the clothes you are going to put into it. They are made to keep good clothes good. Conscientiously, almost religiously made, these trunks do what they were designed to do, and keep on doing it year after year after year.

Write us (addressing 480 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin) for a little book that tells more about these and other happy Oshkosh ideas. Or phone our New York Office, CALedonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th Street, New York City



This Oshkosh Shoe and Hat Cabinet comes in two models, covered with fibre or Oshkosh-Cord duck. It has twelve small drawers, or four drawers with three compartments each, accommodating twelve pairs of shoes. There is a removable Hat Cage in the bottom drawer, accommodating six or more women's hats. Paneled drawer fronts and index card holders on each compartment.

"... after dining on roast pig ...

***poi* and fish baked in leaves we repaired to the *lanai* of the *Moanna Hotel* where a colorful throng had gathered ... a swaying body of living bronze glided into the warm Hawaiian moonlight and danced to the lilting strains of an ancient hula-chant."**

Here in New York smart society chooses The ROOSEVELT for its evening gaiety ... Toe-tickling tunes by the "Maestro" and his troubadors provide a provocative accompaniment to a ravishing menu.

In the Newly-Decorated Grill
BEN BERNIE
and his Celebrated Orchestra
entertain nightly during dinner and supper
Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!
BEN BERNIE
on Brunswick Records Exclusively

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. *at 45th* ST.
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

cheers of her Town Hall audience justified the adjective—can do things which seem to be beyond the powers of any other woman now appearing in recital. Like Mme. Rethberg, she became more and more impressive as the program went on, and in the first piece of her closing group, the Page's song from "Les Huguenots," she seemed to be coloratura soprano, lyric soprano, mezzo-soprano, and deep contralto all in one—and perfect in every capacity. As one of her encores, Mme. Onegin turned loose the gypsy song from "Carmen" in a manner that obliterated any memory of any other singer in this tricky music, and her exposition of three ballads by Loewe thrilled even the boxholders.

In addition to her vocal and musical assets, Mme. Onegin has developed showmanship. Possibly this acquisition may cause her expulsion from the serious-recitalists' union, but if there were more such showmanship on exhibition in Carnegie Hall and Town Hall, it might be more difficult to obtain free tickets to almost any recital.

MR. SCHLUSNUS, who made his début here last season at one of Mr. Schindler's Forum concerts, is a baffling artist. He has a high sparkling baritone which frequently sounds tenorish. He has immense power and a beguiling mezza-voice, but between these two extremes there are wide open spaces over which there is a veil of huskiness. Like the two eminent ladies, Mr. Schlusnus improved immensely in the course of the evening, and his finest achievement was in an encore—"Largo al Factotum." It is a long time since I have heard such a dazzling performance of this aria, and I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Schlusnus is really an Italian baritone who happens to have been born in Germany. His Schubert was not much more than expert tone-making, but his Wolf and his "Zueignung" were incandescent. The unevenness of Mr. Schlusnus' performance may be due to the same New York phobia which used to trouble Mme. Onegin. The chances are that he is even a better singer than he seemed to be at his recital in the Guild Theatre.

"PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE" retains a place in the Metropolitan repertory, although the first performance this season met with a discouraging, desultory reception. If there were a claque at the Metropolitan, one might

I'LL GET BY!

"I'll Get By"—Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra. And a peppy fox trot with vocal chorus by Eddy Thomas

"Glad Rag Doll" 4168

"Why Did You Make Believe?"—Tenor with Orchestra — Freddie Rose

"Somebody Loves Me" 4178

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"Nightingale Song"—Soprano with Orchestra — Florence Easton

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You will find it in the new and striking Majestic cabinets—especially in the Model 72 pictured here, which reflects the modern note in fine and artistic furniture. Besides, each Majestic offers you amazing tone quality and mechanical perfection as great as human hands and brains can create.

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Simple now to

RID ARMS AND LEGS OF HAIR

WITHOUT BRISTLY RE-GROWTH

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms —hair-free as a child's

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What it is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

have fancied that most of the hand-clapping came from hirelings, but you know and I know that there is no claque. Only, as the old anecdote about the dog had it, does the claque know it?

The Metropolitan "Pelléas" is amazingly good when one considers that there is only one French singer—Mr. Rothier—in the cast. Miss Bori is a winsome Mélisande, and lends a welcome if unorthodox piquancy to the sappiest heroine in grand opera. Mr. Johnson's Pelléas is as romantic as the librettist permits him to be, and Mr. Whitehill's Golaud is one of his happiest apparitions. There is a new Genevieve—Mme. Bourskaya—who manages to be sympathetic in a rôle that is approximately as interesting as that of the duenna in "Rigoletto," and Mr. Rothier is still a singularly gracious Arkel. However, I regret to note that Mr. Rothier's handling of Mélisande's baby in the last scene is painfully unscientific. Mr. Hasselmans seemed to be displeased with his orchestra on several occasions and indulged in tempi that were unnecessarily dreary—but so are not a few stretches of the opera.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Heirs Apparent to the Great—Notes of Cheer and Hints of Roguery

WHEN there is a song hit, there usually is a successor. "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" has a follower in "Poor Punchinello," but I don't know what can be done about it. "Angela Mia," the first Italian title in years, may have prompted someone to try "Mia Bella Rosa," which, incidentally, is good. "Ain't She Sweet" is the grandmother of "That's Her Now." Well, one good tune deserves another!

THE strictly commercial airs of the past weeks are rather jocund; at least, the intense gloom that marked almost every ditty of the fall has been dissipated.

My Tonia. A theme song, but still enjoyable. Good unobtrusive Spanish flavoring.

Half Way to Heaven. Raggy ecstasy.

Is There Anything Wrong In That? This jazz age of inno-

Suppressed Stories—No. 1

WARNING!

Be careful about dropping them. They're practically invisible, you know. Now you see Avia 57's and now you don't—they're so distractingly ethereal.

In case you hadn't heard, Avia 57's made their recent début as America's sheerest hose. Introduced by McCallum, they may be found in colors indescribable—at all the leading shops.

Advertisement

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

If your dancing partner chooses to fix her garter..*be nonchalant*..LIGHT A MURAD.

They taste just like they did 20 years ago.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

"My name's Crusoe, Robinson J. May I have the honor of joining you?"
"Not unless you swim back after some Flit, mistah. The flies on this island are fearful."

Advertisement

cence! Try concocting your own extra choruses.

GOOD LITTLE BAD LITTLE YOU. A charming lilt in dispraise of virtue.

THE SUN IS AT MY WINDOW. A post-Stevensonian chant with a gracious rhythm.

FA FA FATHER. Imagine what this is and you have it.

WEARY RIVER. Another theme song that is not all sound sequence and fury.

BETTY. A tribute to a new heroine. Fine, if you're crazy about a Betty.

SALLY OF MY DREAMS. Read the above, and substitute "Sally" for "Betty."

LIVE AND LOVE. A grandioso theme song of the new semi-operatic school.

SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS. A well-cadenced rhapsody, which breaks the record for repetitions of "I love you."

DREAM TRAIN. A suave bit of non-Freudian fox-trottery.

LEND ME YOUR EYES, PRETTY BABY. A strange request, but the melody is effective. —POP

•

SONG OF THE NEW YORK IMMIGRANTS

Terrace your turrets,
Towering town,
Rising above us,
Glowering down;

We've beaten forests,
Furrowed the plain,
Gutted the mountains,
Conquered The Main.

Sons of our fathers,
We'll pioneer:
Wrest from confusion
Another frontier.

—CARROLL CARROLL

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Philadelphia Public Ledger*]

Q. "What can be done to banish a restlessness that is ever present?" asks Diana. "I must always be on the go. I must dance, go to movies or play bridge, and I can't see that I am getting much happiness out of life. Sleep doesn't rest me, and I suffer from nightmares. Lines are forming around my eyes, and I am only 21."

A. Spend your evenings mending your clothes or playing solitaire. Solitaire is a sedative for jumpy nerves. At 10 o'clock take a teaspoonful of mineral oil and go to bed.

A MILLION STAPHYLOCOCCI BIT THE DUST!

RED nose, runny eye, sneezes and sniffles and wheezes — necessary evils to be endured by man? No longer! Heretofore the whole army of the little imps responsible have stalked unmolested through the land. "Just a cold"—"Nothing to do about it" — "So many every winter"—all archaic phrases! At last the cocci army is being repulsed. Neither Streptos nor Micros can gain ground against Vapex. Vapex is a modern weapon—discovered by accident in an English laboratory while the World War raged, and while the medical world was waging war against the worst influenza epidemic in history.

With influenza claiming new victims all around them, a few laboratory workers were untouched by the disease. Tests proved that a vapor given off by certain materials in the laboratory actually killed cold germs. Vapex, the new product, came into immediate demand.

Vapex will stop a cold at the start. Put a drop on your folded handkerchief — breathe the vapor — relief is immediate.

Your druggist has it — in the little square dollar bottle with 50 treatments, and the package with the green triangle. Distributed by E. Fougera & Co., Inc., N. Y. City.

Insist on the genuine Vapex in the little square bottle and the package with the green triangle. . . . It may be expensive to experiment with an imitation!

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

NOTHING can possibly turn up in the fashion season to come that is more exciting than the sudden burst of energy and imagination displayed by Paris milliners. Speaking confidentially, hats for the past few seasons have had a depressingly uniform quality. The Broadway cutie and the Botticelli type alike wore small felt cloches. You could wear that little black hat and glistening ornament with a printed dress in summer or with your furs in winter. And that isn't any fun at all. But this year, if every one of you doesn't go mad in the good old-fashioned way that the humorists used to subsist on, it is certainly not the fault of the shops here. You have merely lost your interest in life, love, and the pursuit of admiration.

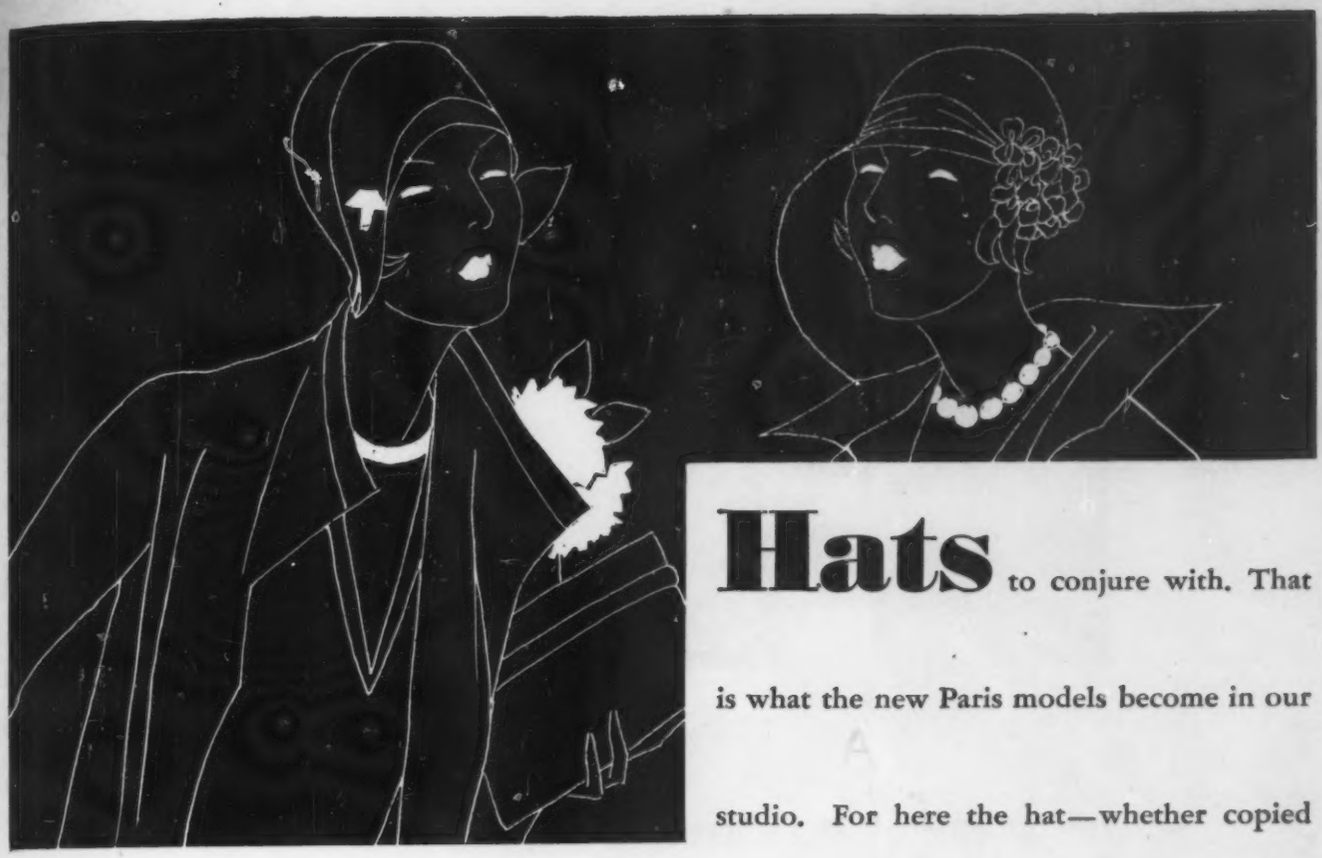
Among the examples I have seen so far, many things come to the attention right away. First is the subordination of felt in favor of straws—straws in new odd weaves, most of them crushable as a handkerchief. The pinned-on ornament is conspicuously absent, its place being taken by ornaments that are a part of the hat—such as odd bindings, feather applications, inserts, and so on. Black is seldom seen alone—usually a color comes coyly in evidence as trimming. If there is no contrast in color, there is a bow, or a definite oddity of shape to relieve sombreness. All the hats are irregular, a new note being that the brim is often wide on the right side, where it hugs the cheek and neck closely, and narrow and flaring away from the face on the left side. I haven't seen a sane, well-balanced, evenly distributed brim so far.

AT Franklin Simon, all of the points mentioned above have their representatives. For example—Patou's black baku, turned up in the front and having the length of brim on the right side punctuated by a black satin bow; his widish black felt hat, noticeably wider on one side than on the other and decorated with medallions of lace straw; his coarse, shiny, flexible black straw model, turned sharply back from the face in front and achieving width at the level of the ears and below at the sides. The last has a few flat red feathers peeping coyly forth here and there. Descat clings to her youthful and wearable mode, one example having a cloche brim cut off in front and a feather ornament at the side; another having faint shirring following a back-to-front seam down the centre of the crown. When Descat uses a ribbon band, she knots it casually and lets the end go where it will; often she likes a belt around the crown. (Belts, by the way, are more important than ever, both for dresses and hats.) Agnès, who still loves to wrap things, has the elongated brim on the right side wrap up over the opposite eyebrow, and usually punctuates this with a line of contrasting grosgrain. This contrasting color also appears beneath the brim behind the right ear, most effectively, and again in a navy hat trimmed with red and in a blue straw trimmed with yellow. She also offers a new turban, in Rodier-silk jersey and many colors, that has various triangles meeting in one point over the eyebrow, ties to suit yourself in a little knot in back, and is long to cover the hairline at the nape of the neck.

Because Talbot is a mad wag, look at her hat of black quilted taffeta lined with pink taffeta. It is cut exactly like a Quaker bonnet, has a saucy nose veil, and curls of real hair sewed on, Garbo fashion, at the back of the neck. What Fourteenth Street flappers will do when they see this I leave to you to imagine.

Franklin Simon also has some marvellous new jewelry in the African manner sponsored by Worth and Patou. This is composed of natural woods, bone-like ivory, and gold. Some are enormous wooden beads with gold-and-ivory rondelles between; some have longish beads composed of all three materials strung together; some use clouded crystal, bone,

"Will those links stand the gaff? I'm beastly active."



Hats to conjure with. That is what the new Paris models become in our studio. For here the hat—whether copied from an import, or an exclusive Hollander origination—must be suited exactly to the wearer. It must be *her* hat, individualized to her face and figure to the fraction of an inch. This painstaking care caused one of the smartest of the debutantes to remark recently that her hats from Hollander are invariably the most becoming she ever wears. ¶ From the best Paris houses has just come our outstanding Spring collection. Sketched are models from Georgette and Hermance. Reproductions or adaptations $38.00 to $50.00.

L. P. HOLLANDER 552 FIFTH AVE. 45 · 46TH ST.

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d'Orsay

le parfum mondain le plus subtil

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AND NOW...THE SPRING VOGUE—

MADAME... You have our most cordial invitation to attend our debut-presentation of the most fascinating Fashions for the new season . . . Frocks, Coats and Ensembles of exotic appearance and luxurious quality—the highlights of the Paris Openings... And all the Models are Half-Priced, because they are Originals, and only one of a kind..

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Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney

21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel.: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3796

and wood, some have bone beads with conical bits of gold embracing them—all barbaric, extremely chic, and perfect for tweeds. Furthermore, these very modern bits (I have seen only choker and long necklaces) cost only from $3.50 to $12 or thereabouts.

THOSE who go in for sports swank in the best sense have missed a great deal if they have not gone to Martha West, at 838 Madison Avenue. You will find an excellent assortment of very simple sweater suits, many of them all ready to put on your back, if **your** figure is normal. The real advantage, however, is that you may sit amiably, as in Paris, and pick out the knit you like, the colors you prefer, the neckline you crave, and have a two, three, four, five, or six-piece suit made up to your individual measurements for exactly the same amount that the suit costs ready-made. You can pick out five or six different jackets, sweaters, skirts, tennis dresses, and so on, that may be worn in all kinds of combinations. It really is fun.

Martha West makes up "Tee" shirts, for example, with three buttons at the neck; she does grand polo shirts with short sleeves, and also a sweater like Vionnet's most famous across-the-collarbone blouse, monogram and all. They may be bought separately for your spring suit or combined to suit your taste. The blouse may have a dark skirt with a diagonal pin stripe and a knitted jacket of the box, cardigan, or three-quarter variety, for $49.50. There is a sweater and skirt ensemble with a wrapped turban, adjustable to any headsize, of the striped knit that adorns the bottom of the sweater.

One type they do well here is the white sweater with applied motifs in two colors. If you can't find anything to fit exactly, it should be made to order or you risk a hippy look. I suggest letting them make it. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Blasé Bootery — Something for a Hot Day —Havens of the Busy

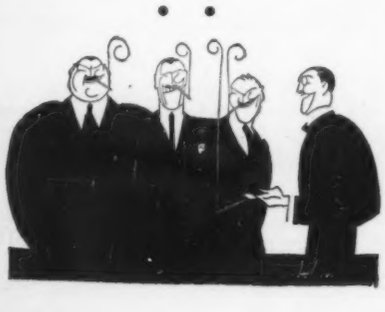
LADIES whose feet, by some miracle, have achieved a size usually attained only by Chinese women of the old school will be relieved to know that in the Forty-sixth Street shop of I. Miller particularly tender attention is given to

women wearing sizes one to two and a half, whatever the width that accompanies them. There are, for a change, many models to choose from that have been developed successfully in miniature. I am told that ladies whose feet border on the gargantuan are also treated with solicitude here, models being made up to suit their peculiar requirements at very small cost. Extremists might be interested.

INGENUITY-IN-THE-HOME propaganda has received, as far as clothes are concerned, a great boost by the appearance of a new cotton fabric called Sudanette. It has all the outward appearance of a fine tub silk of that swell lustreless quality, comes in a lovely range of soft colors, and is guaranteed tubfast and sunfast. As far as I am concerned, this is a great contribution to the washable summer frocks vogue, and I advise asking for it in your favorite department store when you contemplate making those sleeveless, simple one-piece dresses which, if Palm Beach is any indication, are still the best possible taste for hot-weather daytime wear in the country.

MARJORIE DORK, who stands out in the maze of reducing and health parlors of this fair city—largely because of the actual results she has obtained—is now conducting courses of treatments for busy women until nine o'clock in the evening. The busy women reap their reward at last, for special rates of thirty dollars for twelve treatments are in effect at this time.

After you have been examined by a physician to discover whether your blood pressure allows strenuous exercise, and have been counselled about diet, you may be assigned to any combination of the endless treatments offered. Face molding and massage, body massage, steam-cabinet baking, exercises in the gymnasium under expert supervision, and work at the various gadgets in which the place abounds may be apportioned to you. There are electric chairs and horses, belts that vibrate, and revolving rollers. You can almost watch your measure-



Smoker's accessories from Benson & Hedges

A certain Rumidor enthusiast has been so completely converted to Rumidors for all of his smokes that he finally had himself all set with three Rumidors at home (one each for cigarettes, cigars and pipe tobacco), three at his office, and three more on his private car. But—to make some friend happy—he is constantly breaking up these sets, and so keeps right on buying Rumidors . . . The Rum that moistens and mellows his smokes is the genuine article—12 years old and aged in the wood.

Sponsored in Europe by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.

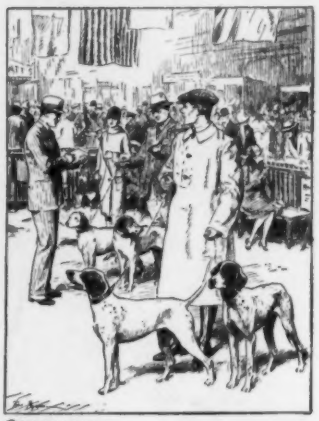
The Rumidor Corporation · · 501 Fifth Avenue, New York

Rum Refills
for sale by the best stores,
easily identified by the carton

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Clothes for Every Occasion

Send for BROOKS'S *Miscellany*

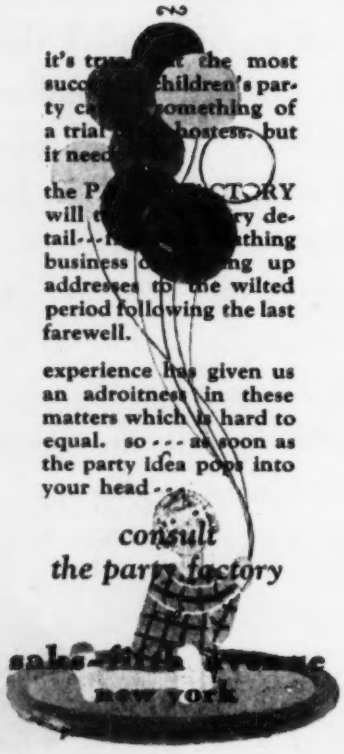
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

this is the party season!

it's true that the most successful children's party can be something of a trial to the hostess, but it needs [illegible]

the PARTY FACTORY will [illegible] ry detail--[illegible] thing business [illegible] ng up addresses to the wilted period following the last farewell.

experience has given us an adroitness in these matters which is hard to equal. so --- as soon as the party idea pops into your head --



consult
the party factory

saks-fifth avenue
new york

SAMARKAND

SAMARKAND
8 West 52nd Street

The Muted Music of the Orient : : Russian and Gypsy Folk Songs : : add their enchantment to Subdued Lights : : Comfortable Divans : : and the famous Continental Cuisine which has made SAMARKAND so renowned.

Luncheon Tea Dinner
Telephone Circle 10473

ments change. And that ought to be enough fun for anybody.

WANAMAKER, when approached for news, was found in the throes of pre-inventory depletion, waiting for the latest from Paris. Nevertheless, its vast caverns yielded up: Wanamaker's own gardenia perfume, labelled Claire, from Paris; in a lovely box. It's dry and interesting and quite different from other gardenias. . . . An Orloff zipper-type handbag, copied from a big kitbag carryall, in kid, with pockets for money and things. Good for tailored clothes. . . . Tribout hand-cream, made by the store's own M. Hammoneau, looks and smells like vanilla mousse, whitens, and isn't sticky. . . . Beach-caps (not for diving, anyway) of rubberized crêpe de Chine, made on your own head from models by Patou and Reboux, cut up over one eye, and very dash. . . . Printed handkerchief-linen sets of scarf and necktie in white and bright colors; very fresh and would be nice on white tennis dresses when worn by spectators. . . . Wanamaker bath salts are now offered in Jasmin or Gardenia, both heavenly, with bath powder to match. . . . Brise des Alpes, a new liquid bath essence, exactly as delicious and refreshing as its name. . . . An air-purifying burner, fine for sickrooms, burns a perfumed French liquid called Ozoalcoöl; pleasant and not oppressive.

It's always worth remembering that Wanamaker's children's clothes are exceptionally good. For tots and girls up to twelve, it has two complete schools of imported, handmade clothes: the English (smocked, printed, lawn, or dimity, long-sleeved) and the French (hemstitched, plain-colored, linen, short-sleeved). They are equally correct, and should be chosen according to your child's type.

If it had its way, Wanamaker would probably put the whole world into camel's-hair reefers, as it proves by carrying an enormous stock of them, beginning with a two-year size. For school, for polo, or for almost anything, they are wonderful coats.

—L. L.

•

"The Marriage Clause"—a cinema epic of woman's love for HER man as only a woman could tell it.—*Adv. in the Film Daily.*

Perkins, will you place another log on the fire and draw the curtains? I'm staying home this evening.

May we send you to Florida next Winter?

IN winter comes the deluge—postcards where X marks their windows—crates of Florida oranges—baby alligators and snapshots of friends sporting new bathing suits on the warm, sunny beaches. You'll soon have a great collection. But why not join them and pick out your own souvenirs? Live at 75 Central Park West and exchange the fur coat for a coat of tan that puts the violet ray to shame. For the difference between the rent you now pay, if you live in this section, and the small annual maintenance for an apartment here, means a saving of $1500 to $3400 a year—for a trip to Florida or what you will.

75 Central Park West will be a 100% cooperative apartment building, as fine as the finest on Fifth Avenue. Each apartment includes radiator enclosures, brass piping, electric refrigeration, weather-stripping, fireplaces. An early purchase will allow us to build after your own suggestions, for occupancy in September, 1929. Units of 4, 6, 8 and 9 rooms (some duplex). Architect: Rosario Candela; builder, Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc.

Write or call today for details about this remarkable rent saving.

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.

660 Madison Ave. REGent 6600

165 West 72nd St. ENDicott 8300

75 CENTRAL PARK WEST BRINGS NEW DISTINCTION TO FIFTH AVENUE'S TWIN AT 67th ST.

Check-up

Go the rounds for an impartial check-up of all the fine cars, and you will come to this inevitable conclusion:

Stutz and Blackhawk embody all that is finest in modern motor cars plus these distinctive features found only in Stutz-built automobiles:

The "Noback"—the new device that prevents undesirable and dangerous backward-rolling of cars on hills and inclines, without the use of brakes. Entirely automatic. And what a relief!

Low weight—made possible by the worm drive—eliminates side sway and "top-piness." Provides utmost riding and driving comfort, road adhesiveness, safety.

Weymann flexible bodies—European in design and charm. Stunning to look upon, extremely comfortable within.

A pleasure to take you for a demonstration.

STUTZ
sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK
at $2345 to $2955

Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

THE SKY LINE

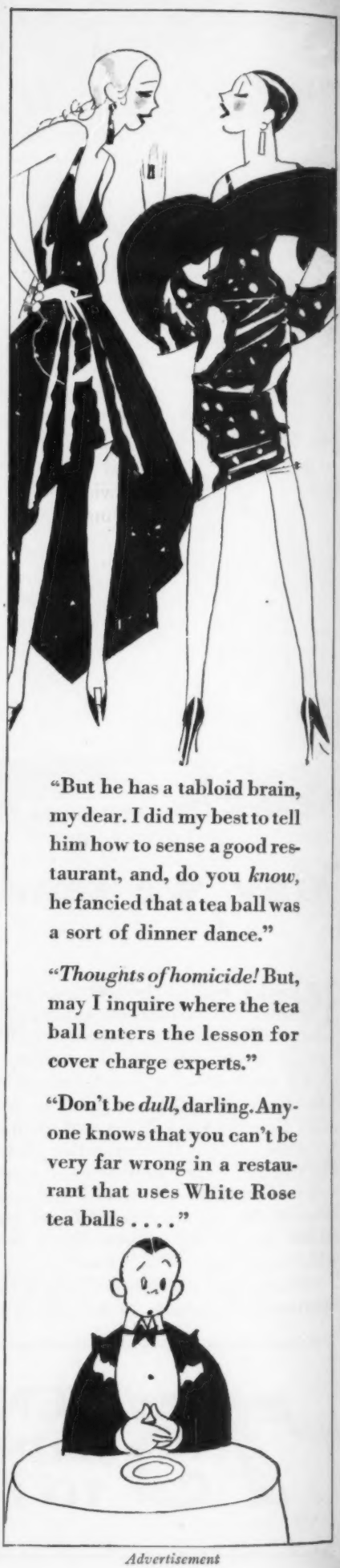
A Glory Regained — New Towers—Glimpse into the Near Future

INTERESTING changes are taking place in the mid-town section of which Fourteenth Street is the main cross-artery. Some of us ancients remember this thoroughfare when it was the shopping centre for the retail trade. Thither fond mammas dragged their young to be outfitted at Best's Liliputian Bazaar. Macy's was there, and the carriage folk of the nineties debarked on the broad sidewalks. This glory passed and the hideous hostelries of the district became a sort of architectural vacuum into which poured the wholesale dealers in laces, feathers, and other fripperies.

The old street at last shows signs of coming back. We have already commended the new Tammany Hall nearby, a real adornment to the neighborhood, and incidentally we are glad to correct our previous statement that it was built of "a small Harvard brick." Mr. Converse, one of the designers, writes us that the brick used is actually "oversize" and was specially made in England to conform with the type used by the revered founder of the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello. This, we opine, shows a laudable respect for tradition in a detail of building construction.

At the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street the Consolidated Gas Company has just completed its new tower, which is interestingly wedged in between the flanking buildings. Warren & Wetmore have designed a sturdy shaft, classic in detail and vigorous in silhouette. In the main, it hooks on well to the adjacent structures, though there is a variation in cornice heights that is slightly distressing where the sub-structure cornice just misses lining up with the corresponding features of the building units. It is, however, a fine tower, built of limestone all the way and setting back ingeniously to the splendid lantern which is the crowning feature. We understand this is to be gilded, which it should be, for the building has an air which could well support a festive final touch.

Something of the same spirit of dignified gaiety is carried into the main



"But he has a tabloid brain, my dear. I did my best to tell him how to sense a good restaurant, and, do you *know,* he fancied that a tea ball was a sort of dinner dance."

"*Thoughts of homicide!* But, may I inquire where the tea ball enters the lesson for cover charge experts."

"Don't be *dull,* darling. Anyone knows that you can't be very far wrong in a restaurant that uses White Rose tea balls . . . ."

Advertisement

corridor of the interior, a marble wainscoted hall whose beautiful vaulting is appropriately decorated with a flame motif, the architectural expression of Consolidated Gas.

OTHER interesting interiors are now visible in the recently revealed Chanin Building in Forty-second Street, notably the spacious office of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company and the main corridor which serves the acres of floor space in this huge structure. Here the spirit of the design is distinctly modern, in keeping with the exterior detail which surmounts the black marble base of the building—a broad bronze frieze in low relief depicting such sportive creatures as wild ducks and formal flat fish respectively winging or swimming their way through tangled jungles of bizarre scrolls and wiggles.

The B. & O. office is more restrained in treatment, as befits a serious railway company, but its big room with its ivory ceiling, simple sidewalls, and terrazzo floor in warm grays is very effective. The ornamental detail, mostly geometric, is confined to flat panels which contrast with the plain surfaces about them. We are constantly impressed with the tremendous importance of lighting fixtures in work of this modern character, and that the Chanin Company is alive to this is evident in the ingenious design and beauty of these adjuncts. Especially effective are the torchlike fixtures which are applied to the supporting piers. They are fabricated in a combination of bright steel and bronze, the concealed lights throwing their rays upward from graceful trumpet-shaped bowls. Similarly, the overhead fixtures and other sidewall brackets manage to diffuse the light agreeably with none of the eye-stabbing glare of direct illumination, which, praise be, is a thing of the past. It gave us a modern feeling, too, to hear a uniformed attendant announce, within two steps of Forty-second Street, the departure of a train for Pittsburgh and points west.

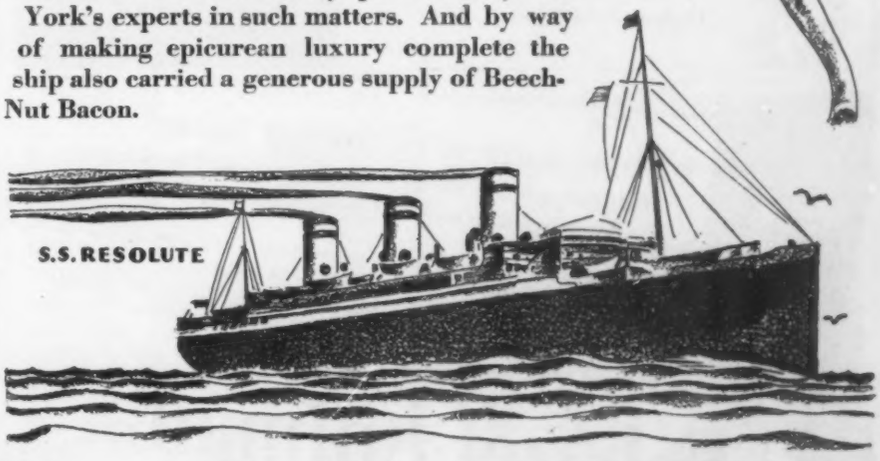
Much more lively in its decorative treatment is the long corridor of the

ALL THE ICE IS IN GLASSES...

Treasured friends of yours are in India this week... without chains, without zippers—without overcoats. Having a look at Bombay, learning to pronounce Taj Mahal—boating on the Ganges. From Lincoln's Birthday to February 23 'round-the-world cruisers on the S. S. Resolute are seeing India.

Treasured friends aboard? Indeed you have!

When this famous Hamburg-American liner sailed from New York on January 7th, she carried ample quantities of the blend of coffee so enthusiastically preferred by New York's experts in such matters. And by way of making epicurean luxury complete the ship also carried a generous supply of Beech-Nut Bacon.



Beech-Nut Coffee

Stay Here

when you come to London. Once the palace of a Royal Duke, Grosvenor House now offers you the finest suites in Europe and the most perfect service, wines and cooking.

Suites range in size from an entrance hall, a reception room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchenette to an apartment containing a large reception hall, two large entertaining rooms, five bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms and a kitchenette. Suites are furnished or unfurnished. Those now available unfurnished cost from £490 a year.

Furnished suites cost from 2 guineas a day. Single bedrooms with private bathroom from one guinea. These prices are absolutely inclusive.

Grosvenor House is ideal for banquets, balls, and public or private functions of any size.

For sporting facilities apply to the Sports Manager.

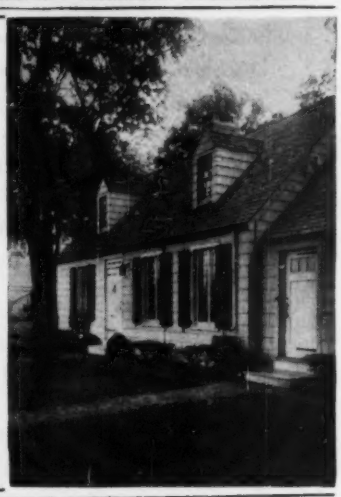
GROSVENOR HOUSE
PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363. Cables and Telegrams: "Grovhows" Audley.

Tired of City Crowds?

Why not get away from them—week-ends, at least? We know of a charming house that nestles, isolated in 6½ acres of woodland, near Sayville, L. I. An ideal retreat for artist or writer desiring quiet and beautiful surroundings. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage, caretaker's apartment. Price $25,000.

THE BURGOYNE HAMILTON COMPANY
16 East 52nd Street
Plaza 2563 New York City



This matter of being smart

is fast ceasing to be a matter of copying our chic French friends.
It is fast becoming a matter of being simple and individual in one's own right.
Which explains why so many smart New York women are so delighted with the lingerie we create for them . . .
And why the Metropolitan Museum invited us to design the tea gown for its American Industrial Art Exhibition.
May we show you some of our originalities?

hazel Kolman inc.
LINGERIE
432 MADISON AVENUE (at 49th Street)
Telephone—Regent 9988

building itself, where the newer art forms are given freer rein in marble, metal, and glass. Here, too, the lighting fixtures are spirited affairs, elongated clusters of bronze and translucent glass, adequate in illumination and amusing in design. Noteworthy, likewise, are the interior doors and windows of the little shops which face on Lexington Avenue, in which the glazing is subdivided by shooting rays and curves of metal far removed from the old order of such things. Over the interior doors at each of the corridors are amber-toned reliefs formally suggesting the massed towers of the new New York, and even the government's eagle on the letter-box is brought up to date by this vigorous modelling.

All this interesting decorative work was done by the Chanin Company's own architectural department under the supervision of Irwin S. Chanin and Jacques Delamarre. We suspected that there was a Frenchman in it somewhere.

SPEAKING of tall buildings, Delano & Aldrich are expectantly watching the completion of their first design in this field, the huge office building at 63 Wall Street, the lower floors of which will be occupied by Brown Brothers. Though not yet ready for extensive comment, it already impresses us as an extraordinarily picturesque and romantic pile. Then there is the new Opera project which has stirred the architectural world to its very depths; that too must wait. We can only say that we have had a glimpse of some of the preliminary studies and that they are excellent. The only trouble with trying to cover New York's sky line is the impossibility of keeping up with it. —T-SQUARE

•

NOSTALGIA

Florida frogs
In February
In Florida swamps
Are making merry.
All together
Could not pay
For one New England frog
In May.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

FOR SALE—One milking shorthorn bull 3 years old. George W. Ham & Sons, Toulon.—*Toulon (Ill.) News.*

And so young, too.

Feminine Charm

HANDS . . . graceful . . . expressive . . . care for them with the same delightful cream that enhances the loveliness of Madame's face.

Crème Simon, designed for the hands as well as the face, protects effectively against the rigors of the winter elements.

Crème Simon is free of greasy ingredients. Soothing and pleasant to use, Crème Simon becomes a most luxurious part of the daily toilet.

Originated in France and sold in all parts of the world for 75 years.

Only a *good* product can live so long and each year show an increasing favor by Madame!

For sale everywhere.

CRÈME SIMON
PARIS

MAURICE LÉVY
Sole U. S. Agent
120 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

OUT OF TOWN

Frenzied Facts—Idyllic Island — Sport Centre

A QUICK résumé of ideas for Washington's Birthday and adjacent weekends: Atlantic City, at its best right now. . . . The Ritz and Ambassador, what their names imply; the old Traymore and Marlborough, famous and reliable; the Brighton, a fine place to take the family; Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, with a Philadelphian tinge. . . .

Connecticut villages, easy to reach by motor (going through the Bronx Parkway and over Kensico Dam to the Danbury Road, for most of the following): The Mayflower at Washington (Conn., not D. C.), pleasantly quaint, with good food. . . . The Elms at Ridgefield, on one of the loveliest streets in New England. . . . The M'Fingal at Watertown, restful and academic. . . . A little further off, the Ben-Grosvenor at Pomfret, with a smart patronage, but simple withal. . . . The St. George's at Wallingford, near New Haven, full of delightful furniture, with big comfortable four-posters in the bedrooms. . . . The Old Lyme Inn, at Lyme, up near New London, nice and sleepy.

These are but a few nearby places. Remember, Lake Placid, Montreal, and Quebec are only overnight trips.

BERMUDA is just as attractive now as at Easter, and much less crowded, which to most people isn't a disadvantage. Moreover, it is the nearest of all resorts that are foreign and tropic—only two days away. Wonderful place to dash to on an impulse—covered with palms and flowers, fully equipped with golf courses, tennis courts, bridle paths, beaches, and plentifully supplied with shellfish, new potatoes, onions, lilies, and the freedom of the British law. Going out in glass-bottomed boats to look at fish may seem foolish, but don't be self-conscious.

The larger hotels are all of a uniform standard of excellence, and that standard is high. At Hamilton, the capital, the three largest are the Bermudiana, the Princess, and the Hamilton. At Paget there are the Inverurie and the Elbow Beach; at Warwick, the Bel-

Sportif, mais distingué!

this ensemble by Kargère

—and while its creator no doubt pictured it with the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean as a background—you will find it has been whisked across to the New York shop, where you will feel as much chez Kargère as tho you were on the Champs Elysées.

—And When You See this smart three-piece suit in white wool, with its dashing red sweater, you will just know that it is going to be as effective in our own Southland as it would be on the Riviera.

KARGÈRE
636 Fifth Avenue, New York
39 Ave. des Champs Elysées, Paris

OUR waiters seem to enjoy serving our guests. As they ply you with the delicacies for which Longchamps is famous, their service is a paragon of courtesy and tact. You might almost suspect—but no, they are *not* looking for tips.

They may not accept them. The very thought of it makes them furiously unhappy. The above illustration shows one of our waiters suffering from melancholia because a gentleman in mistaken kindness offered him a tip.

Tipping is *not permitted* at Longchamps. Instead, a 10% service charge is added to each check, which the waiter receives.

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps

28 West 58th Street
Off Fifth Avenue

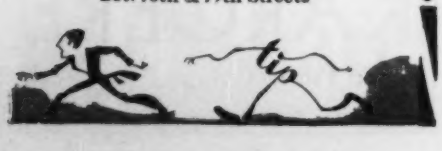
55 Fifth Avenue
Northeast Cor. 12th Street

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

19-21 West 57th Street
Near Fifth Avenue

1015-17 Madison Avenue
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets



mont Manor; and at St. George, the St. George. There are plenty of small, quiet, and much less expensive ones, where clever people often retreat.

From New York, the Furness Line runs the new and beautiful motorship Bermuda every Saturday; she sails back from Bermuda on Tuesdays. The same line owns the Fort Victoria, leaving New York Wednesdays and Bermuda Saturdays. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company operates the Avon from New York every Thursday, and from Bermuda every Sunday, and both companies have various smaller ships running at intervals all week. Hotel and steamer reservations by your own travel agent, or direct—Furness Line, 34 Whitehall Street, and R. M. S. P. Co., 26 Broadway. No passports are required.

FROM the twenty-first of February to the end of April there is one long succession of important golf tournaments at Pinehurst, among them the Seniors', Feb. 23-27, the Spring Tournament, March 1-7, the North and South Open, March 26-27, and a very big one, including the Women's North and South Amateur, each week in April up to the twenty-fourth. Pinehurst is so easy to get to—you can leave the Pennsylvania Station on the through sleeper at 5:15 P.M., arriving 8:10 A.M.—and the climate is so surprisingly mild for the mid-South at this time of year that it's a favorite place for short trips. The Carolina is the biggest hotel; the Holly Inn, the Pine Crest, and the Pine Needles Inn are all excellent—and always remember the Highland Pines, over at Southern Pines, five miles away, when your nerves are frazzled.

AIKEN is getting into its gayest season now, and all the habitués are on hand at the draghunts, polo games, and other horsey diversions that give it its flavor. Aiken is most certainly the paradise of the house-guest, but the Highland Park Hotel takes care of the unconnected, and has a sporty golf course of its own. While riding through the woods takes precedence over all other occupations, there is quail-shooting until the end of February, and plenty of golf. Leaving New York at 1:10 P.M. (Pennsylvania Station) any day, you are in Aiken next morning—and of course you can motor, which is an exhilarating way to go there. The roads are all new concrete, as I know from recent experience. —FOOT-LOOSE

JOHN DAVID
The Smart New York Fashions Of The Day And Night
STEIN BLOCH CLOTHES KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS MALLORY HATS

To The Nation's Leader Of Fashion— The Well-Dressed New Yorker!

WE invite you to the new John David Shop at Forty-Third Street, corner Fifth Avenue, just opened. As a New Yorker proud of the financial, fashionable, mercantile and social supremacy of the metropolis, you will derive further gratification from the addition to New York of a store so in key with its world standing as a center of leadership in fashions for men.

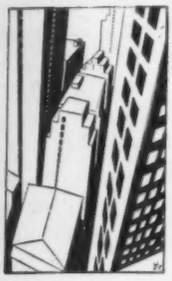
EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE
COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St.
1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 W. 42nd St.
Broadway At Warren
Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

NEW APARTMENTS

Filling a Gap—Park Avenue Still Undaunted —Quiet Magnificence



IN the hiatus of this department's winter holiday, the Montclair has risen and opened its doors. This is, of course, the newest of the yellow-brick mansions in the skies above Lexington Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, turreted and blazoned in the manner now considered fairly indispensable for the success of a moderate-priced hotel. It's a large place, and I, having heard rumors of small rooms and uninteresting surroundings, am about to refute them gently. The rooms are not large, but they are light; not sophisticated, but fresh; they are attractively if not expensively furnished. The living-room furniture is the fairly usual type, nicely upholstered and given to the fantasies that produce a desk out of something else. The bedrooms have new furniture touched with just enough "modernism" to remove the deadliness of typical hotel walnut.

The treatment of windows in these rooms merits praise. They are large, built in pairs, and curtained with brilliant, light-colored printed cottons especially imported from Austria; they are further embellished with mirrored panels and silvered-wood cornices, and are truly pleasing. The public rooms of the hotel are done in rather helter-skelter fashion, but I must admit that the *art-moderne* writing-room is a success. Other promotional, if not original, ideas include radios in every room, room service gratis, a personal-service errand and information bureau, trick locks on the closets, and perfectly appointed baths. Single rooms should be chosen on corners, for they have outside baths and good light; about $6 a day for these, or $140 a month, with complete service. Suites (all of which have living-rooms, outside baths, and sometimes serving-pantries) proportionately more. Single rooms on the sides of the house have inside baths.

NONE of my remarks ever having stemmed the rushing tide to Park Avenue, I continue to shuffle

One Gracie Square

One Gracie Square will be a 14-floor and roof story building of old English Gothic style, providing duplex and simplex apartments of 6, 7, 8 and 11 rooms, (the 11 room apartments each occupying an entire floor), arranged so that the principal rooms in each apartment have full advantage of delightful outlook.

Live Where PARK and RIVER Meet

ALMOST desirable site has been secured for the first 100% Cooperative apartment building in this rapidly developing and exclusive Carl Schurz Park district — the South East corner of East End Avenue and Gracie Square (84th Street). Here, even the lower floors will enjoy an unobstructed vista over the Park, the ever changing panorama of East River traffic, with Long Island Sound, Westchester and Connecticut in the distance. Across East End Avenue Miss Chapin's new school building on the northwest corner, and a low building on the southwest corner, held for protection, assure permanent light to the west. With Gracie Square extending only from East End Avenue to the River, no through traffic can disturb the peace and quiet.

Anthony A. Paterno, who will build One Gracie Square, is responsible for the highly successful 25 Sutton Place and other projects. William Lawrence Bottomley and Rosario Candela, who designed the building, and Shreve & Lamb, architects for the purchasers, are all identified with prominent residential structures.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., under whose supervision the entire project was developed, has been retained as selling and managing agent.

A greater combination of ability could not be procured to assure the creation of a sound and thoroughly attractive New York residence.

100% Cooperative

Ready this Summer — now selling from plans

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

Selling and Managing Agent

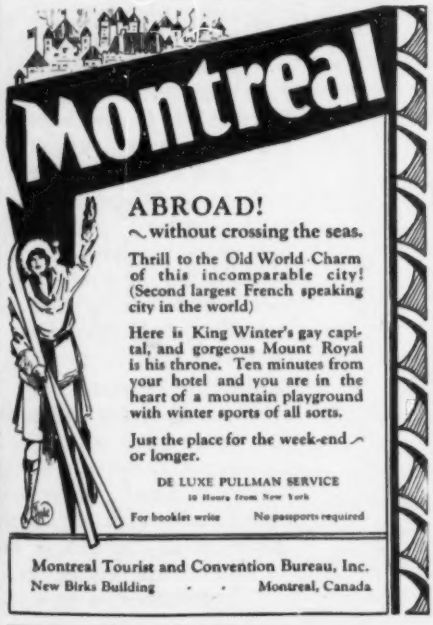
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

All Expense Cruises!
HAVANA AND MEXICO CITY
HAVANA 10 to 17 Days
All Expenses $120 up
Ideal voyages to a romantic foreign capital. Delightful sightseeing in automobiles and launches included. Visit the Prado, Casino, Malecon, Morro Castle. Enjoy golf, tennis, racing, boating, bathing, dancing. Novel sights! Charming scenes! Endless diversion!
MEXICO CITY 25 Days
All Expenses $275 up
European life and color amid the relics of ancient civilizations. Shore visits at Havana, side trip to Merida, sight-seeing trips in Mexico City included.
AGWI LINES
WARD LINE
Ft. Wall St., New York or authorized Tourist Agents

VISIT THE CRANE EXHIBIT ROOMS. YOU WILL NOT BE ASKED TO BUY

CRANE

AND YOU WILL SEE THE LATEST IDEAS IN FIXTURES, FITTINGS, AND VALVES


Montreal
ABROAD!
~without crossing the seas.
Thrill to the Old World Charm of this incomparable city! (Second largest French speaking city in the world)
Here is King Winter's gay capital, and gorgeous Mount Royal is his throne. Ten minutes from your hotel and you are in the heart of a mountain playground with winter sports of all sorts.
Just the place for the week-end ~ or longer.
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10 Hours from New York
For booklet write
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Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, Inc.
New Birks Building
Montreal, Canada

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

mournfully through heaps of expensive plaster, and crane my neck seeking hope in nine-foot-five-inch ceilings. The weary truth will out; one Park Avenue house is so like another that I have to dwell on hardware in order to introduce variety. No. 975, however, is a new building with large rooms, open fireplaces, abundant closets, tiled kitchens, herringbone floors, good planning, and pretty typical ceilings. There is a nice five-room apartment with a cross between a dining-alcove and a living-room appendage; 13 by 12½ feet, it forms an ell off a 15-by-23½-foot living-room, and may or may not be partitioned, as you please. It opens in a civilized way from the pantry, and some people would knock out both the living-room and hallway walls, making a really big, sprawling room of interesting shape and possibilities. Two bedrooms—each with bath—a kitchen, and maid's room and bath complete this apartment; the flaw you suspected is the court outlook, which isn't bad high up, and not bad at all if you work all day and stay home in the evening with the curtains drawn. Rentals for these flats start at $3,400; there are also suites of six or eight rooms with three baths, prices rising to a $6,800 top. Possession in early June. Renting agent on the premises.

ONCE upon a time, I climbed with an agent over the outlines of 3 East Seventy-seventh Street—the rental section of one of the top-hattiest coöps in New York, 960 Fifth Avenue. It happened that the only suites we could get into were those with dreary court outlooks. I said my worst. Now, with the building finished, polished, and decorated by Mrs. George Draper at her very best, in the most exquisite Georgian style, I have paid a second visit—contritely. The apartments are really beautiful, worthy of such an important project, and nobody is to live in them who doesn't qualify in every way. The rentals are high, but the very best of everything goes with them. The restaurant—open only to residents of the building—is serving food that is a work of art. The public halls, lounges, and entertaining-rooms have the serene authenticity of fine Chippendale and Georgian designs. There is nothing would-be about this place. The apartments are rented unfurnished, and vary in size from three to four rooms, with completely equipped kitchens that may be staffed by servants employed

by the house. If your interest is aroused see Douglas L. Elliman about arrangements. Rentals from $2,700 to $9,500, the last with roof-terraces.

SOME day it will be necessary to devote lavish space to the development on the site of the old Presbyterian Hospital, Park to Madison Avenues, Seventieth to Seventy-first Streets. At present the plan is taking imposing shape and is well worth watching. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Co. has a coöperative on the Seventieth Street corner of Park Avenue, and a rental building on the other corner; the Tishmans have a gigantic building fronting the whole block on Madison Avenue, and between the two, on the side streets, are seven new private houses that promise to be among the most luxurious in town. The inside centre of the whole group will be magnificent gardens, and the five-story private houses exist primarily to insure light and air for the apartments. —PENT-HOUSE

•

SKATING IN THE PARK

Hardy urchins pulling sledges,
Little boys on double edges,
"Keep Off" signs in six-inch writing
Where the ice looks most inviting,
Financiers forgetting tickers,
High-school maidens clad in knickers,
Lads with far more speed than vision
In collision on collision,
Sorry folk with frozen fingers,
Groups of none-too-skillful singers,
Fancy skaters twirling, dancing,
Lonely flappers hoping, glancing,
Fearless speeders scorning dangers
Bound some day to join the Rangers,
Lines at checking booths in waiting,
Lots of flirting, petting, dating,
Here's a toast to public skating!

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

Take one small teaspoonful of powdered white sugar dissolved in one wine glass of boiling water. Take one wine glass of Scotch whiskey. Put the whiskey and the boiling water in one mug, ignite the liquid with fire, and while blazing mix both ingredients by pouring them from one mug to the other. If well done this will have the appearance of a continued stream of liquid fire. Serve in a small bar glass with a piece of twisted lemon peel. The novice in mixing this beverage should be careful not to scald himself. To become proficient in throwing the liquid from one mug to the other, it will be necessary to practise for some time with cold water. —*Boston Herald.*

Or, better yet, cold Scotch.

See **HAWAII** *When the glowing flame trees bloom!*

IN MAY the trees that shade Hawaii's gardens burst into round domes of gold and pink and scarlet flame. You should see these almost-tropic islands of Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Hawaii then—and all through the summer!

Close your eyes, and the cool breeze tells you that you're summering on a northern lake. Open them—and here miraculously are the iridescent sea, the mist-shrouded volcanic peaks, the sunny beaches, coral reefs, and the gorgeous colors of the tropics!

Great, restful hotel-palaces add a note of luxury to Hawaii's native charm. Secluded cottage-hotels and quiet inns invite you to a summer of restfulness you've never known before.

Yet there is an abundance of things to do—golf, of course, on a dozen verdant courses. Surfboarding and outrigger-canoeing on Waikiki's cool combers; game-fishing, tennis, lawn-bowls, motoring, shopping in quaint Oriental bazaars; inter-island cruises; sightseeing among the volcanic wonderlands of Hawaii U.S. National Park, the mountain-tops and lovely beaches of Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii and Maui.

Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from $300 for three weeks, to $400 and $500, including steamers, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Ask your local railroad or travel agent how to arrange your trip so as to include low summer round trip fares to all the Pacific Coast and visits to the great National Parks en route, sailing to Hawaii or returning via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. Hawaii requires no passports—this is a U.S. Territory.

HAWAII

The **WORLD'S** *Enchanted Island Playground*

MATSON LINE from SAN FRANCISCO

Sailings every Wednesday and every other Saturday over smooth seas on fast de luxe liners; also popular one-class steamers. Novel entertainment features—glorious fun. Attractive all-expense Island tours. Regular sailings from Seattle and Portland, Ore. See your travel agency or Matson Line; 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 1805 Elm Street, Dallas; 723 Seventh Street, Los Angeles; 1319 Fourth Avenue, Seattle; 82½ Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.

LASSCO LINE from LOS ANGELES

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lassco luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all-expense tickets. Ask at any authorized travel agency or at Los Angeles Steamship Company offices: 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 609 Thomas Building, Dallas; 685 Market Street, San Francisco; 119 West Ocean Avenue, Long Beach, California; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, California

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

P. O. BOX 3615, SAN FRANCISCO—P. O. BOX 375, LOS ANGELES—P. O. BOX 2120, HONOLULU, HAWAII

Please send me Hawaii booklet in colors and a copy of "Tourfax" travel guide. 124

Name _____ *Street & No.* _____ *City* _____

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Fifth Avenue Office

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

COMPLETE SAFE DEPOSIT AND SILVER STORAGE FACILITIES are available in this building

FIFTH AVENUE & 44th STREET

OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—II

NORTH
♠—Q-6-5
♡—8-7-5-4
◇—K-J-4
♣—Q-5-3

WEST
♠—10-9-7
♡—A-K-9-3
◇—8-6-3
♣—J-10-9

EAST
♠—A-K-J-4-2
♡—0
◇—A-Q-5-2
♣—K-7-4-2

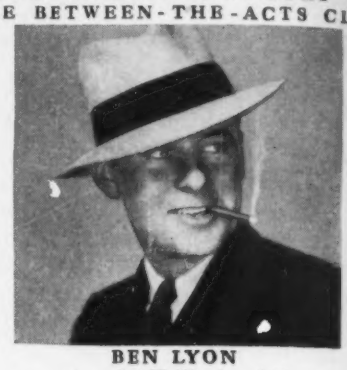
SOUTH
♠—8-3
♡—Q-J-10-6-2
◇—10-9-7
♣—A-8-6

EAST deals, and is highly gratified, upon examining his hand, to see a very potent display of cards. Sternly suppressing a powerful urge to smile happily—he is secretly proud of his poker face—he bids one spade in noncommittal tones. Spurred on by the determination to protect his side's twenty-four points toward rubber, South is led to ignore the glaring weaknesses of his hand. He recalls distinctly reading only last evening a passage in a well-known book on bridge which favored the making of a defensive bid on only one and one-half quick tricks. Feeling that the time is ripe to utilize — and display — his knowledge, South bids two hearts, and settles back with a self-satisfied smile. West, with an honor in his partner's suit and the two top cards in his right-hand opponent's, is glad to bid two spades.

It is up to North, who holds only a fair hand. Unfortunately, he misinterprets South's complacent smile of self-approbation for one of the holder of a powerful hand. With all side suits stopped, after a manner of speaking, and four cards in his partner's suit, North says, "Three hearts!" in ringing tones. East, of course, raises the bid to three spades. Himself in turn deceived by his partner's eager grin, South goes to four hearts. West bids four spades, and North comes back with a five-hearts bid, causing South some belated agitation. East promptly doubles, and the bidding is finished.

"WELL, anyway, you have to play it, partner," says North, cheerfully. South's reply is a sour grunt, which turns to a wail of alarm

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE BETWEEN-THE-ACTS CLUB



BEN LYON
star of "Hell's Angels"

. . . when a cigarette doesn't satisfy and there isn't time for a cigar you're in luck to have a tidy packet of Between-the-Acts in your vest pocket. The 15¢ cigar in ten installments!

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15c to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15c (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

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Sailing every Thursday
Two glorious days at sea in transatlantic comfort on the S S "AVON." Accommodations include delightful single rooms and rooms with beds and private baths. Spacious public halls, broad sunny decks—excellent cuisine and delightful service.

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14 DAYS for as low as $140
For reservations or illustrated booklet apply to
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
26 Broadway, New York
Or Local Agents

Seen at Reuben's

HIS *sang-froid* still *froid*, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH ambled over from Hammerstein's and "Good Boy" to another sure-fire hit—Reuben's inimitable conception of Baked Lobster Thermidor. It takes a luscious dish like this to make a dry wit sparkle! Half a sublime lobster, stuffed with its own tender white meat, finely chopped with juicy mushrooms and onions, blended with a divine sauce and baked *au gratin*. D-e-e-licious! And when the last appetizing tidbit disappeared, did we hear Mr. Butterworth sigh "Oh, the pity of it!"? Possibly!

* * *

SADIE THOMPSON, long may you *reign!* You'll pardon the pun JEANNE EAGELS, but we must pay tribute to your impeccable good taste. We doff our hat—salaam! For the savant of gastronomy chooses Reuben's Steak *à la* Tartar. Those "in the know", *know* the rare satisfying flavor of raw fresh beef, chopped to exacting fineness with Spanish Onion and the golden yolk of a fresh egg, with a spicy, savory, *exciting* sauce! Mouth-watering, delectable . . . we swell with proud emotion.

* * *

JASCHA HEIFETZ, master of musical art, mighty wielder of the violin-bow, came to us on "Wings of Morning" to play a merry tune on a generous portion of Reuben's own smoked Nova Scotia Salmon. And where else, pray, but Reuben's *would* he go for *that*—epicure that he is? Where else, such a delicacy—of smooth, tongue-tantalizing, rich, tender, plump, pale-pink goodness! You're not the only food-savant, Mr. Heifetz, who finds in the rare, pungent, mellow tang so peculiar to *Reuben's* Nova Scotia, the spice of life!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th — Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

as West leads his ten of spades and North spreads his hand.

"What were you raising on?" demands South, leaning back heavily in his chair. "Oh, I have some help," replies North, placatingly. "Yeah, *some* help!" snaps South. "Play cards!" interjects East.

South throws on the five of spades from dummy. East cannily holds back his high cards and plays his deuce, South following with his trey, which gives West the trick. West then leads his nine of spades, the six is played from dummy, East again rides along with a low card, and South throws his eight clear off the table in desperation. It is found, after a search, under the davenport, at the cost of only one spilled ash tray and two bumped heads. South reserves an apology.

Even West would not attempt a third round of spades, so he leads through strength with his three of diamonds. The four is played sullenly from dummy by South, and East takes the trick with his queen, South throwing on his seven. Disregarding the certainty of setting up the king of diamonds in dummy, East leads his ace, taking the trick amid eyebrow-raising on the part of West. East then leads his deuce of diamonds, hoping to find West short, but West isn't, and South snares his first trick with the king from dummy. South leads the queen of spades from dummy, and East covers with his ace, but South trumps from his own hand and takes his second trick. Fearful of the possibility that West might also be out of spades, South has trumped with his ten, which was quite unnecessary.

At a complete loss regarding the proper future course to pursue, South

France

Where February Suns Are Gay and Strong!

To go to France at any time is good. But to go *now* is to avoid the tourist-mob . . . to see it at its lovely, leisured best . . . and at your own . . . to take advantage of its sunshine and its flowers, its smartest beaches at their smartest season.

There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Cote d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

Returning . . . there's the lovely, lazy Chateau Country . . . Chinon, where Jean d'Arc saw her King . . . Azay-le-Rideau, tiny but such perfect Renaissance . . . Langeais, pure Gothic and a fort, despite its flowers . . . Villandry of the gardens and the swans . . . Chenonceux, swung gayly out across the Cher . . . Chambord of the double spiral staircase . . . Chaumont where Catherine studied astrology while Diane studied men . . .

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

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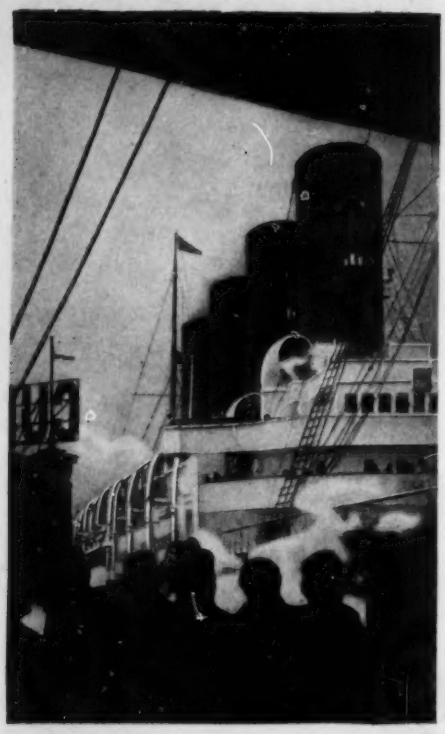
701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

1840. EIGHTY-NINE YEARS OF SERVICE 1929



Cunard . . .
The Shortest Bridge To Europe

Travelling Cunard almost brings European Winter Resorts as close as Palm Beach and Sarasota . . .

The fastest way over . . . the accepted crossing for season-followers who rely on Cunard speed . . . for those to whom February means the Côte d'Azur and March the Grand National . . . who must leave New York on Friday because their hotel rooms are booked for Nice or Liverpool, for Aintree, in a week's time . . .

Cunard crossings are in the blood of inveterate travellers . . . inherited from generation to generation . . . These wise people consider travel values before everything . . . speed . . . perfect service . . . express regularity . . .

For these reasons, in season and out, the Cunard tradition persists . . . It literally bridges the Atlantic . . .

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

Aquitania	March 1	March 22
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*Special Grand National Sailing

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Your Local Agent, or
25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD TO HAVANA . . . EVERY SATURDAY
S. S. CARONIA . . .
LARGEST AND FINEST LINER TO HAVANA

at last leads his queen of trumps, hearts, and West takes the trick with his ace. West then leads his jack of clubs, dummy covers with the queen, East re-covers with his king, and South finally takes with his ace as pretty a looking trick as you ever saw. Still plugging away at trumps, South leads his deuce with a lugubrious sigh, and West makes his nine good for the trick. West then takes two tricks in rapid succession with his ten and nine of clubs. With only two cards left to play, both trumps, he takes the first with his king of hearts and surrenders the last to South's jack.

SOUTH has only four of the eleven tricks for which he contracted—with North's ready assistance, of course—and is set seven hundred points. He does score thirty points for honors, however, so *all* was not lost. Too, he still has his twenty-four points toward rubber.

But South goes home and throws the well-thumbed book on bridge into the fireplace. —JOHN C. EMERY

•

A CERTAIN CRITIC

Deliberate, dark rapture and the cool,
Sweet cadences of tenderness elude
One who has gilded art with ridicule
Until he sings no more in any mood
Save of an unbeliever. Now, to please
The cynical who find him easy reading
He snickers at the ancient verities
And lightly scoffs, to show his perfect breeding.

He knows no sin but to be sentimental;
Fearing to be discovered in an act
Of kindness, and reluctant to be gentle,
Condemning what he names misguided tact,
He lives and dies denouncing foes and brothers,
A law unto himself—but not to others.

—SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

•

An item in the Tribune yesterday concerning Mrs. Benjamin Baskin, who gave birth to a boy in an elevator of the Medical and Dental Arts Building, stated that the cab in which she was brought to the building was a Yellow. Lawrence Foss, 1342 South Harding Avenue, asserts that he was the driver and that the cab was a Checker.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Now to find out if the elevator was an Otis!

¶ Living luxuriously is as much a matter of *where* as of *how* ..The location of Tishman Apartments is as carefully selected as the construction is carefully planned.

◆

Write for brochure of 13 new buildings containing apartments from 3 to 13 rooms.

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EGO? NO—
BUT,
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EATINEST FOOD
SOFTIEST DRINKS
At the New
FRIVOLITY
7th AVENUE NEAR 50th ST.
Where Nightly After Theatre Appears
ARTHUR SWANSTROM'S
Dynamic Revue in Miniature
"PIPE DREAMS OF '29"
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LES TED
STEVENS-KING
ORCHESTRA WITH
RAY COVERT *The Unmasked Tenor*
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132 West 57th Street
Luncheon.....Tea
VIRGINIA
FRIED CHICKEN DINNER
Cooked to Order

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sound and Despair—Just Movies—Boredom for the Arty

THE talkies are in the foreground this week, as "Conquest," at the Strand, is a hundred-per-center, and "The Broadway Melody," at the Astor, must be about eighty per cent chat-chat. We are too proud to protest further against the talkies. We say nothing—or, rather, as little as possible. For on this subject one notation, inspired by a scene in "Conquest," might as well be made. In this picture, which by the way you need not bother to see, a man is called upon to describe what happened when his plane fell in the regions of the South Pole. He is at dinner, and he rises to tell his story. Formerly, as he started to speak there would have been a fade-out, and then we should have seen the episode enacted on the dramatic ice floes of the Antarctic. Now we stare at his face while he shouts the story at us in lifeless, stilted, labored sentences, and in a voice that would not give him them in a row—during the course of a Saturday night game.

Later, remembering the doubtful spectator, I asked Kinny about the animal. A sort of miniature sunrise lit up his face. "Isn't he a beauty? I've had him since he came out of the West, rescued from a ranch in Alberta. He was a cow pony when Fred Post picked him up, and I trained and made him myself. You don't often get them like that one."

Some of the players take a rather academic interest in their ponies. Dr. John Richards, for instance, plays in actual contests only about one third of the time he devotes to polo. During the rest he is training young horses, and having a wonderful time doing it. The Doctor has no names for half of them—he will refer to one as the colt of this horse, or the mare of that breeder—but he knows each intimately.

POLO looks as though it were more brutal to the pony than it really is. Before the pony gets into fast combat, it is trained with care and regularity. Just as a boxer is taught to take punish-

O N T O C A L I F O R N I A !

"Sunset Limited"

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The hospitality of the South is reflected in the comforts and service of this, the premier train through the South to the West. Rooms en suite, if desired; barber, valet, baths, ladies' maid, ladies' lounge, club car. The ever-changing panorama of South and West, seen through gleaming car windows behind cinder-free, oil-burning locomotives, is a delightful prelude to California.

Returning you can take "*Sunset Limited*", "*Golden State Limited*", "*San Francisco Overland Limited*" or "*The Cascade*".

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of *four* routes. Go one way, return another. Stop over anywhere. See the whole Pacific Coast under the care and courtesy of this pioneer system.

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Send your name and address now, or call and ask for free illustrated book, "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*". Two convenient New York ticket offices: uptown at 531 Fifth Ave. (old Delmonico corner), phone Murray Hill 8400; downtown at 165 Broadway, 20th floor, phone Courtland 4800. H. H. GRAY, *General Agent, Passenger Department.*

let george do it

spare the child, and spoil the tree; said the clever cinema customer; flora or fauna, it's the survival of the fittest, that's why in broadway's garden blooms there no rose so fair, nor sweet nor hardy as

the paramount

where

pathe's ship comes in with "strange cargo" aboard . . . a surprise package just bursting with thrills and overrunning with conversation

and

and on the stage is "carnival cocktail" tempting the taste, exciting the eye, as well as the paramount stage band

and

at the organ the fond fingers of jesse crawford steal across the stops and stop . . . to pull and push and play.

at the rivoli— united artists

"the sins of the fathers" are prominently portrayed by emil jannings in paramount's motion picture of he who put the boot in bootlegging

at the rialto

like banquo's ghost, george bancroft as "the wolf of wall street" haunts the feasts of frenzied finance, and howls defiance for public delight, in paramount's swell talking picture.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

ment, a polo pony is trained for the jerking stops, and bumps, and the dizzy turns he will come up against in a game.

As for their enjoying the sport, well, it is doubtful that they would go out and play of their own accord. Theirs is a hard life, but an exciting one, and for the most part the animals seem to like the excitement. After all, it is rather difficult, offhand, to think of any life a horse leads which could be called an easy one. Polo can't be much worse than drudging along in harness, and some ponies seem to have a good time at it. Occasionally, of course, you get a wise beast that's mean. He refuses to play, and then there is nothing to do but let him off.

SEEN AT THE CATHEDRAL GAMES: Robert A. Granniss arriving with a top hat, gleaming white muffler, and an armful of prizes for the players. . . . Carl Pflug's father leading the cheering for Brooklyn, in a voice that would have done credit to any train announcer. . . . Cyril Harrison risking his neck by throwing his pony in front of the galloping Warren Sackman. . . . Sackman hitting backhanders like Devereux Milburn. . . . Julian Myrick presenting prizes in the centre of the ring. . . . A. G. Blaisdell consulting with Referee Nelson on a doubtful goal. . . . Tom Mugavin regretfully repeating, "There are no more tickets." . . . George Sherman ducking behind girders every time someone approached who looked as though he wanted a ticket. . . . A mass of white shirtfronts and a ceaseless roar of cheers. . . . Some of the very best polo that anyone has ever played indoors.

—MARTINGALE

•

ALONG CAME A TUGBOAT

The wrecking tug Warbler was dispatched in the morning.—*The Herald Tribune.*

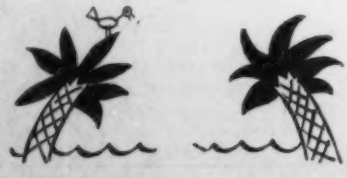
But the wrecking tug Warlnig is now alongside.—*The Evening Post.*

Stanley Dollar announced that the wrecking tug Warhler had arrived.—*The Daily News.*

The tug Warbler, out of Jacksonville, is standing by.—*The Sun.*

The tug Warburg reached her at 8 A.M.—*The Evening Post.*

•



"After Dark" and Before Visit Meyers Hotel

Of course, you're going to see "After Dark" at Christopher Morley's Rialto Theatre. As a fitting prelude, dine at Meyers Hotel.

And as a fitting climax to your evening in Hoboken, visit Meyer's Cellar after the show. Bavarian Folk Songs and Music. Tyrolean Mountain Yodelers. "16 feet below"

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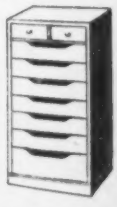
. . . here is an ingenious space-saving unit, that slips right into your present closet and brings order out of chaos. Used with our other clever clothing devices it creates an ideal wardrobe for any home.



hall LUGGAGE

PHILIP HALL
38 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

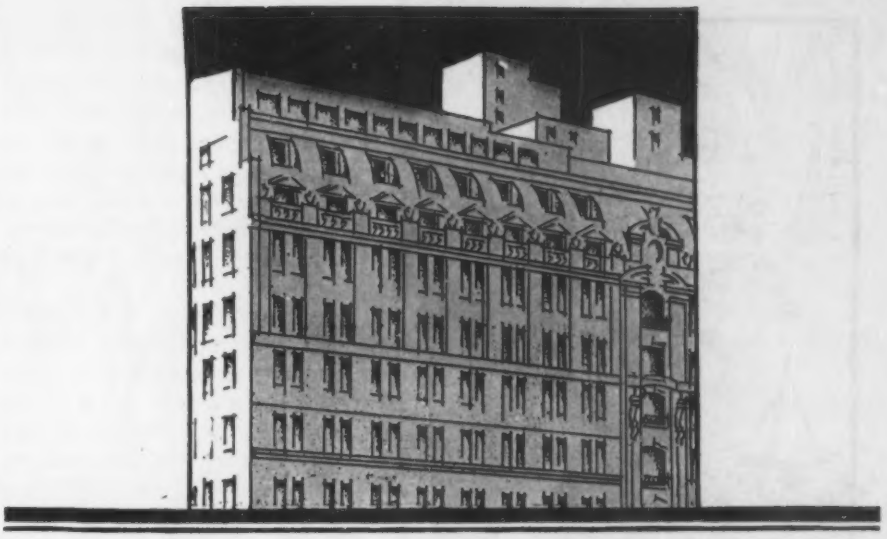
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sound and Despair—Just Movies — Boredom for the ***Arty***

THE talkies are in the foreground this week, as "Conquest," at the Strand, is a hundred-per-center, and "The Broadway Melody," at the Astor, must be about eighty per cent chat-chat. We are too proud to protest further against the talkies. We say nothing—or, rather, as little as possible. For on this subject one notation, inspired by a scene in "Conquest," might as well be made. In this picture, which by the way you need not bother to see, a man is called upon to describe what happened when his plane fell in the regions of the South Pole. He is at dinner, and he rises to tell his story. Formerly, as he started to speak there would have been a fade-out, and then we should have seen the episode enacted on the dramatic ice floes of the Antarctic. Now we stare at his face while he shouts the story at us in lifeless, stilted, labored sentences, and in a voice that would not give him a part in the annual show of the Cap and Bells Dramatic Club.

We remember that we decided to avoid mention of the talkies, but we can't entirely ignore them in "The Broadway Melody." This presents the career of two sisters who come to town to go into a musical show, and is similar in general outline to some others that have dealt with that phase of society. Bessie Love plays the plainer, less fortunate sister who has to do a deal of self-sacrificing and of being a good sport throughout. Her tears and her laughter are not unmoving. The stage background allows opportunity for one or two musical interpolations, and no one is more glad than we that the talkies charmingly succeed in a very pleasant ballet. Because of that we shall try to forget the dialogue of the play, and that James Gleason ever wanted to take any credit for it.

THERE are silent pictures at the Capitol and the Roxy—"The Flying Fleet," with Ramon Novarro, and "True Heaven," with George O'Brien and Lois Moran. The first



THE SALLE-CATHAY is now available for private functions . . . receptions, dinner and supper dances, affairs *intimes.* Thus, where New Yorkers are finding a new charm in their more formal lunching and dining, they may also entertain . . . delightfully abetted by the calm brilliance of "illuminated mosaic" . . . and secure in the knowledge of an established graciousness.

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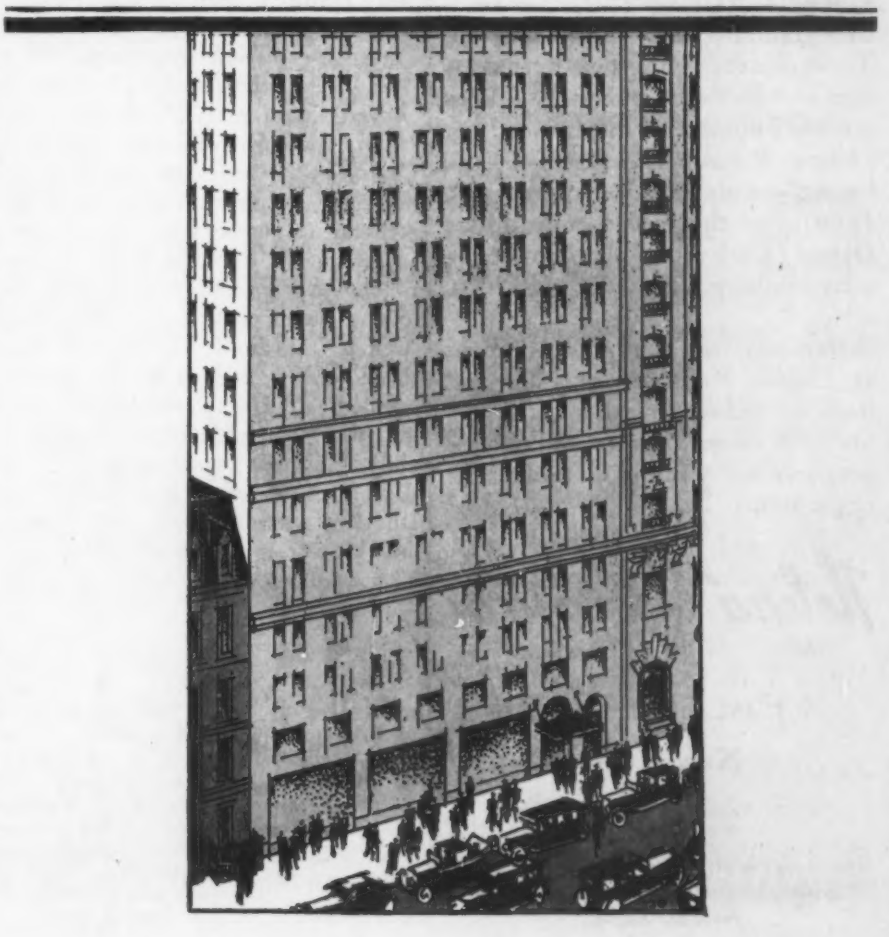

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To be smart, the face that follows the sun must be in harmony with the tropic scene. And to be correct as well as smart, the face must bear the *cachet* of HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

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especially is a comfort after the rest of the week's offerings. It is about our young naval aviators, and though without much story, it has some good views of planes going wild, of an airplane carrier, of a flight to Honolulu, of a crack squadron of fliers, and so on. After a long ride in the subway it is agreeable to come out and look at this picture.

"True Heaven" is well photographed. It's about Belgium in 1918 and two spies—that patriotism-versus-love idea which has been heard of before. Our hero is about to be shot for espionage when the commanding officer dances out in front of the firing squad with the news of the armistice. The hero smiles placidly, being much too brave to feel even any strain in the crisis, and hurries off to find his beloved. Doubtless they are living right around the corner at this minute, often having a good laugh at those days of the war.

THERE has been a vast amount of bustling in the little theatres this last week without any world-startling results. The Cameo has a very dull Russian picture called "The Lash of the Czar." The Fifty-fifth Street Cinema has a French product, "Napoleon," in which that gentleman does more posturing than he probably had time for in actual life. The Little Carnegie goes German with "The Man Who Cheated Life," which is nothing at all to see. At this small fane of the cinema another, and brief, film tries to elucidate the Einstein theory of the fourth dimension to the little-theatre public, which has a beautiful time over it. The Fifth Avenue Playhouse is provincial enough to run an American picture, "Ra-Mu, Children of the Sun," but as it is about the South Sea Islands the slip may be excused. This is the third of the Captain Salisbury cycle of travel pictures and the mildest of the set so far, as it deals with Tahiti and the Society Islands. We are so bored with hibiscus and breadfruit that beside them New York waffles seem Elysian. —J. C. M.

•

At 11 o'clock, she said, he returned with another man and a woman. The four then visited several speakeasies. About 4 o'clock in the morning, she went on, they returned to her home and awoke her mother, who dressed and started out with them to visit still more places of entertainment.—*The Times.*

The places mother knows best?

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HARK AT THIS

"MY dear, I get so sick of hearing of the perfections of that woman! Miss Allen this and Miss Allen that until I could *scream*. He positively swears he couldn't run his business without her. And he handles her with kid gloves, I mean it. Absolutely I—"

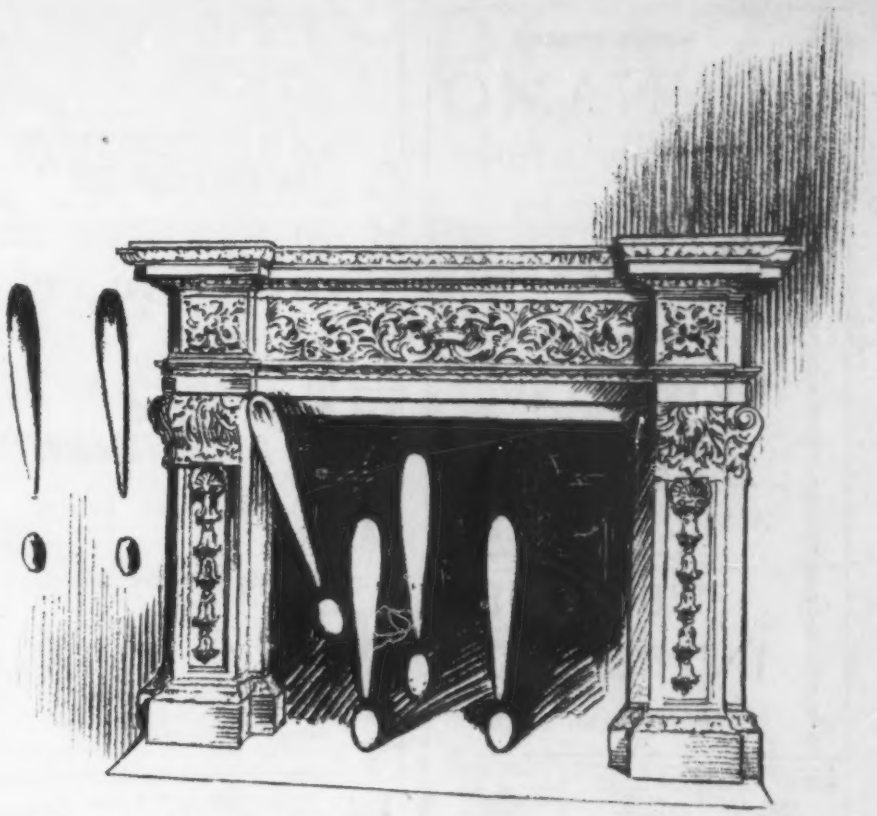
"Isn't it disgusting? If they'd have *half* the consideration for their wives they have for their stenographers—"

"Exactly! And you should *see* this wonderful Miss Allen! Blue serge, my dear, a sack tied in the middle—I should let myself go that way once, just once."

"Don't tell *me*! Don't I know!"

"And he swears he couldn't run his business without her! Why, Lois, I assure you she's absolutely stupid, I mean it. And no sense of humor. And no common sense. Did I tell you what she did to Mamma? Listen. Mamma called up the office the other day to remind Frank about sending flowers to Aunt Ella for her fiftieth, see, and when she got the office, the operator told her Frank was in conference and couldn't be disturbed.

"WELL, you know *Mamma*. I mean, we just have to humor her. She gets so excited and all when she's opposed, and she got dreadfully excited and wouldn't give the operator the message but insisted on speaking to Frank whether or no. So finally the switchboard girl gave up the battle and called the paragon Miss Allen to the phone to compete with Mamma. Well, Miss Allen didn't have sense enough to realize the way Mamma was and call Frank in spite of instructions, but she kept arguing with her about how the conference was important and Frank simply could not be called, and Mamma simply worked up into a perfect frenzy. You know how Mamma is, Lois, she's always been like that. And she wouldn't tell them who she was but just kept on about how it was vital that she speak with Frank. But all that woman would say was, 'If you'll leave your name I'll tell him you called.' And that was dumb too, Lois, because Mamma calls up the office so often and she's spoken to Miss Allen loads of times when Frank



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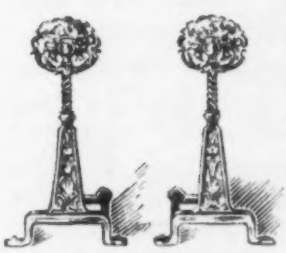

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GRANT MITCHELL
in "ALL THE KING'S MEN"
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"Excellent moving scenes."—Atkinson, Times

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"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
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wasn't in, and so you'd think that a really *competent* secretary would have *recognized* her voice from hearing it so often. I mean, Mamma calls up the office on the average of a half a dozen times a week to remind Frank about wiring relatives for anniversaries and sending flowers for weddings and things. Frank gets terribly annoyed and he's always telling me how he positively will not put up with it any longer but I always tell him what can I do. He knows Mamma as well as I do and you simply cannot argue with her. But anyhow you'd have thought that after all this time Miss Allen would have known her voice and called Frank to the phone, wouldn't you, Lois? Well, Mamma kept on getting angrier and angrier and when she got through Miss Allen just repeated that 'Mr. Lawrence is in a most important conference and cannot be disturbed now but if you'll tell me who this is I'll tell him you called.' Well, Mamma was so beside herself that she exclaimed, *'Ass!'* And do you know what that dumb Miss Allen answered her? She said, 'Thank you very much, I'll tell Mr. Lawrence you called.'"

"My dear!" —G. SCHWABE

•

SUKI

LINES TO A TOY PEKINESE ASLEEP ON A PILLOW

She has her mental escapades,
Her microscopic mind invades
Whole spheres of living . . . in her sleep
A mighty valor, buried deep
Below long centuries of ease,
Bursts forth again and bids her seize
Old worlds, old ways inherited
From ancestors long gone and dead.
Perhaps (her small lip's curling back!),
Perhaps, she's running with the pack,
And fighting for her rightful place
Among a lion-hearted race
Of Pekinese who fought and ran
Before the dynasties began.

She has a sweater, every stitch
By Messers Abercrombie Fitch,
She eats expensive kennel food
And finds new ways of being rude
To callers, while the grocer's boy
Inflates her with ferocious joy.

Yet there she lies, removed, serene,
Upon her pillow satin-green;
An ancient soul in modern fur—
Who knows the ageless dreams of her?

—PATIENCE EDEN

THREE AT TEA

I PULLED a felt hat tightly over my ears, swathed my throat in a muffler, got into a fur coat and fur-lined gloves, and went out of my house—only to discover again that, as usual, the air was warmer outdoors than in. That was London.

Nevertheless, on arriving at Mrs. Craig-Higgs', I allowed the parlor-maid to rob me of each and every warm garment before turning me out into the wintry drawing-room where my hostess and her son Cosmo sat among tea-things. The room was gay with daffodils and tulips, which looked like wax but were real.

Anyhow, after the greetings, I slipped into a chair close beside the fireplace, where *a* coal was burning.

"Frightful weather, isn't it, my dyeh!" said Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"Shocking!" said Cosmo Craig-Higgs.

"Hellish!" thought I, but of course I didn't say so—after all it was their weather, not mine.

"Five Sundays without sunshine, though of course there has been a bit now and then weekdays. Even the *Times* is remarking about it. Most extr'ord'n'ry, really!"

"So beastly cold, too," put in Cosmo. "But you must think us jolly silly to call *this* cold, don't you?"

"I don't think it at all silly, Cosmo," I said, but wondered instantly if I should have said it. As a matter of fact I certainly wouldn't have said anything that might sound in the least depreciatory, except that at the moment I was a little preoccupied with thinking about the poor little lonely coal in that big grate. I felt like taking it on my lap.

"Have a whiskey, won't you?" Cosmo said. It was rather abrupt, especially since boys of that age are so refined over here, but I didn't mind.

"Cosmo! I can't imagine what the world's coming to! Since when has whiskey become a lady's drink? Besides it's tea-time — and here's tea."

WE had the tea. In the growing dusk the silver tea-service and the daffodils and tulips reflected the steadfast light of the little, burning coal. It was all very nice.

"Of course, it is depressing, really, this time of year in London," Mrs. Craig-Higgs said. "But then it is

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Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it is soft and smooth as velvet—as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

AFTER dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

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anywhere. It isn't *only* London, which, by the way, is the healthiest city in the world, really, if one takes proper care of oneself. Don't you agree?"

Hastily I agreed.

"One must exercise precaution, of course. Hot baths, hot-water bottles in one's bed, wool next one's skin, plenty of tea—"

"And whiskey, Mummy."

"And one must *not* keep aloof from a bit of cod-liver oil these dark days. Above all, one must *not* sit in overheated rooms, my dyeh."

"Oh, I never do do that," I said.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs went on to speak of exercises with the windows open. Presently the maid came in, turned on the lights, closed the shutters, and drew the curtains. Last of all, she took up the firetongs and transferred a fresh little black coal from the big copper hod to the grate.

"Dyeh me, *Eev*'lyn, you'll suffocate us," cried Mrs. Craig-Higgs. "No, don't remove it. Simply push it well back. Thank you, that will do." To me: "Oh, how do you ever live through that frightful central-heating you have in New York? I'm sure I couldn't endure it. My friends tell me there are radiators in *every* room. It must be *too* frightful!"

Well, anyhow, I was now on home ground. Almost boldly I replied:

"Too unbelievably frightful, Mrs. Craig-Higgs." —FRANCES CRANE

•

"MUSICAL AMERICA" EMPLOYS AN ANSWER MAN

FUTURE OPERA SINGER — Oh, you bad, bad girl! What a lot of things you want to know! Lucrezia Bori and Edward Johnson are not married, nor even engaged as far as I know. And you want to know why there aren't any tunes in "Pelléas and Mélisande?" Because the composer wrote it that way, of course. Yes, that was Martinelli in "La Juive." He had on a beard. So you'd like to know if Rosa Ponselle chews coughdrops between scenes. You'd better write and ask her. Well, well, so you sang "Martha" at your high-school entertainment!

CHOLLY—Yes indeed, Maria Jeritza is married. To Baron Von Popper. That makes Jeritza a baroness, but she doesn't use the title. Belongs to the Lucy Stone League, I guess. Yes, really a blonde. Write her Care

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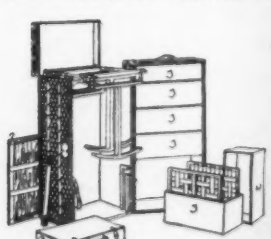

ARTHUR GILMORE
INCORPORATED
16 EAST 52ND STREET, N.Y.

the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

MUSICAL—Glad to hear from you again. Opera singers employ clappers in the galleries? Absurd. Don't believe a word of it.

TONY—Yes, Maria Jeritza is married.

STUDENT—The Cleveland Orchestra has its headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio.

DISAPPOINTED—Oh, that Gigli-Jeritza feud was all over years ago. No, it's not true that she fell into the orchestra pit injuring six musicians and a conductor. Well, if you don't like the gallery, why not stand downstairs?

"AÏDA" FAN—That was Rethberg you heard, not Rosa Ponselle. Yes, she has a sister in the company. So standing makes your feet hurt and you can't afford a seat. Well, you are in a bad way. Have you tried Footease? Perhaps crutches would help.

DOLLY—Yes, Lauri-Volpi prefers blue eyes to brown. His favorite fruit is the persimmon.

FRIEDRICH—Maria Jeritza is married.

CHORUS MAN—Thanks for your photograph. So all your friends think you look like Lawrence Tibbett!

CORALIE—I'm afraid I can't tell you how to break into grand opera. It's no easy matter. You've been reading newspaper stories about Marion Talley. Why not try a few singing lessons to start?

BOY SOPRANO OF BLEECKER STREET—No, the sopranos are all women. Have you been around to the churches? Of course, there's always the radio.

DISGUSTED — Now, now, calm down, calm down. What if Lauri-Volpi did overlook your request for his photograph. Remember his dressing-room is literally overflowing with fan mail. Are you sure you enclosed a quarter?

GEORGES—Your friend was right. Maria Jeritza is married.

—WILELLA WALDORF

•

Softly rounded contours in Buick, following closely the fashion trend both in Europe and America, replaced the straight lines of old.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It had to come. But Hupmobile was first to capture it. The modern flair in motor car design. The car of sleek, crisp, straightaway lines, without the traditional ornate and bulbous contours. —*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

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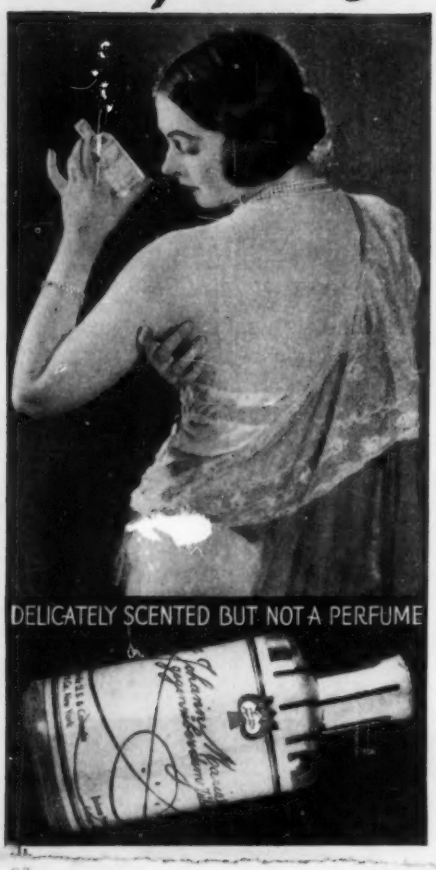

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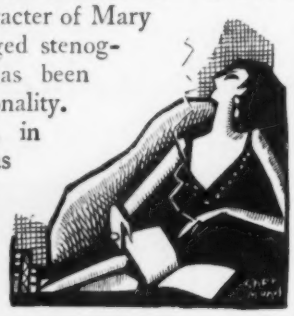
RECENT BOOKS

Love and Censorship

"MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD" is Myron Brinig's first novel, and if we were May Sinclair or E. M. Delafield we should be proud to claim it. It is a psychological novel of beauty and restraint revolving about the character of Mary Dunston, a middle-aged stenographer whose life has been as drab as her personality. Except once, briefly, in her youth, no one has ever even held her hand. Her love of children is her only passion. This reaches its climax when her employer's little girl enters her life. Mr. Brinig's picture of Mary's vicarious maternity, with its rapture and its tragedy, is extraordinary. He has not made Mary a "case." He makes her very real, very human, very pitiful, but all the time you feel quite sure that he can afford to be tender because he understands the pathology of the whole situation.



"THE SILVER VIRGIN," by Ida A. R. Wylie, has nothing to do with virginity. It is the story of an unhappy marriage, contracted by two young people who have met before the shrine of the Silver Virgin in a Spanish village, during the war. The war turns their marriage into a nominal one, and in spite of their love for each other, Justine leaves Gale and plans marriage with the other man who wants her. The author has done a difficult job admirably. She has taken bits of actuality and bits of memory and has woven them together so skillfully that by the end of her book she has unrolled the scroll of several lives. Sometimes her method is confusing, especially at first, before one falls into her manner of jumping from the thoughts of a character into his physical activity.

THEODORA BENSON'S "Salad Days" is as crisp as its title. It is a novel of adolescence and the very adult period which is just beyond it. The plot is non-essential, but diverting. There are two charming English sisters and a host of suitors, and the whole thing is an enchanting jumble of the gaiety and solemnity of youth.

WE were puzzled by Alice Dudeney's "The Peep Show" in spite of Messrs. Putnam's illuminating foreword, which explains the part played by Penelope Wilson's mind in Part II. We found her mind almost as baffling when it was sane as when it was mad. "The Peep Show" is a strange and arresting story. A woman of forty is released from the tyranny of her two old aunts and goes out into the world. She has a wonderful love affair with a man who might have been her son, and revisits with him the scenes of her youth. Then a sudden shock, unconsciously administered and unconsciously received, sends her mind back into the past and she relives episodes leading up to a startling dénouement.

Now, after a day or two since we read the book, it is beginning to force itself upon us. We have forgotten the jar caused by a somewhat ecstatic style, and what remains is the effective treatment of a pathological theme. The characters lack reality. They have no dimensions, and they seem to exist only to play their parts in the clinic.

AN interesting exposé of the power of censorship in our own time is George Seldes' "You Can't Print That." With all the good stories that Mr. Seldes had up his sleeve during the years he has spent in the Foreign News Service, we are glad that he retired long enough to write this book. There are tales of Mussolini, of Lenin, Queen Marie and Carol, of D'Annunzio, the French in Syria, Mr. Hearst and the Avila documents, Hindenburg's version of who won the war, and many others. Not the least part of the book's interest lies in the way the stories were obtained. —R. L. L.

ONE of the most important musical events of the new year so far is "Prima Donna," a novel by Pitts Sanborn, music critic of the *Telegram.* It is a rare performance in that every musical detail in its two volumes is authentic.

Mr. Sanborn has traced the musical and amorous career of Helma Seymour, of Byzantium, Ohio, from her first misstep in the too gay nineties to her second marriage in her own forties. This Seymour is a dramatic soprano of amazing accomplishments

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—a contemporary Lilli Lehmann—and in creating her, Mr. Sanborn has put on paper the singer that all of us have been wanting to hear. So far as I can discover, there is no "dirt" in the book, and Helma Seymour is not a veiled or unveiled sketch of any living singer. The only obvious portraits are friendly little drawings of Signor Gatti-Casazza ("Leoni-Ferrari"), William J. Guard ("J. Wesley Speakes"), Aphonse, the one-time assistant of Mr. Guard, a noted South American mezzo ("Concha Ximinez"), a tenor modelled somewhat after O'Sullivan, who once sang here with the Chicago company, and Mielka Ternina ("the great Croat").

The music-lover will enjoy particularly Mr. Sanborn's revellings in the grand school of singing and his provocative exposition of vocal problems. "Prima Donna" also discloses its author as an authority on cookery and as a master of French. That he is a master of English is no news to his readers, and I suspect that "Prima Donna" may bring him many new devotees. —R. A. S.

•

SONG BEFORE MATRIMONY

If our house is bounded
By a picket fence
I shall be a good wife
Full of common sense,

I shall be a neat wife
Mindful of your socks,
I shall keep your dress studs
In a little box,

I shall be a wife who
Diligently sews
Buttons on and sprinkles
Mothballs in your clothes,

If instead of pickets
There should be a wall
I am sure I shouldn't
Stay at home at all.

—RUTH BROWN

•

The sheriff's department was informed Saturday of a house burglary at the Morgan Hopper home, 2400 Oakland Drive, in which furnishings valued at $400 were taken. The articles taken included a gas stove, a kitchen clock, dishes, pillows, blankets, two chairs, and a tea kettle. The Hopper family was away from home at the time.—*Kalamazoo* (*Mich.*) *Gazette.*

We should say they were!

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ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

by Lytton Strachey

If your library seems a little out-of-date, a trifle incomplete, vaguely lacking in immediate inspiration when you look it over hopefully after dinner,—then you probably haven't yet bought this tragic love-story of the Virgin Queen. *With Portraits*, $3.75

THE MAGIC ISLAND

by William B. Seabrook

More otherwise jaded critics have coined more new superlatives synonymous with "exciting" about this book than we could readily enumerate. *Illustrated*, $3.50

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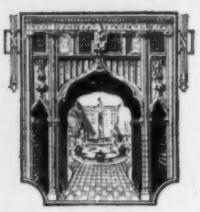

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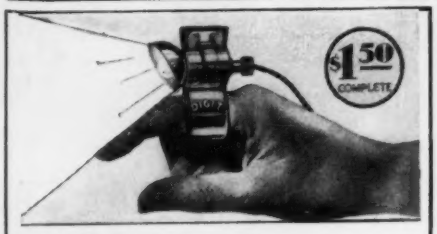

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD, by Myron Brinig (*Doubleday, Doran*). An old maid's vicarious maternity is the theme of a beautiful and moving first novel.

THE SILVER VIRGIN, by Ida A. R. Wylie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Love, passion, and loyalty in the aftermath of war. A skillful treatment.

SALAD DAYS, by Theodora Benson (*Harper*). Delightful young people and their adolescence. Sprightly and engaging.

THE PEEP SHOW, by Alice Dudeney (*Putnam*). Adventures in the mind of a fascinating woman with a psychic scar.

MR. AMBERTHWAITE, by Louis Marlow (*Knopf*). Four quite different types foregather as the result of an ocean voyage, and a sophisticated and amusing story results.

PRIMA DONNA, by Pitts Sanborn (*Longmans, Green*). An intimate and entertaining view of a plausible American diva, by a music critic who also lists his artistic and culinary preferences.

HUMDRUM HOUSE, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). A woman is forced to become interesting rather than domestic to keep her husband's erring affections.

ARMISTICE AND OTHER MEMORIES, by R. H. Mottram (*Dial Press*). Some excellent short stories, vignettes of the war by the author of "The Spanish Farm."

THE LAST SEPTEMBER, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). A group of amusing people in Ireland at the time of the revolution. Suave and sophisticated.

ACCIDENT, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). A train journey involves the lives of several more or less delightful people. Very diverting.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doubleday, Doran*). How Mamba got herself "white folks" and fought for her granddaughter. An admirable picture of old Charleston in a new age.

TRANSPORT, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). What happens to a group on an army transport between San Francisco and Manila. Sound psychology and an absorbing story.

A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE ARTICOLES, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). A trip to an island populated by creative artists and their "public." Amusing satire.

THE SLOWER JUDAS, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Short stories that are not up to her novels but nevertheless contain some fine stuff.

Less recent:

THE SNAKE PIT, by Sigrid Undset. PROCESSION, by Fannie Hurst. FIRST LOVE, by E. M. Delafield. PEDER VICTORIOUS, by O. E. Rolvaag. THROUGH BEDS OF STONE, by M. L. Haskins. WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED, by Edna Bryner. THE GALLANT CAME LATE, by Marian Storm. MANTIS, by Ethelreda Lewis. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by H. W. Freeman. PRIVATE SUHREN, by George von der Vring.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE HAVERING PLOT, by Richard Keverne (*Harper*).... THE ROBBERY AT RUDWICK

HOUSE, by Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). . . . SHADOWED, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). . . . THE FLYING SQUAD, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED, by Samuel Emery (*Dutton*). . . . GOLD BULLETS, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . THE MAN WHO NEVER BLUNDERED, by Sinclair Gluck (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . FOOTPRINTS, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE SEALED TRUNK, by Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY, by Anthony Berkeley (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . DEAD MEN'S SHOES, by Lee Thayer (*Scars*). . . . DEATH AT FOUR CORNERS, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dial Press*). . . . NIGHTMARE, by Gerald Mygatt (*Penn*). . . . THE EYE OF OSIRIS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). . . . PARADISE COURT, by J. S. Fletcher (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE IN TUESDAY MARKET, by J. S. Fletcher (*Knopf*). . . . THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO, by Henry S. Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . THE HIDDEN WOMAN, by James Hay, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE TULE MARSH MURDER, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER AT SEA, by Richard Connell (*Minton, Balch*). . . . ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS, by Irving Bacheller (*Bobbs-Merrill*).

GENERAL

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes (*Payson & Clarke*). The suppressed history of the last decade written by a newspaperman who was among those to unearth the news.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS, by Irma Duncan and Allen MacDougall (*Covici, Friede*). Art for Isadora's sake. Letters and memorabilia to and from Isadora which seem trivial and mercenary.

TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, by Constance Rourke (*Harcourt, Brace*). Fascinating story of the California stage after the gold rush.

DINNERS LONG AND SHORT, by A. H. Adair (*Knopf*). Menus and recipes that make delightful reading even in a prohibition country.

THE KRASSIN, by Maurice Parijanine (*Macaulay*). One version of the rescue of the survivors of the Italia. Dramatic and shocking.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA, by Davide Giudice (*Appleton*). The other side of the story. An Italian's point of view about the Zappi-Malmgren-Mariano controversy.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by David Karsner (*Brentano*). The character of our seventh president in some detail. Entertaining biography.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT, by Muriel Draper (*Harper*). An informal and fascinating chronicle of Muriel and Paul Draper's life and friendships during six colorful years in Florence and London.

Less recent:

SIMON GIRTY, by Thomas Boyd. PERSONALITIES OF ANTIQUITY, by Arthur Weigall. THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook. THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING, by H. G. Wells. AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY, edited by Mark Van Doren. THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, by Count Egon Caesar Corti.

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AS EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK DISTRIBUTORS FOR GLOBE-WERNICKE AND DOTEN-DUNTON, THE WILLIAM F. WHOLEY COMPANY ARE AT ALL TIMES PREPARED TO SUPPLY FROM STOCK A COMPLETE RANGE OF FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY TYPE OF OFFICE. THEY ALSO CONTRIBUTE, WHEN DESIRED, AUTHORITATIVE COUNSEL UPON ALL MATTERS PERTAINING TO THE LAYOUT, DECORATION AND FURNISHING OF THE BUSINESS HOME.

When nights are cold . . . .

¶ Motor oil must flow. And Texaco does. Freely. *Instantly*—the second your starter goes into action. ¶ In cold weather many motor oils turn thick as grease the moment your engine cools. When you start, they lag in the oil leads, leaving bearings and cylinder walls unprotected. For whole seconds these "dry spots" grate and grind and chafe each other. ¶ Not so with Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Clean and clear—as pure as it looks—free of all cold-sensitive impurities, Texaco flows and lubricates at *all* temperatures. Even at zero—and lower—Texaco flows—and lubricates.

Change today to the proper grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Stop wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. While you are there be sure to try the *new* and *better* Texaco—the true high test gasoline at no added price.

IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO

TEXACO

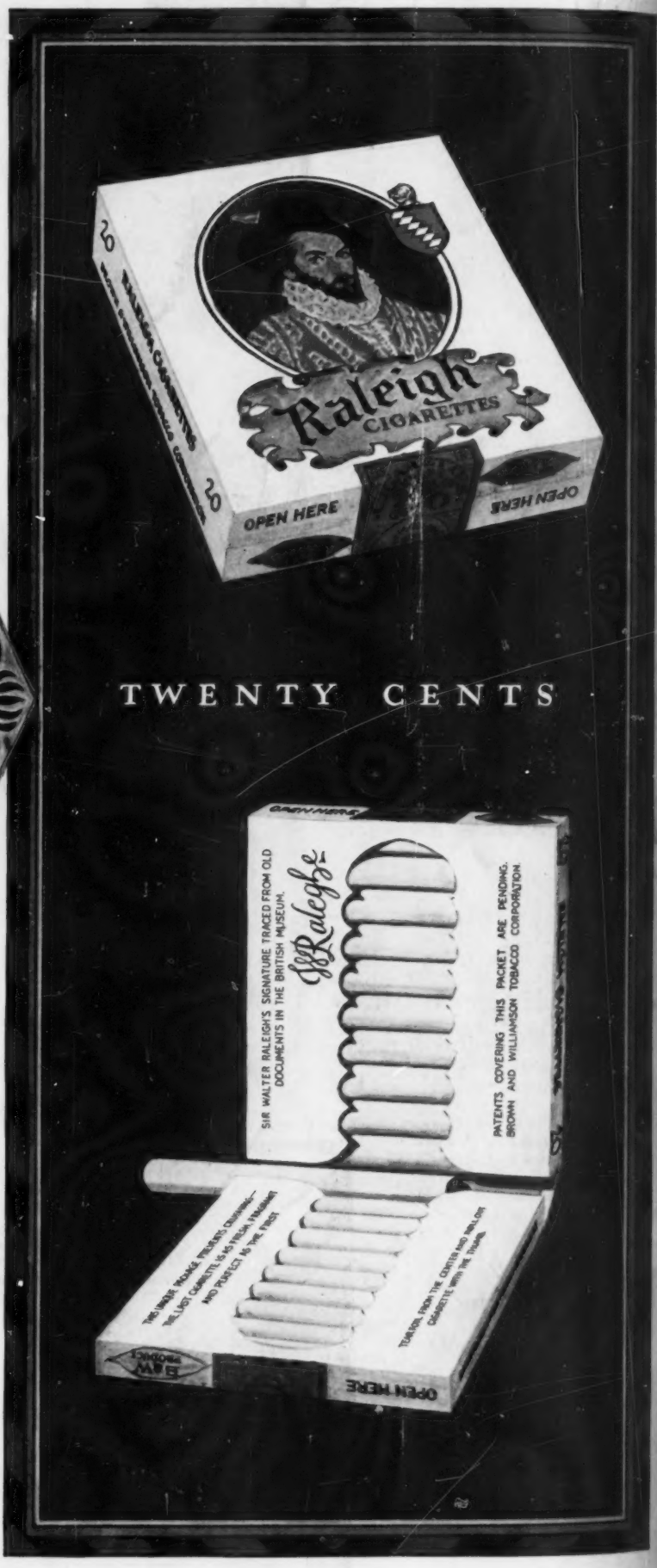
GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

THE RALEIGH packet is frankly as interesting as the cigarette itself. It is made like a saddle-bag. In your pocket it folds slim and snug to protect the plumpness of each cigarette. In your hand it flips open as the next

fresh Raleigh rolls to the center. All this finicky care about a packet is only an incident to the introduction of a cigarette that deserved to be dressed and protected as well as it was made.

It is blended puff by puff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CIGARETTES
OPEN HERE
OPEN HERE
TWENTY CENTS
SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S SIGNATURE TRACED FROM OLD DOCUMENTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
PATENTS COVERING THIS PACKET ARE PENDING. BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION.
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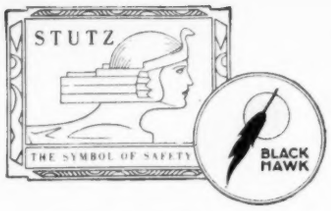
BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION—*Winston-Salem and Louisville*



Check-up

Go the rounds for an impartial check-up of all the fine cars, and you will come to this inevitable conclusion:

Stutz and Blackhawk embody all that is finest in modern motor cars plus these distinctive features found only in Stutz-built automobiles:

The "Noback"—the new device that prevents undesirable and dangerous backward-rolling of cars on hills and inclines, without the use of brakes. Entirely automatic. And what a relief!

Low weight—made possible by the worm drive—eliminates side sway and "toppiness." Provides utmost riding and driving comfort, road adhesiveness, safety.

Weymann flexible bodies—European in design and charm. Stunning to look upon, extremely comfortable within.

A pleasure to take you for a demonstration.

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sells at $3395 to $6895

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THE SKY LINE

A Glory Regained — New Towers—Glimpse into the Near Future

INTERESTING changes are taking place in the mid-town section of which Fourteenth Street is the main cross-artery. Some of us ancients remember this thoroughfare when it was the shopping centre for the retail trade. Thither fond mammas dragged their young to be outfitted at Best's Liliputian Bazaar. Macy's was there, and the carriage folk of the nineties debarked on the broad sidewalks. This glory passed and the hideous hostelries of the district became a sort of architectural vacuum into which poured the wholesale dealers in laces, feathers, and other fripperies.

The old street at last shows signs of coming back. We have already commended the new Tammany Hall nearby, a real adornment to the neighborhood, and incidentally we are glad to correct our previous statement that it was built of "a small Harvard brick." Mr. Converse, one of the designers, writes us that the brick used is actually "oversize" and was specially made in England to conform with the type used by the revered founder of the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello. This, we opine, shows a laudable respect for tradition in a detail of building construction.

At the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street the Consolidated Gas Company has just completed its new tower, which is interestingly wedged in between the flanking buildings. Warren & Wetmore have designed a sturdy shaft, classic in detail and vigorous in silhouette. In the main, it hooks on well to the adjacent structures, though there is a variation in cornice heights that is slightly distressing where the sub-structure cornice just misses lining up with the corresponding features of the building units. It is, however, a fine tower, built of limestone all the way and setting back ingeniously to the splendid lantern which is the crowning feature. We understand this is to be gilded, which it should be, for the building has an air which could well support a festive final touch.

Something of the same spirit of dignified gaiety is carried into the main

"But he has a tabloid brain, my dear. I did my best to tell him how to sense a good restaurant, and, do you *know*, he fancied that a tea ball was a sort of dinner dance."

***"Thoughts of homicide!* But, may I inquire where the tea ball enters the lesson for cover charge experts."**

"Don't be *dull*, darling. Anyone knows that you can't be very far wrong in a restaurant that uses White Rose tea balls . . . ."

Advertisement

corridor of the interior, a marble wainscoted hall whose beautiful vaulting is appropriately decorated with a flame motif, the architectural expression of Consolidated Gas.

OTHER interesting interiors are now visible in the recently revealed Chanin Building in Forty-second Street, notably the spacious office of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company and the main corridor which serves the acres of floor space in this huge structure. Here the spirit of the design is distinctly modern, in keeping with the exterior detail which surmounts the black marble base of the building—a broad bronze frieze in low relief depicting such sportive creatures as wild ducks and formal flat fish respectively winging or swimming their way through tangled jungles of bizarre scrolls and wiggles.

The B. & O. office is more restrained in treatment, as befits a serious railway company, but its big room with its ivory ceiling, simple sidewalls, and terrazzo floor in warm grays is very effective. The ornamental detail, mostly geometric, is confined to flat panels which contrast with the plain surfaces about them. We are constantly impressed with the tremendous importance of lighting fixtures in work of this modern character, and that the Chanin Company is alive to this is evident in the ingenious design and beauty of these adjuncts. Especially effective are the torchlike fixtures which are applied to the supporting piers. They are fabricated in a combination of bright steel and bronze, the concealed lights throwing their rays upward from graceful trumpet-shaped bowls. Similarly, the overhead fixtures and other sidewall brackets manage to diffuse the light agreeably with none of the eye-stabbing glare of direct illumination, which, praise be, is a thing of the past. It gave us a modern feeling, too, to hear a uniformed attendant announce, within two steps of Forty-second Street, the departure of a train for Pittsburgh and points west.

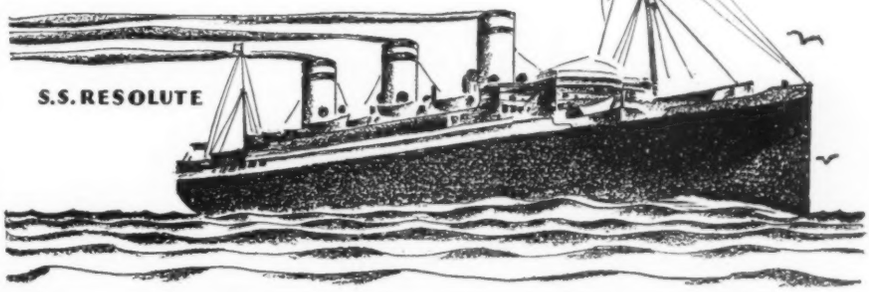
Much more lively in its decorative treatment is the long corridor of the

ALL THE ICE IS IN GLASSES...

Treasured friends of yours are in India this week... without chains, without zippers—without overcoats. Having a look at Bombay, learning to pronounce Taj Mahal—boating on the Ganges. From Lincoln's Birthday to February 23 'round-the-world cruisers on the S. S. Resolute are seeing India.

Treasured friends aboard? Indeed you have!

When this famous Hamburg-American liner sailed from New York on January 7th, she carried ample quantities of the blend of coffee so enthusiastically preferred by New York's experts in such matters. And by way of making epicurean luxury complete the ship also carried a generous supply of Beech-Nut Bacon.



Beech-Nut Coffee

Stay Here

when you come to London. Once the palace of a Royal Duke, Grosvenor House now offers you the finest suites in Europe and the most perfect service, wines and cooking.

Suites range in size from an entrance hall, a reception room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchenette to an apartment containing a large reception hall, two large entertaining rooms, five bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms and a kitchenette. Suites are furnished or unfurnished. Those now available unfurnished cost from £490 a year.

Furnished suites cost from 2 guineas a day. Single bedrooms with private bathroom from one guinea. These prices are absolutely inclusive.

Grosvenor House is ideal for banquets, balls, and public or private functions of any size.

For sporting facilities apply to the Sports Manager.

GROSVENOR HOUSE
PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363. Cables and Telegrams: "Grovhows" Audley.

Tired of City Crowds?

Why not get away from them—weekends, at least? We know of a charming house that nestles, isolated in 6½ acres of woodland, near Sayville, L. I. An ideal retreat for artist or writer desiring quiet and beautiful surroundings. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage, caretaker's apartment. Price $25,000.

THE BURGOYNE HAMILTON COMPANY
16 East 52nd Street
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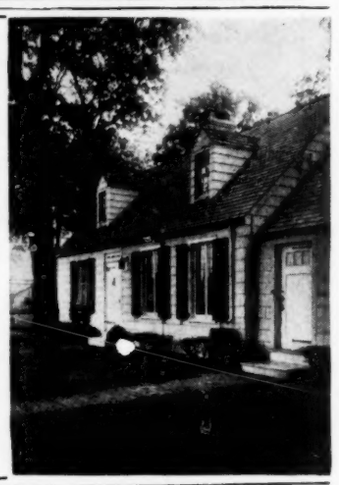

This matter of being smart

is fast ceasing to be a matter of copying our chic French friends.
It is fast becoming a matter of being simple and individual in one's own right.
Which explains why so many smart New York women are so delighted with the lingerie we create for them . . .
And why the Metropolitan Museum invited us to design the tea gown for its American Industrial Art Exhibition.
May we show you some of our originalities?

hazel Kolman inc.
LINGERIE
432 MADISON AVENUE (at 49th Street)
Telephone—Regent 9988

building itself, where the newer art forms are given freer rein in marble, metal, and glass. Here, too, the lighting fixtures are spirited affairs, elongated clusters of bronze and translucent glass, adequate in illumination and amusing in design. Noteworthy, likewise, are the interior doors and windows of the little shops which face on Lexington Avenue, in which the glazing is subdivided by shooting rays and curves of metal far removed from the old order of such things. Over the interior doors at each of the corridors are amber-toned reliefs formally suggesting the massed towers of the new New York, and even the government's eagle on the letter-box is brought up to date by this vigorous modelling.

All this interesting decorative work was done by the Chanin Company's own architectural department under the supervision of Irwin S. Chanin and Jacques Delamarre. We suspected that there was a Frenchman in it somewhere.

SPEAKING of tall buildings, Delano & Aldrich are expectantly watching the completion of their first design in this field, the huge office building at 63 Wall Street, the lower floors of which will be occupied by Brown Brothers. Though not yet ready for extensive comment, it already impresses us as an extraordinarily picturesque and romantic pile. Then there is the new Opera project which has stirred the architectural world to its very depths; that too must wait. We can only say that we have had a glimpse of some of the preliminary studies and that they are excellent. The only trouble with trying to cover New York's sky line is the impossibility of keeping up with it. —T-SQUARE

•

NOSTALGIA

Florida frogs
In February
In Florida swamps
Are making merry.
All together
Could not pay
For one New England frog
In May.
—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

FOR SALE—One milking shorthorn bull 3 years old. George W. Ham & Sons, Toulon.—*Toulon (Ill.) News.*

And so young, too.

Feminine Charm

HANDS . . . graceful . . . expressive . . . care for them with the same delightful cream that enhances the loveliness of Madame's face.

Crème Simon, designed for the hands as well as the face, protects effectively against the rigors of the winter elements.

Crème Simon is free of greasy ingredients. Soothing and pleasant to use, Crème Simon becomes a most luxurious part of the daily toilet.

Originated in France and sold in all parts of the world for 75 years.

Only a *good* product can live so long and each year show an increasing favor by Madame!

For sale everywhere.

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120 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

OUT OF TOWN

Frenzied Facts—Idyllic Island — Sport Centre

A QUICK résumé of ideas for Washington's Birthday and adjacent weekends: Atlantic City, at its best right now. . . . The Ritz and Ambassador, what their names imply; the old Traymore and Marlborough, famous and reliable; the Brighton, a fine place to take the family; Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, with a Philadelphian tinge. . . .

Connecticut villages, easy to reach by motor (going through the Bronx Parkway and over Kensico Dam to the Danbury Road, for most of the following): The Mayflower at Washington (Conn., not D. C.), pleasantly quaint, with good food. . . . The Elms at Ridgefield, on one of the loveliest streets in New England. . . . The M'Fingal at Watertown, restful and academic. . . . A little further off, the Ben-Grosvenor at Pomfret, with a smart patronage, but simple withal. . . . The St. George's at Wallingford, near New Haven, full of delightful furniture, with big comfortable four-posters in the bedrooms. . . . The Old Lyme Inn, at Lyme, up near New London, nice and sleepy.

These are but a few nearby places. Remember, Lake Placid, Montreal, and Quebec are only overnight trips.

BERMUDA is just as attractive now as at Easter, and much less crowded, which to most people isn't a disadvantage. Moreover, it is the nearest of all resorts that are foreign and tropic—only two days away. Wonderful place to dash to on an impulse—covered with palms and flowers, fully equipped with golf courses, tennis courts, bridle paths, beaches, and plentifully supplied with shellfish, new potatoes, onions, lilies, and the freedom of the British law. Going out in glass-bottomed boats to look at fish may seem foolish, but don't be self-conscious.

The larger hotels are all of a uniform standard of excellence, and that standard is high. At Hamilton, the capital, the three largest are the Bermudiana, the Princess, and the Hamilton. At Paget there are the Inverurie and the Elbow Beach; at Warwick, the Bel-

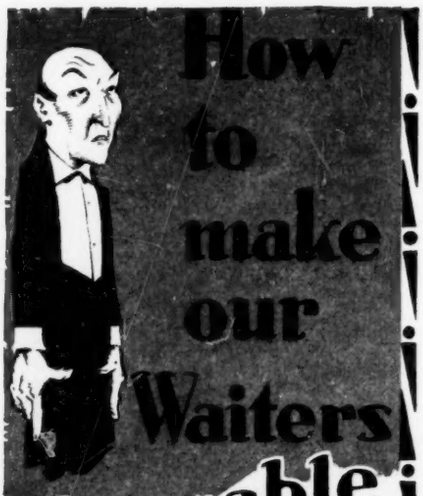
Sportif, mais distingué!

this ensemble by Kargère

—and while its creator no doubt pictured it with the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean as a background—you will find it has been whisked across to the New York shop, where you will feel as much chez Kargère as tho you were on the Champs Elysées.

—And When You See this smart three-piece suit in white wool, with its dashing red sweater, you will just know that it is going to be as effective in our own Southland as it would be on the Riviera.

KARGÈRE
636 Fifth Avenue, New York
39 Ave. des Champs Elysées, Paris



How to make our Waiters Miserable

OUR waiters seem to enjoy serving our guests. As they ply you with the delicacies for which Longchamps is famous, their service is a paragon of courtesy and tact. You might almost suspect—but no, they are *not* looking for tips.

They may not accept them. The very thought of it makes them furiously unhappy. The above illustration shows one of our waiters suffering from melancholia because a gentleman in mistaken kindness offered him a tip.

Tipping is *not permitted* at Longchamps. Instead, a 10% service charge is added to each check, which the waiter receives.

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps

28 West 58th Street
Off Fifth Avenue

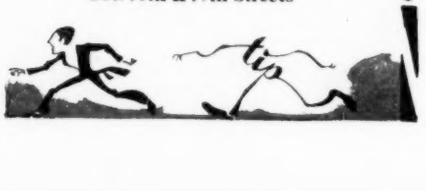
55 Fifth Avenue
Northeast Cor. 12th Street

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

19-21 West 57th Street
Near Fifth Avenue

1015-17 Madison Avenue
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets



mont Manor; and at St. George, the St. George. There are plenty of small, quiet, and much less expensive ones, where clever people often retreat.

From New York, the Furness Line runs the new and beautiful motorship Bermuda every Saturday; she sails back from Bermuda on Tuesdays. The same line owns the Fort Victoria, leaving New York Wednesdays and Bermuda Saturdays. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company operates the Avon from New York every Thursday, and from Bermuda every Sunday, and both companies have various smaller ships running at intervals all week. Hotel and steamer reservations by your own travel agent, or direct—Furness Line, 34 Whitehall Street, and R. M. S. P. Co., 26 Broadway. No passports are required.

FROM the twenty-first of February to the end of April there is one long succession of important golf tournaments at Pinehurst, among them the Seniors', Feb. 23-27, the Spring Tournament, March 1-7, the North and South Open, March 26-27, and a very big one, including the Women's North and South Amateur, each week in April up to the twenty-fourth. Pinehurst is so easy to get to—you can leave the Pennsylvania Station on the through sleeper at 5:15 P.M., arriving 8:10 A.M.—and the climate is so surprisingly mild for the mid-South at this time of year that it's a favorite place for short trips. The Carolina is the biggest hotel; the Holly Inn, the Pine Crest, and the Pine Needles Inn are all excellent—and always remember the Highland Pines, over at Southern Pines, five miles away, when your nerves are frazzled.

AIKEN is getting into its gayest season now, and all the habitués are on hand at the draghunts, polo games, and other horsey diversions that give it its flavor. Aiken is most certainly the paradise of the house-guest, but the Highland Park Hotel takes care of the unconnected, and has a sporty golf course of its own. While riding through the woods takes precedence over all other occupations, there is quail-shooting until the end of February, and plenty of golf. Leaving New York at 1:10 P.M. (Pennsylvania Station) any day, you are in Aiken next morning—and of course you can motor, which is an exhilarating way to go there. The roads are all new concrete, as I know from recent experience. —FOOT-LOOSE

JOHN DAVID
The Smart New York Fashions Of The Day And Night

STEIN BLOCH CLOTHES KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS MALLORY HATS

To The Nation's Leader Of Fashion— The Well-Dressed New Yorker!

WE invite you to the new John David Shop at Forty-Third Street, corner Fifth Avenue, just opened. As a New Yorker proud of the financial, fashionable, mercantile and social supremacy of the metropolis, you will derive further gratification from the addition to New York of a store so in key with its world standing as a center of leadership in fashions for men.

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1268 Broadway — Exchange Place At New
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Broadway At Warren — Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen — Fulton Street At Smith

NEW APARTMENTS

Filling a Gap—Park Avenue Still Undaunted —Quiet Magnificence

IN the hiatus of this department's winter holiday, the Montclair has risen and opened its doors. This is, of course, the newest of the yellow-brick mansions in the skies above Lexington Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, turreted and blazoned in the manner now considered fairly indispensable for the success of a moderate-priced hotel. It's a large place, and I, having heard rumors of small rooms and uninteresting surroundings, am about to refute them gently. The rooms are not large, but they are light; not sophisticated, but fresh; they are attractively if not expensively furnished. The living-room furniture is the fairly usual type, nicely upholstered and given to the fantasies that produce a desk out of something else. The bedrooms have new furniture touched with just enough "modernism" to remove the deadliness of typical hotel walnut.

The treatment of windows in these rooms merits praise. They are large, built in pairs, and curtained with brilliant, light-colored printed cottons especially imported from Austria; they are further embellished with mirrored panels and silvered-wood cornices, and are truly pleasing. The public rooms of the hotel are done in rather helter-skelter fashion, but I must admit that the *art-moderne* writing-room is a success. Other promotional, if not original, ideas include radios in every room, room service gratis, a personal-service errand and information bureau, trick locks on the closets, and perfectly appointed baths. Single rooms should be chosen on corners, for they have outside baths and good light; about $6 a day for these, or $140 a month, with complete service. Suites (all of which have living-rooms, outside baths, and sometimes serving-pantries) proportionately more. Single rooms on the sides of the house have inside baths.

NONE of my remarks ever having stemmed the rushing tide to Park Avenue, I continue to shuffle

One Gracie Square

One Gracie Square will be a 14-floor and roof story building of old English Gothic style, providing duplex and simplex apartments of 6, 7, 8 and 11 rooms, (the 11 room apartments each occupying an entire floor), arranged so that the principal rooms in each apartment have full advantage of delightful outlook.

Live Where PARK and RIVER Meet

ALMOST desirable site has been secured for the first 100% Cooperative apartment building in this rapidly developing and exclusive Carl Schurz Park district — the South East corner of East End Avenue and Gracie Square (84th Street). Here, even the lower floors will enjoy an unobstructed vista over the Park, the ever changing panorama of East River traffic, with Long Island Sound, Westchester and Connecticut in the distance. Across East End Avenue Miss Chapin's new school building on the northwest corner, and a low building on the southwest corner, held for protection, assure permanent light to the west. With Gracie Square extending only from East End Avenue to the River, no through traffic can disturb the peace and quiet.

Anthony A. Paterno, who will build One Gracie Square, is responsible for the highly successful 25 Sutton Place and other projects. William Lawrence Bottomley and Rosario Candela, who designed the building, and Shreve & Lamb, architects for the purchasers, are all identified with prominent residential structures.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., under whose supervision the entire project was developed, has been retained as selling and managing agent.

A greater combination of ability could not be procured to assure the creation of a sound and thoroughly attractive New York residence.

100% Cooperative

Ready this Summer — now selling from plans

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

Selling and Managing Agent

15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

All Expense Cruises!
HAVANA AND MEXICO CITY

HAVANA 10 to 17 Days
All Expenses $120 up
Ideal voyages to a romantic foreign capital. Delightful sightseeing in automobiles and launches included. Visit the Prado, Casino, Malecon, Morro Castle. Enjoy golf, tennis, racing, boating, bathing, dancing. Novel sights! Charming scenes! Endless diversion!

MEXICO CITY 25 Days
All Expenses $275 up
European life and color amid the relics of ancient civilizations. Shore visits at Havana; side trip to Merida, sight-seeing trips in Mexico City included.

AGWI LINES
WARD LINE
Ft. Wall St., New York or authorized Tourist Agents

VISIT THE CRANE EXHIBIT ROOMS. YOU WILL NOT BE ASKED TO BUY

CRANE

AND YOU WILL SEE THE LATEST IDEAS IN FIXTURES, FITTINGS, AND VALVES

Montreal

ABROAD!
~without crossing the seas.

Thrill to the Old World Charm of this incomparable city! (Second largest French speaking city in the world)

Here is King Winter's gay capital, and gorgeous Mount Royal is his throne. Ten minutes from your hotel and you are in the heart of a mountain playground with winter sports of all sorts.

Just the place for the week-end ~ or longer.

DE LUXE PULLMAN SERVICE
10 Hours from New York

For booklet write — No passports required

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New Birks Building . . Montreal, Canada

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

mournfully through heaps of expensive plaster, and crane my neck seeking hope in nine-foot-five-inch ceilings. The weary truth will out; one Park Avenue house is so like another that I have to dwell on hardware in order to introduce variety. No. 975, however, is a new building with large rooms, open fireplaces, abundant closets, tiled kitchens, herringbone floors, good planning, and pretty typical ceilings. There is a nice five-room apartment with a cross between a dining-alcove and a living-room appendage; 13 by 12½ feet, it forms an ell off a 15-by-23½-foot living-room, and may or may not be partitioned, as you please. It opens in a civilized way from the pantry, and some people would knock out both the living-room and hallway walls, making a really big, sprawling room of interesting shape and possibilities. Two bedrooms—each with bath—a kitchen, and maid's room and bath complete this apartment; the flaw you suspected is the court outlook, which isn't bad high up, and not bad at all if you work all day and stay home in the evening with the curtains drawn. Rentals for these flats start at $3,400; there are also suites of six or eight rooms with three baths, prices rising to a $6,800 top. Possession in early June. Renting agent on the premises.

ONCE upon a time, I climbed with an agent over the outlines of 3 East Seventy-seventh Street—the rental section of one of the top-hattiest coöps in New York, 960 Fifth Avenue. It happened that the only suites we could get into were those with dreary court outlooks. I said my worst. Now, with the building finished, polished, and decorated by Mrs. George Draper at her very best, in the most exquisite Georgian style, I have paid a second visit—contritely. The apartments are really beautiful, worthy of such an important project, and nobody is to live in them who doesn't qualify in every way. The rentals are high, but the very best of everything goes with them. The restaurant—open only to residents of the building—is serving food that is a work of art. The public halls, lounges, and entertaining-rooms have the serene authenticity of fine Chippendale and Georgian designs. There is nothing would-be about this place. The apartments are rented unfurnished, and vary in size from three to four rooms, with completely equipped kitchens that may be staffed by servants employed

by the house. If your interest is aroused see Douglas L. Elliman about arrangements. Rentals from $2,700 to $9,500, the last with roof-terraces.

SOME day it will be necessary to devote lavish space to the development on the site of the old Presbyterian Hospital, Park to Madison Avenues, Seventieth to Seventy-first Streets. At present the plan is taking imposing shape and is well worth watching. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Co. has a coöperative on the Seventieth Street corner of Park Avenue, and a rental building on the other corner; the Tishmans have a gigantic building fronting the whole block on Madison Avenue, and between the two, on the side streets, are seven new private houses that promise to be among the most luxurious in town. The inside centre of the whole group will be magnificent gardens, and the five-story private houses exist primarily to insure light and air for the apartments. —PENT-HOUSE

•

SKATING IN THE PARK

Hardy urchins pulling sledges,
Little boys on double edges,
"Keep Off" signs in six-inch writing
Where the ice looks most inviting,
Financiers forgetting tickers,
High-school maidens clad in knickers,
Lads with far more speed than vision
In collision on collision,
Sorry folk with frozen fingers,
Groups of none-too-skillful singers,
Fancy skaters twirling, dancing,
Lonely flappers hoping, glancing,
Fearless speeders scorning dangers
Bound some day to join the Rangers,
Lines at checking booths in waiting,
Lots of flirting, petting, dating,
Here's a toast to public skating!

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

Take one small teaspoonful of powdered white sugar dissolved in one wine glass of boiling water. Take one wine glass of Scotch whiskey. Put the whiskey and the boiling water in one mug, ignite the liquid with fire, and while blazing mix both ingredients by pouring them from one mug to the other. If well done this will have the appearance of a continued stream of liquid fire. Serve in a small bar glass with a piece of twisted lemon peel. The novice in mixing this beverage should be careful not to scald himself. To become proficient in throwing the liquid from one mug to the other, it will be necessary to practise for some time with cold water. —*Boston Herald.*

Or, better yet, cold Scotch.

See **HAWAII** *When the glowing flame trees bloom!*

IN MAY the trees that shade Hawaii's gardens burst into round domes of gold and pink and scarlet flame. You should see these almost-tropic islands of Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Hawaii then—and all through the summer!

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Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from $300 for three weeks, to $400 and $500, including steamers, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

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OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—II

NORTH
♠—Q-6-5
♡—8-7-5-4
◇—K-J-4
♣—Q-5-3

WEST
♠—10-9-7
♡—A-K-9-3
◇—8-6-3
♣—J-10-9

EAST
♠—A-K-J-4-2
♡—0
◇—A-Q-5-2
♣—K-7-4-2

SOUTH
♠—8-3
♡—Q-J-10-6-2
◇—10-9-7
♣—A-8-6

EAST deals, and is highly gratified, upon examining his hand, to see a very potent display of cards. Sternly suppressing a powerful urge to smile happily—he is secretly proud of his poker face—he bids one spade in noncommittal tones. Spurred on by the determination to protect his side's twenty-four points toward rubber, South is led to ignore the glaring weaknesses of his hand. He recalls distinctly reading only last evening a passage in a well-known book on bridge which favored the making of a defensive bid on only one and one-half quick tricks. Feeling that the time is ripe to utilize — and display — his knowledge, South bids two hearts, and settles back with a self-satisfied smile. West, with an honor in his partner's suit and the two top cards in his right-hand opponent's, is glad to bid two spades.

It is up to North, who holds only a fair hand. Unfortunately, he misinterprets South's complacent smile of self-approbation for one of the holder of a powerful hand. With all side suits stopped, after a manner of speaking, and four cards in his partner's suit, North says, "Three hearts!" in ringing tones. East, of course, raises the bid to three spades. Himself in turn deceived by his partner's eager grin, South goes to four hearts. West bids four spades, and North comes back with a five-hearts bid, causing South some belated agitation. East promptly doubles, and the bidding is finished.

"WELL, anyway, you have to play it, partner," says North, cheerfully. South's reply is a sour grunt, which turns to a wail of alarm

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PAGES MISSING

INDOOR POLO

How the Ponies Feel — Cheers, Shirtfronts, and Not a Ticket Left

WHENEVER a serious thinker happens to watch some pastime that involves horses, he—or more often she—will inevitably start to wonder whether the horses are having as good a time as the men. One of these solemn people was being loudly argumentative at the games recently played for the benefit of the Cathedral's Sports Bay. Apparently he was refusing to believe some tale of a player's great fondness for a particular pony.

"I don't see how they can care much about the beasts," he insisted. "They jerk and yank them around so."

Well, at that moment, beneath the astute and constantly smiling Archy Kinny, there was a pony obviously a favorite with him—a beautifully coupled, straight-legged animal that worked as smoothly as anyone could wish. A few nights before it had gone for three periods with him—two of them in a row—during the course of a Saturday night game.

Later, remembering the doubtful spectator, I asked Kinny about the animal. A sort of miniature sunrise lit up his face. "Isn't he a beauty? I've had him since he came out of the West, rescued from a ranch in Alberta. He was a cow pony when Fred Post picked him up, and I trained and made him myself. You don't often get them like that one."

Some of the players take a rather academic interest in their ponies. Dr. John Richards, for instance, plays in actual contests only about one third of the time he devotes to polo. During the rest he is training young horses, and having a wonderful time doing it. The Doctor has no names for half of them—he will refer to one as the colt of this horse, or the mare of that breeder—but he knows each intimately.

POLO looks as though it were more brutal to the pony than it really is. Before the pony gets into fast combat, it is trained with care and regularity. Just as a boxer is taught to take punish-

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let george do it

spare the child, and spoil the tree; said the clever cinema customer; flora or fauna, it's the survival of the fittest, that's why in broadway's garden blooms there no rose so fair, nor sweet nor hardy as

the paramount

where

pathe's ship comes in with "strange cargo" aboard . . . a surprise package just bursting with thrills and overrunning with conversation

and

and on the stage is "carnival cocktail" tempting the taste, exciting the eye, as well as the paramount stage band

and

at the organ the fond fingers of jesse crawford steal across the stops and stop . . . to pull and push and play.

at the rivoli— united artists

"the sins of the fathers" are prominently portrayed by emil jannings in paramount's motion picture of he who put the boot in bootlegging

at the rialto

like banquo's ghost, george bancroft as "the wolf of wall street" haunts the feasts of frenzied finance, and howls defiance for public delight, in paramount's swell talking picture.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

ment, a polo pony is trained for the jerking stops, and bumps, and the dizzy turns he will come up against in a game.

As for their enjoying the sport, well, it is doubtful that they would go out and play of their own accord. Theirs is a hard life, but an exciting one, and for the most part the animals seem to like the excitement. After all, it is rather difficult, offhand, to think of any life a horse leads which could be called an easy one. Polo can't be much worse than drudging along in harness, and some ponies seem to have a good time at it. Occasionally, of course, you get a wise beast that's mean. He refuses to play, and then there is nothing to do but let him off.

SEEN AT THE CATHEDRAL GAMES: Robert A. Granniss arriving with a top hat, gleaming white muffler, and an armful of prizes for the players. . . . Carl Pflug's father leading the cheering for Brooklyn, in a voice that would have done credit to any train announcer. . . . Cyril Harrison risking his neck by throwing his pony in front of the galloping Warren Sackman. . . . Sackman hitting backhanders like Devereux Milburn. . . . Julian Myrick presenting prizes in the centre of the ring. . . . A. G. Blaisdell consulting with Referee Nelson on a doubtful goal. . . . Tom Mugavin regretfully repeating, "There are no more tickets." . . . George Sherman ducking behind girders every time someone approached who looked as though he wanted a ticket. . . . A mass of white shirtfronts and a ceaseless roar of cheers. . . . Some of the very best polo that anyone has ever played indoors.

—MARTINGALE

•

ALONG CAME A TUGBOAT

The wrecking tug Warbler was dispatched in the morning.—*The Herald Tribune.*

But the wrecking tug Warlnig is now alongside.—*The Evening Post.*

Stanley Dollar announced that the wrecking tug Warhler had arrived.—*The Daily News.*

The tug Warbler, out of Jacksonville, is standing by.—*The Sun.*

The tug Warburg reached her at 8 A.M.—*The Evening Post.*

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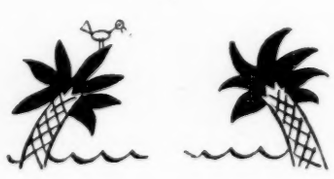

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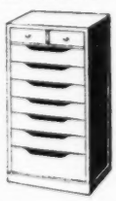


hall LUGGAGE

PHILIP HALL
33 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

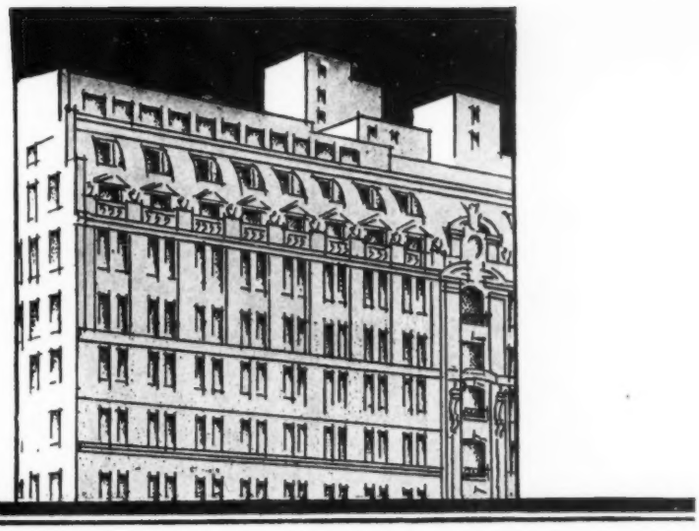
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sound and Despair—Just Movies — Boredom for the Arty

THE talkies are in the foreground this week, as "Conquest," at the Strand, is a hundred-per-center, and "The Broadway Melody," at the Astor, must be about eighty per cent chat-chat. We are too proud to protest further against the talkies. We say nothing—or, rather, as little as possible. For on this subject one notation, inspired by a scene in "Conquest," might as well be made. In this picture, which by the way you need not bother to see, a man is called upon to describe what happened when his plane fell in the regions of the South Pole. He is at dinner, and he rises to tell his story. Formerly, as he started to speak there would have been a fade-out, and then we should have seen the episode enacted on the dramatic ice floes of the Antarctic. Now we stare at his face while he shouts the story at us in lifeless, stilted, labored sentences, and in a voice that would not give him a part in the annual show of the Cap and Bells Dramatic Club.

We remember that we decided to avoid mention of the talkies, but we can't entirely ignore them in "The Broadway Melody." This presents the career of two sisters who come to town to go into a musical show, and is similar in general outline to some others that have dealt with that phase of society. Bessie Love plays the plainer, less fortunate sister who has to do a deal of self-sacrificing and of being a good sport throughout. Her tears and her laughter are not unmoving. The stage background allows opportunity for one or two musical interpolations, and no one is more glad than we that the talkies charmingly succeed in a very pleasant ballet. Because of that we shall try to forget the dialogue of the play, and that James Gleason ever wanted to take any credit for it.

THERE are silent pictures at the Capitol and the Roxy—"The Flying Fleet," with Ramon Novarro, and "True Heaven," with George O'Brien and Lois Moran. The first



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HOTEL ST. REGIS

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especially is a comfort after the rest of the week's offerings. It is about our young naval aviators, and though without much story, it has some good views of planes going wild, of an airplane carrier, of a flight to Honolulu, of a crack squadron of fliers, and so on. After a long ride in the subway it is agreeable to come out and look at this picture.

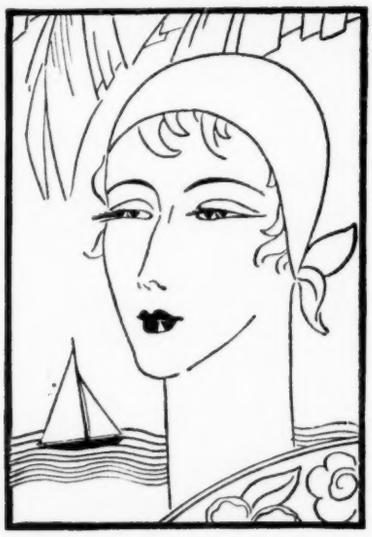
"True Heaven" is well photographed. It's about Belgium in 1918 and two spies—that patriotism-versus-love idea which has been heard of before. Our hero is about to be shot for espionage when the commanding officer dances out in front of the firing squad with the news of the armistice. The hero smiles placidly, being much too brave to feel even any strain in the crisis, and hurries off to find his beloved. Doubtless they are living right around the corner at this minute, often having a good laugh at those days of the war.

THERE has been a vast amount of bustling in the little theatres this last week without any world-startling results. The Cameo has a very dull Russian picture called "The Lash of the Czar." The Fifty-fifth Street Cinema has a French product, "Napoleon," in which that gentleman does more posturing than he probably had time for in actual life. The Little Carnegie goes German with "The Man Who Cheated Life," which is nothing at all to see. At this small fane of the cinema another, and brief, film tries to elucidate the Einstein theory of the fourth dimension to the little-theatre public, which has a beautiful time over it. The Fifth Avenue Playhouse is provincial enough to run an American picture, "Ra-Mu, Children of the Sun," but as it is about the South Sea Islands the slip may be excused. This is the third of the Captain Salisbury cycle of travel pictures and the mildest of the set so far, as it deals with Tahiti and the Society Islands. We are so bored with hibiscus and breadfruit that beside them New York waffles seem Elysian. —J. C. M.

•

At 11 o'clock, she said, he returned with another man and a woman. The four then visited several speakeasies. About 4 o'clock in the morning, she went on, they returned to her home and awoke her mother, who dressed and started out with them to visit still more places of entertainment.—*The Times.*

The places mother knows best?



Face Fashions for the South

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HARK AT THIS

"MY dear, I get so sick of hearing of the perfections of that woman! Miss Allen this and Miss Allen that until I could *scream*. He positively swears he couldn't run his business without her. And he handles her with kid gloves. I mean it. Absolutely I—"

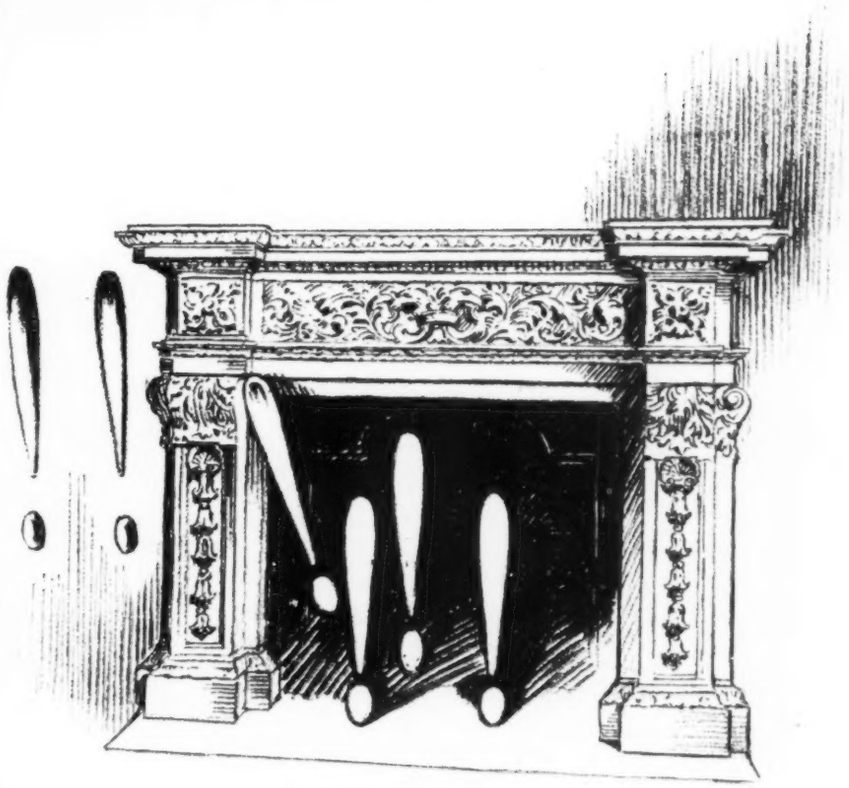
"Isn't it disgusting? If they'd have *half* the consideration for their wives they have for their stenographers—"

"Exactly! And you should *see* this wonderful Miss Allen! Blue serge, my dear, a sack tied in the middle—I should let myself go that way once, just once."

"Don't tell *me*! Don't I know!"

"And he swears he couldn't run his business without her! Why, Lois, I assure you she's absolutely stupid, I mean it. And no sense of humor. And no common sense. Did I tell you what she did to Mamma? Listen. Mamma called up the office the other day to remind Frank about sending flowers to Aunt Ella for her fiftieth, see, and when she got the office, the operator told her Frank was in conference and couldn't be disturbed.

"WELL, you know *Mamma*. I mean, we just have to humor her. She gets so excited and all when she's opposed, and she got dreadfully excited and wouldn't give the operator the message but insisted on speaking to Frank whether or no. So finally the switchboard girl gave up the battle and called the paragon Miss Allen to the phone to compete with Mamma. Well, Miss Allen didn't have sense enough to realize the way Mamma was and call Frank in spite of instructions, but she kept arguing with her about how the conference was important and Frank simply could not be called, and Mamma simply worked up into a perfect frenzy. You know how Mamma is, Lois, she's always been like that. And she wouldn't tell them who she was but just kept on about how it was vital that she speak with Frank. But all that woman would say was, 'If you'll leave your name I'll tell him you called.' And that was dumb too, Lois, because Mamma calls up the office so often and she's spoken to Miss Allen loads of times when Frank



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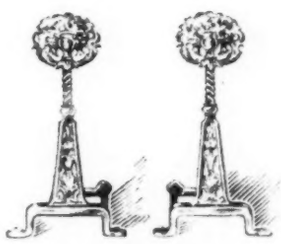

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Ruth A. E. Constance
GORDON MATTHEWS COLLIER
Production designed by Robert Edmond Jones
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE
Front Page
UPROARIOUS
NEWSPAPER FARCE
TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42 St.
Eves. at 8:50. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

DAVID BELASCO Presents
LENORE ULRIC as MIMA
BELASCO
Thea., W. 44th St.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

"'Poppa' is as delightful as 'The Show Off'. I have never enjoyed any comedy more."—Theodore Dreiser, America's Greatest Author.
THE UPROARIOUS FARCE
POPPA
HUDSON Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SHUBERT Thea., 44th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Feb. 22 & Sat. 2:30
WALTER WOOLF
in the Thrilling Musical Hit
"THE RED ROBE"
with HELEN GILLILAND

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday

VANDERBILT Thea., W. 48 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The Smart Musical Comedy Smash!
LADY FINGERS
Eddie Buzzell & Louise Brown
JOHN PRICE JONES, Al Sexton, Marjorie White
Gertrude MacDonald and McCARTHY SISTERS

Chills! Thrills! Quivers! Gasps!
"ZEPPELIN"
EVES. (Exc. Sat.) BEST SEATS $3
POP. MATINEE WED. Best Seats $2
Sat. Matinee Best Seats $2.50
NATIONAL Th., 41st & 7 Ave. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

BOOTH Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
"One of the best acted pieces now in New York."—St. John Ervine, The World.
"THE MARRIAGE BED"
POP. MAT. WEDNESDAY
BEST SEATS $2.00

44th ST. Theatre, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
THE MARX BROTHERS IN
The Musical Laff Circus
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"
GOOD BALCONY & MEZZANINE SEATS $1 to $3 at BOX OFFICE

SAM H. HARRIS' Thea., W. 42 St., Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"BEST PLAY SINCE RAIN"
CONGA!
with
HELEN MENKEN
POP. MAT. WED. Best Seats $2
EVES. Exc. Sat. BEST SEATS $3

LEW CANTOR'S TWO SMASHING HITS
JANET BEECHER
in "COURAGE"
with JUNIOR DURKIN
RITZ Thea., W. 48th St., Eves. 8:50 Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30
22ND—BIG WEEK—22ND

FULTON Theatre, West 46th St. Eves. at 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat.
GRANT MITCHELL
in "ALL THE KING'S MEN"
WITH MAYO METHOT
"Excellent moving scenes."—Atkinson, Times

BROADHURST W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
song hit
The Musical Knockout HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore
Ona Munson
Bert Lahr
Jack Whiting

Katharine Cornell in
"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
EMPIRE Thea., B'way at 40th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MUSIC BOX Theatre, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
BORDONI in "PARIS"
A Musicomedy by Martin Brown
with Irving Aaronson's "THE COMMANDERS"
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RUTH DRAPER
in her original character sketches
Evenings 8:50 and Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50
Sunday Evening performances during February (no performance Monday)
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Management Actor Managers

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BEATRICE NOEL
Lillie & Coward
in COCHRAN'S REVUE
This Year of Grace
with MOSS and FONTANA
Book, Lyrics & Music by NOEL COWARD
SELWYN Thea., W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

CROSBY GAIGE *presents*

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A new American Comedy

by FLOYD DELL and THOMAS MITCHELL

"Packed with laugh wallops." MIRROR

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"The most cheerful of season's music shows."—*Her.-Trib.*

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The Musical Play Supreme

Brilliant Cast of 150—with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, Gus Shy

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ELTINGE Thea. W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

11th SENSATIONAL MONTH

LEW LESLIE'S

'BLACKBIRDS'

THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE

Midnight Show Every Thursday

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30 Reg. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ELMER RICE'S NEW PLAY

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Extra matinees Washington's Birthday and Thursdays, Feb. 21, 28, March 7, 14, 21, 28, April 4.

SEATS 6 MONTHS IN ADVANCE

PRESIDENT 48 St. W. of B'way Smoking in Balcony

ALEXANDER CARR

in Hilarious Love Comedy

THE GUINEA PIG

with MARY CARROLL

"Refreshing."—*Tribune.* "Sparkling."—*News.*

Mats. Wednesday & Saturday

MIDNITE SHOW SAT. 11:45

AL JOLSON *"The Singing Fool"*

WINTER GARDEN Broadway at 50th Street

TWICE DAILY AT 2:45 & 8:45

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LESTER LONERGAN & SHIRLEY WARDE in

"HOUSE UNGUARDED"

"The best psychological melodrama I have seen in many years. Lester Lonergan is a GREAT ACTOR."
—*Benjamin De Casseres*

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Popular Lyric Baritone

will sing entrancing melodies at the Club Plaza

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4:15 to 6:15 P. M.

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starting 10:30 P. M.

LISTEN...
in on Club Plaza Orchestra
WABC
Wednesday and Friday,
10.30 to 11 p. m.
Thursday,
Tea Dance,
5.45 to 6.15 p. m.

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Membership cards have been mailed to a selected list....They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of Club Plaza.

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(HIMSELF)

and his "Connecticut Yankees"

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Dinner from 7 P.M. including Sundays

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For reservations—phone "*Jean*" Regent 0351-2

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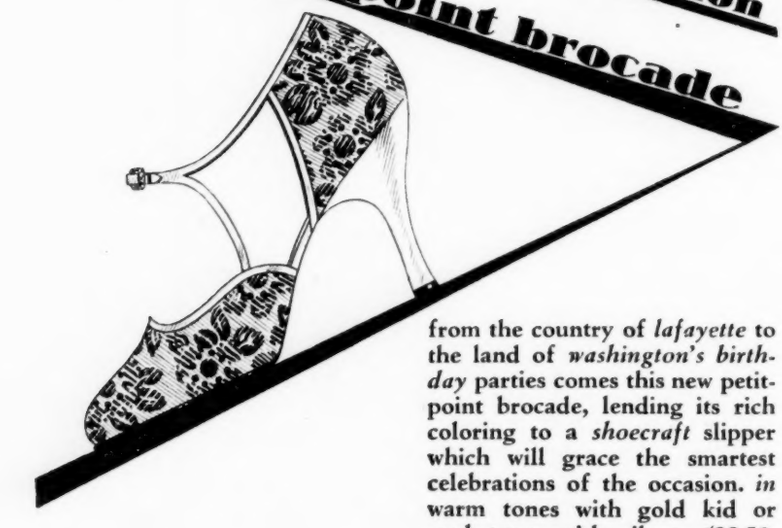

from the country of *lafayette* to the land of *washington's birthday* parties comes this new petitpoint brocade, lending its rich coloring to a *shoecraft* slipper which will grace the smartest celebrations of the occasion. *in* warm tones with gold kid or cool tones with silver, $32.50.

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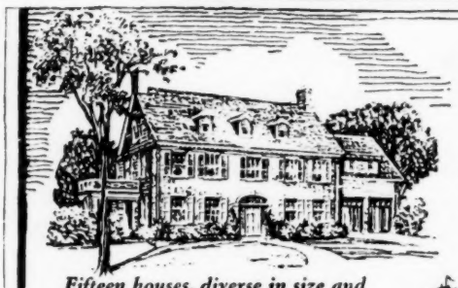

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Fifteen houses, diverse in size and design, are nearing completion, or YOU may build on sites of ¼ acre or more. Every city improvement already installed — free of assessment. Send for booklet.
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Lent becomes a pleasurable sacrifice at Crillon, where fresh fish and the new vegetables are at their best.

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wasn't in, and so you'd think that a really *competent* secretary would have *recognized* her voice from hearing it so often. I mean, Mamma calls up the office on the average of a half a dozen times a week to remind Frank about wiring relatives for anniversaries and sending flowers for weddings and things. Frank gets terribly annoyed and he's always telling me how he positively will not put up with it any longer but I always tell him what can I do. He knows Mamma as well as I do and you simply cannot argue with her. But anyhow you'd have thought that after all this time Miss Allen would have known her voice and called Frank to the phone, wouldn't you, Lois? Well, Mamma kept on getting angrier and angrier and when she got through Miss Allen just repeated that 'Mr. Lawrence is in a most important conference and cannot be disturbed now but if you'll tell me who this is I'll tell him you called.' Well, Mamma was so beside herself that she exclaimed, '*Ass!*' And do you know what that dumb Miss Allen answered her? She said, 'Thank you very much, I'll tell Mr. Lawrence you called.'"

"My dear!" —G. SCHWABE

•

SUKI

LINES TO A TOY PEKINESE ASLEEP ON A PILLOW

She has her mental escapades,
Her microscopic mind invades
Whole spheres of living . . . in her sleep
A mighty valor, buried deep
Below long centuries of ease,
Bursts forth again and bids her seize
Old worlds, old ways inherited
From ancestors long gone and dead.
Perhaps (her small lip's curling back!),
Perhaps, she's running with the pack,
And fighting for her rightful place
Among a lion-hearted race
Of Pekinese who fought and ran
Before the dynasties began.

She has a sweater, every stitch
By Messers Abercrombie Fitch,
She eats expensive kennel food
And finds new ways of being rude
To callers, while the grocer's boy
Inflates her with ferocious joy.

Yet there she lies, removed, serene,
Upon her pillow satin-green;
An ancient soul in modern fur—
Who knows the ageless dreams of her?

—PATIENCE EDEN

THREE AT TEA

I PULLED a felt hat tightly over my ears, swathed my throat in a muffler, got into a fur coat and fur-lined gloves, and went out of my house—only to discover again that, as usual, the air was warmer outdoors than in. That was London.

Nevertheless, on arriving at Mrs. Craig-Higgs', I allowed the parlor-maid to rob me of each and every warm garment before turning me out into the wintry drawing-room where my hostess and her son Cosmo sat among tea-things. The room was gay with daffodils and tulips, which looked like wax but were real.

Anyhow, after the greetings, I slipped into a chair close beside the fireplace, where *a* coal was burning.

"Frightful weather, isn't it, my dyeh!" said Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"Shocking!" said Cosmo Craig-Higgs.

"Hellish!" thought I, but of course I didn't say so—after all it was their weather, not mine.

"Five Sundays without sunshine, though of course there has been a bit now and then weekdays. Even the *Times* is remarking about it. Most extr'ord'n'ry, really!"

"So beastly cold, too," put in Cosmo. "But you must think us jolly silly to call *this* cold, don't you?"

"I don't think it at all silly, Cosmo," I said, but wondered instantly if I should have said it. As a matter of fact I certainly wouldn't have said anything that might sound in the least depreciatory, except that at the moment I was a little preoccupied with thinking about the poor little lonely coal in that big grate. I felt like taking it on my lap.

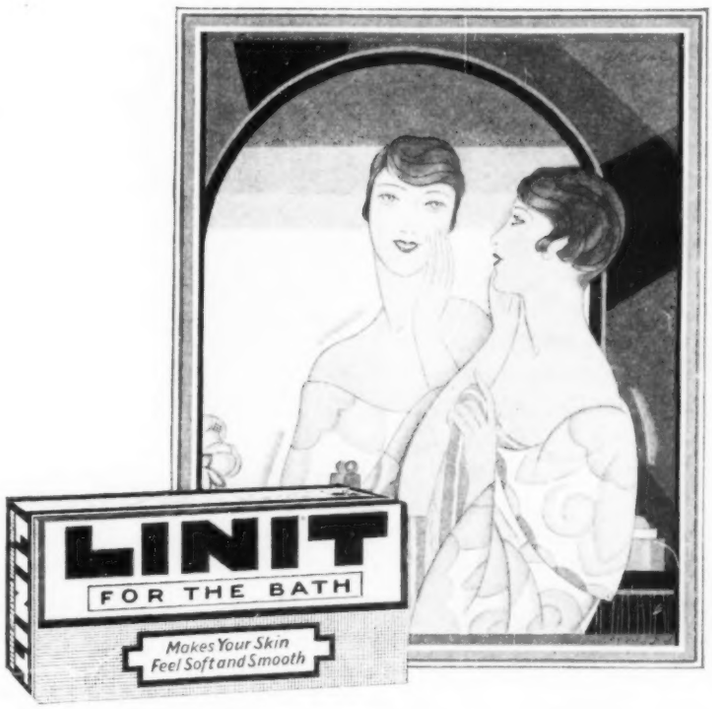
"Have a whiskey, won't you?" Cosmo said. It was rather abrupt, especially since boys of that age are so refined over here, but I didn't mind.

"Cosmo! I can't imagine what the world's coming to! Since when has whiskey become a lady's drink? Besides it's tea-time — and here's tea."

WE had the tea. In the growing dusk the silver tea-service and the daffodils and tulips reflected the steadfast light of the little, burning coal. It was all very nice.

"Of course, it is depressing, really, this time of year in London," Mrs. Craig-Higgs said. "But then it is

Why you should take a LINIT Beauty Bath before retiring at night



EVERY woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should take the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath before retiring at night.

It is sensational in immediate results—no discomfort—no waiting—and trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it is soft and smooth as velvet—as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

AFTER dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

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From New York . . . February 23, 1929.

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anywhere. It isn't *only* London, which, by the way, is the healthiest city in the world, really, if one takes proper care of oneself. Don't you agree?"

Hastily I agreed.

"One must exercise precaution, of course. Hot baths, hot-water bottles in one's bed, wool next one's skin, plenty of tea—"

"And whiskey, Mummy."

"And one must *not* keep aloof from a bit of cod-liver oil these dark days. Above all, one must *not* sit in overheated rooms, my dyeh."

"Oh, I never do do that," I said.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs went on to speak of exercises with the windows open. Presently the maid came in, turned on the lights, closed the shutters, and drew the curtains. Last of all, she took up the firetongs and transferred a fresh little black coal from the big copper hod to the grate.

"Dyeh me, *Eev*'lyn, you'll suffocate us," cried Mrs. Craig-Higgs. "No, don't remove it. Simply push it well back. Thank you, that will do." To me: "Oh, how do you ever live through that frightful central-heating you have in New York? I'm sure I couldn't endure it. My friends tell me there are radiators in *every* room. It must be *too* frightful!"

Well, anyhow, I was now on home ground. Almost boldly I replied:

"Too unbelievably frightful, Mrs. Craig-Higgs." —FRANCES CRANE

•

"MUSICAL AMERICA" EMPLOYS AN ANSWER MAN

FUTURE OPERA SINGER — Oh, you bad, bad girl! What a lot of things you want to know! Lucrezia Bori and Edward Johnson are not married, nor even engaged as far as I know. And you want to know why there aren't any tunes in "Pelléas and Mélisande?" Because the composer wrote it that way, of course. Yes, that was Martinelli in "La Juive." He had on a beard. So you'd like to know if Rosa Ponselle chews coughdrops between scenes. You'd better write and ask her. Well, well, so you sang "Martha" at your high-school entertainment!

CHOLLY—Yes indeed, Maria Jeritza is married. To Baron Von Popper. That makes Jeritza a baroness, but she doesn't use the title. Belongs to the Lucy Stone League, I guess. Yes, really a blonde. Write her Care

Housekeeping apartments with optional hotel service. 3 to 11 rooms, simplex, 7 to 14 rooms, duplex... High ceilings, fireplaces, private terraces, southern exposure, restaurant, etc. Renting from plans which are subject to tenant modification.

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he's having his

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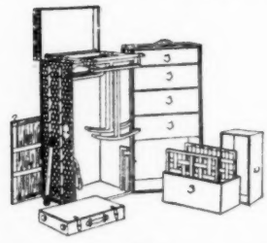

ARTHUR GILMORE
INCORPORATED
16 EAST 52ND STREET, N.Y.

the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

MUSICAL—Glad to hear from you again. Opera singers employ clappers in the galleries? Absurd. Don't believe a word of it.

TONY—Yes, Maria Jeritza is married.

STUDENT—The Cleveland Orchestra has its headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio.

DISAPPOINTED—Oh, that Gigli-Jeritza feud was all over years ago. No, it's not true that she fell into the orchestra pit injuring six musicians and a conductor. Well, if you don't like the gallery, why not stand downstairs?

"AÏDA" FAN—That was Rethberg you heard, not Rosa Ponselle. Yes, she has a sister in the company. So standing makes your feet hurt and you can't afford a seat. Well, you are in a bad way. Have you tried Footease? Perhaps crutches would help.

DOLLY—Yes, Lauri-Volpi prefers blue eyes to brown. His favorite fruit is the persimmon.

FRIEDRICH—Maria Jeritza is married.

CHORUS MAN—Thanks for your photograph. So all your friends think you look like Lawrence Tibbett!

CORALIE—I'm afraid I can't tell you how to break into grand opera. It's no easy matter. You've been reading newspaper stories about Marion Talley. Why not try a few singing lessons to start?

BOY SOPRANO OF BLEECKER STREET—No, the sopranos are all women. Have you been around to the churches? Of course, there's always the radio.

DISGUSTED — Now, now, calm down, calm down. What if Lauri-Volpi did overlook your request for his photograph. Remember his dressing-room is literally overflowing with fan mail. Are you sure you enclosed a quarter?

GEORGES—Your friend was right. Maria Jeritza is married.

—WILELLA WALDORF

•

Softly rounded contours in Buick, following closely the fashion trend both in Europe and America, replaced the straight lines of old.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It had to come. But Hupmobile was first to capture it. The modern flair in motor car design. The car of sleek, crisp, straightaway lines, without the traditional ornate and bulbous contours. —*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

Well, give us one crisp, and one bulbous.

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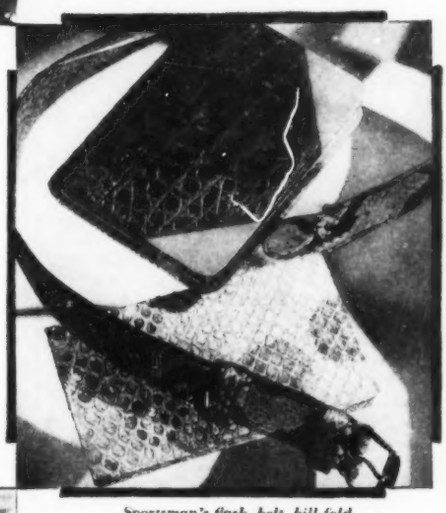

Sportsman's flask, belt, bill-fold by Abercrombie-Fitch, New York

"THE *Vogue* OF *Reptile Leathers*"

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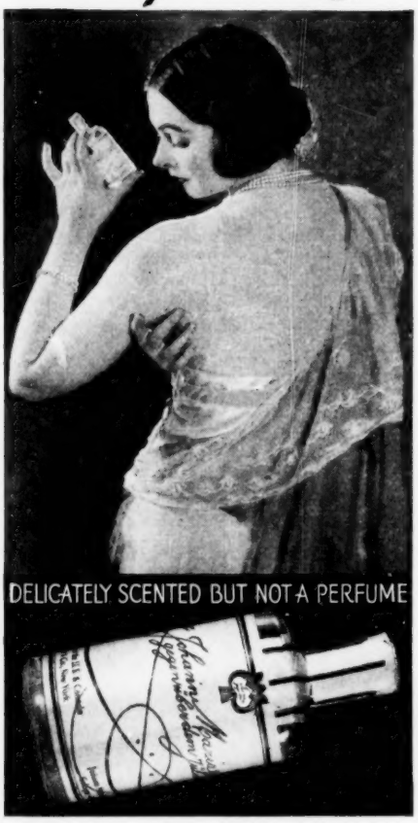
ALPINA

genuine Reptile Leathers

To make you SURE of yourself



PERSPIRATION odors cannot be conquered by the bath alone. As a necessary ally to the tub, fastidious Europe has used Farina's Red Crest Cologne ever since 1709.

And now the alert men and women of New York are learning that this 220-year old cologne has never been duplicated either in blend or in its unfailing sureness.

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At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottle, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

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Soothes — smooths — heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion.* Price $1.

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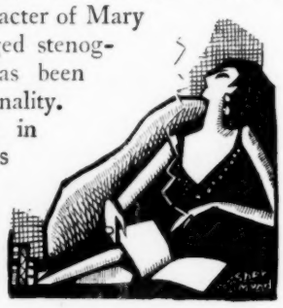
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

RECENT BOOKS

Love and Censorship

"MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD" is Myron Brinig's first novel, and if we were May Sinclair or E. M. Delafield we should be proud to claim it. It is a psychological novel of beauty and restraint revolving about the character of Mary Dunston, a middle-aged stenographer whose life has been as drab as her personality. Except once, briefly, in her youth, no one has ever even held her hand. Her love of children is her only passion. This reaches its climax when her employer's little girl enters her life. Mr. Brinig's picture of Mary's vicarious maternity, with its rapture and its tragedy, is extraordinary. He has not made Mary a "case." He makes her very real, very human, very pitiful, but all the time you feel quite sure that he can afford to be tender because he understands the pathology of the whole situation.



"THE SILVER VIRGIN," by Ida A. R. Wylie, has nothing to do with virginity. It is the story of an unhappy marriage, contracted by two young people who have met before the shrine of the Silver Virgin in a Spanish village, during the war. The war turns their marriage into a nominal one, and in spite of their love for each other, Justine leaves Gale and plans marriage with the other man who wants her. The author has done a difficult job admirably. She has taken bits of actuality and bits of memory and has woven them together so skillfully that by the end of her book she has unrolled the scroll of several lives. Sometimes her method is confusing, especially at first, before one falls into her manner of jumping from the thoughts of a character into his physical activity.

THEODORA BENSON'S "Salad Days" is as crisp as its title. It is a novel of adolescence and the very adult period which is just beyond it. The plot is non-essential, but diverting. There are two charming English sisters and a host of suitors, and the whole thing is an enchanting jumble of the gaiety and solemnity of youth.

WE were puzzled by Alice Dudeney's "The Peep Show" in spite of Messrs. Putnam's illuminating foreword, which explains the part played by Penelope Wilson's mind in Part II. We found her mind almost as baffling when it was sane as when it was mad. "The Peep Show" is a strange and arresting story. A woman of forty is released from the tyranny of her two old aunts and goes out into the world. She has a wonderful love affair with a man who might have been her son, and revisits with him the scenes of her youth. Then a sudden shock, unconsciously administered and unconsciously received, sends her mind back into the past and she relives episodes leading up to a startling dénouement.

Now, after a day or two since we read the book, it is beginning to force itself upon us. We have forgotten the jar caused by a somewhat ecstatic style, and what remains is the effective treatment of a pathological theme. The characters lack reality. They have no dimensions, and they seem to exist only to play their parts in the clinic.

AN interesting exposé of the power of censorship in our own time is George Seldes' "You Can't Print That." With all the good stories that Mr. Seldes had up his sleeve during the years he has spent in the Foreign News Service, we are glad that he retired long enough to write this book. There are tales of Mussolini, of Lenin, Queen Marie and Carol, of D'Annunzio, the French in Syria, Mr. Hearst and the Avila documents, Hindenburg's version of who won the war, and many others. Not the least part of the book's interest lies in the way the stories were obtained. —R. L. L.

ONE of the most important musical events of the new year so far is "Prima Donna," a novel by Pitts Sanborn, music critic of the *Telegram.* It is a rare performance in that every musical detail in its two volumes is authentic.

Mr. Sanborn has traced the musical and amorous career of Helma Seymour, of Byzantium, Ohio, from her first misstep in the too gay nineties to her second marriage in her own forties. This Seymour is a dramatic soprano of amazing accomplishments

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—a contemporary Lilli Lehmann—and in creating her, Mr. Sanborn has put on paper the singer that all of us have been wanting to hear. So far as I can discover, there is no "dirt" in the book, and Helma Seymour is not a veiled or unveiled sketch of any living singer. The only obvious portraits are friendly little drawings of Signor Gatti-Casazza ("Leoni-Ferrari"), William J. Guard ("J. Wesley Speakes"), Aphonse, the one-time assistant of Mr. Guard, a noted South American mezzo ("Concha Ximinez"), a tenor modelled somewhat after O'Sullivan, who once sang here with the Chicago company, and Mielka Ternina ("the great Croat").

The music-lover will enjoy particularly Mr. Sanborn's revellings in the grand school of singing and his provocative exposition of vocal problems. "Prima Donna" also discloses its author as an authority on cookery and as a master of French. That he is a master of English is no news to his readers, and I suspect that "Prima Donna" may bring him many new devotees. —R. A. S.

•

SONG BEFORE MATRIMONY

If our house is bounded
By a picket fence
I shall be a good wife
Full of common sense,

I shall be a neat wife
Mindful of your socks,
I shall keep your dress studs
In a little box,

I shall be a wife who
Diligently sews
Buttons on and sprinkles
Mothballs in your clothes,

If instead of pickets
There should be a wall
I am sure I shouldn't
Stay at home at all.

—RUTH BROWN

•

The sheriff's department was informed Saturday of a house burglary at the Morgan Hopper home, 2400 Oakland Drive, in which furnishings valued at $400 were taken. The articles taken included a gas stove, a kitchen clock, dishes, pillows, blankets, two chairs, and a tea kettle. The Hopper family was away from home at the time.—*Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.*

We should say they were!

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THE MAGIC ISLAND

by William B. Seabrook

More otherwise jaded critics have coined more new superlatives synonymous with "exciting" about this book than we could readily enumerate. *Illustrated*, $3.50

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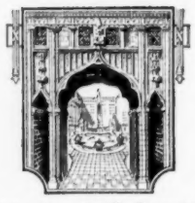

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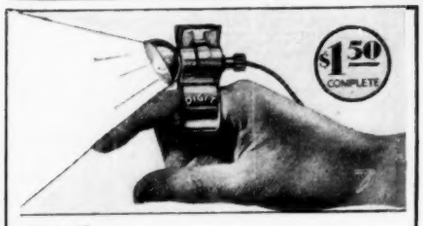

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you want to shave
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and cry for help—
the radio goes "blah"—
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD, by Myron Brinig (*Doubleday, Doran*). An old maid's vicarious maternity is the theme of a beautiful and moving first novel.

THE SILVER VIRGIN, by Ida A. R. Wylie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Love, passion, and loyalty in the aftermath of war. A skillful treatment.

SALAD DAYS, by Theodora Benson (*Harper*). Delightful young people and their adolescence. Sprightly and engaging.

THE PEEP SHOW, by Alice Dudeney (*Putnam*). Adventures in the mind of a fascinating woman with a psychic scar.

MR. AMBERTHWAITE, by Louis Marlow (*Knopf*). Four quite different types foregather as the result of an ocean voyage, and a sophisticated and amusing story results.

PRIMA DONNA, by Pitts Sanborn (*Longmans, Green*). An intimate and entertaining view of a plausible American diva, by a music critic who also lists his artistic and culinary preferences.

HUMDRUM HOUSE, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). A woman is forced to become interesting rather than domestic to keep her husband's erring affections.

ARMISTICE AND OTHER MEMORIES, by R. H. Mottram (*Dial Press*). Some excellent short stories, vignettes of the war by the author of "The Spanish Farm."

THE LAST SEPTEMBER, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). A group of amusing people in Ireland at the time of the revolution. Suave and sophisticated.

ACCIDENT, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). A train journey involves the lives of several more or less delightful people. Very diverting.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doubleday, Doran*). How Mamba got herself "white folks" and fought for her granddaughter. An admirable picture of old Charleston in a new age.

TRANSPORT, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). What happens to a group on an army transport between San Francisco and Manila. Sound psychology and an absorbing story.

A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE ARTICOLES, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). A trip to an island populated by creative artists and their "public." Amusing satire.

THE SLOWER JUDAS, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Short stories that are not up to her novels but nevertheless contain some fine stuff.

Less recent:

THE SNAKE PIT, by Sigrid Undset. PROCESSION, by Fannie Hurst. FIRST LOVE, by E. M. Delafield. PEDER VICTORIOUS, by O. E. Rolvaag. THROUGH BEDS OF STONE, by M. L. Haskins. WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED, by Edna Bryner. THE GALLANT CAME LATE, by Marian Storm. MANTIS, by Ethelreda Lewis. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by H. W. Freeman. PRIVATE SUHREN, by George von der Vring.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE HAVERING PLOT, by Richard Keverne (*Harper*).... THE ROBBERY AT RUDWICK

HOUSE, by Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). . . . SHADOWED, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). . . . THE FLYING SQUAD, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED, by Samuel Emery (*Dutton*). . . . GOLD BULLETS, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . THE MAN WHO NEVER BLUNDERED, by Sinclair Gluck (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . FOOTPRINTS, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Doubleday Doran*). . . . THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE SEALED TRUNK, by Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY, by Anthony Berkeley (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . DEAD MEN'S SHOES, by Lee Thayer (*Scars*). . . . DEATH AT FOUR CORNERS, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dial Press*). . . . NIGHTMARE, by Gerald Mygatt (*Penn*). . . . THE EYE OF OSIRIS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). . . . PARADISE COURT, by J. S. Fletcher (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE IN TUESDAY MARKET, by J. S. Fletcher (*Knopf*). . . . THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO, by Henry S. Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . THE HIDDEN WOMAN, by James Hay, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE TULE MARSH MURDER, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER AT SEA, by Richard Connell (*Minton, Balch*). . . . ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS, by Irving Bacheller (*Bobbs-Merrill*).

GENERAL

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes (*Payson & Clarke*). The suppressed history of the last decade written by a newspaperman who was among those to unearth the news.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS, by Irma Duncan and Allen MacDougall (*Covici, Friede*). Art for Isadora's sake. Letters and memorabilia to and from Isadora which seem trivial and mercenary.

TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, by Constance Rourke (*Harcourt, Brace*). Fascinating story of the California stage after the gold rush.

DINNERS LONG AND SHORT, by A. H. Adair (*Knopf*). Menus and recipes that make delightful reading even in a prohibition country.

THE KRASSIN, by Maurice Parijanine (*Macaulay*). One version of the rescue of the survivors of the Italia. Dramatic and shocking.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA, by Davide Giudice (*Appleton*). The other side of the story. An Italian's point of view about the Zappi-Malmgren-Mariano controversy.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by David Karsner (*Brentano*). The character of our seventh president in some detail. Entertaining biography.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT, by Muriel Draper (*Harper*). An informal and fascinating chronicle of Muriel and Paul Draper's life and friendships during six colorful years in Florence and London.

Less recent:

SIMON GIRTY, by Thomas Boyd. PERSONALITIES OF ANTIQUITY, by Arthur Weigall. THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook. THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING, by H. G. Wells. AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY, edited by Mark Van Doren. THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, by Count Egon Caesar Corti.

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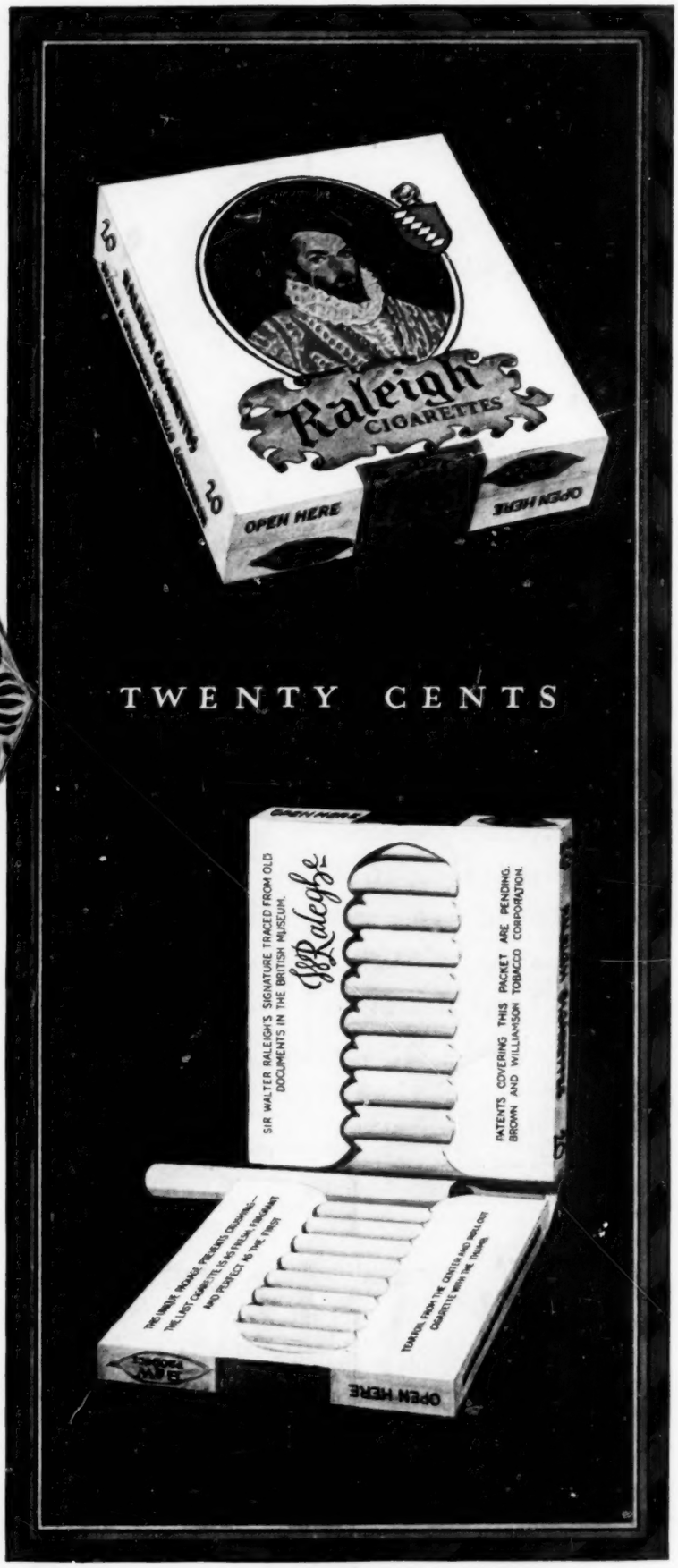
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